

The Smart Screen Magazine

# SCREENLAND

August

5c

in Canada



Jean Harlow

She **K**new **C**lark **G**able "**W**hen"

**P**rize **C**ontest ~ **P**aging **M**iss **G**lory

**W**hat **C**hance **H**as **Y**our **O**riginal **S**creen **S**tory?  
See **B**eth **B**rown's **A**nswer



# How beautiful New York models keep their teeth lovely



**CATHERINE WEARY**  
(above) Winning a Western Beauty Contest led Miss Catherine Weary of Chicago, Ill., to success in ateliers and photographers' studios.



**ELIZABETH RUSSELL**  
(left) Elizabeth Russell, most photographed of N. Y. models, has been "snapped" at least 5,000 times.



**JOSELYN REYNOLDS**  
(left) Pressed into service during a shortage of models in a Fifth Avenue Shop, Joselyn Reynolds has prospered ever since.



**PEGGY LADEN**  
(right) Whenever a photographer gets a call for a "sweet sixteen" type, out goes an SOS for Peggy Laden.



**DOROTHY WALLACE**  
(left) Dorothy Wallace of Dallas, Texas, is highly successful in her work, but her real ambition is for the operatic stage.

There are no sterner judges of tooth paste than these women. Since their jobs depend on their good-looks, they cannot afford to take chances on doubtful preparations. For them only the best will do, and it must produce results. That is why so many of them use Listerine Tooth Paste, year in, year out.

They have found, as more than two million other women have discovered—that Listerine Tooth Paste accomplishes quick results that are simply amazing. Dingy-looking teeth made brighter . . . lustreless teeth given a wonderful sparkle after a few brushings . . . unsightly discolorations disappearing after a week or two . . . all without harm to the precious enamel of the teeth. Safety is one of the appealing factors of this truly remarkable dentifrice.

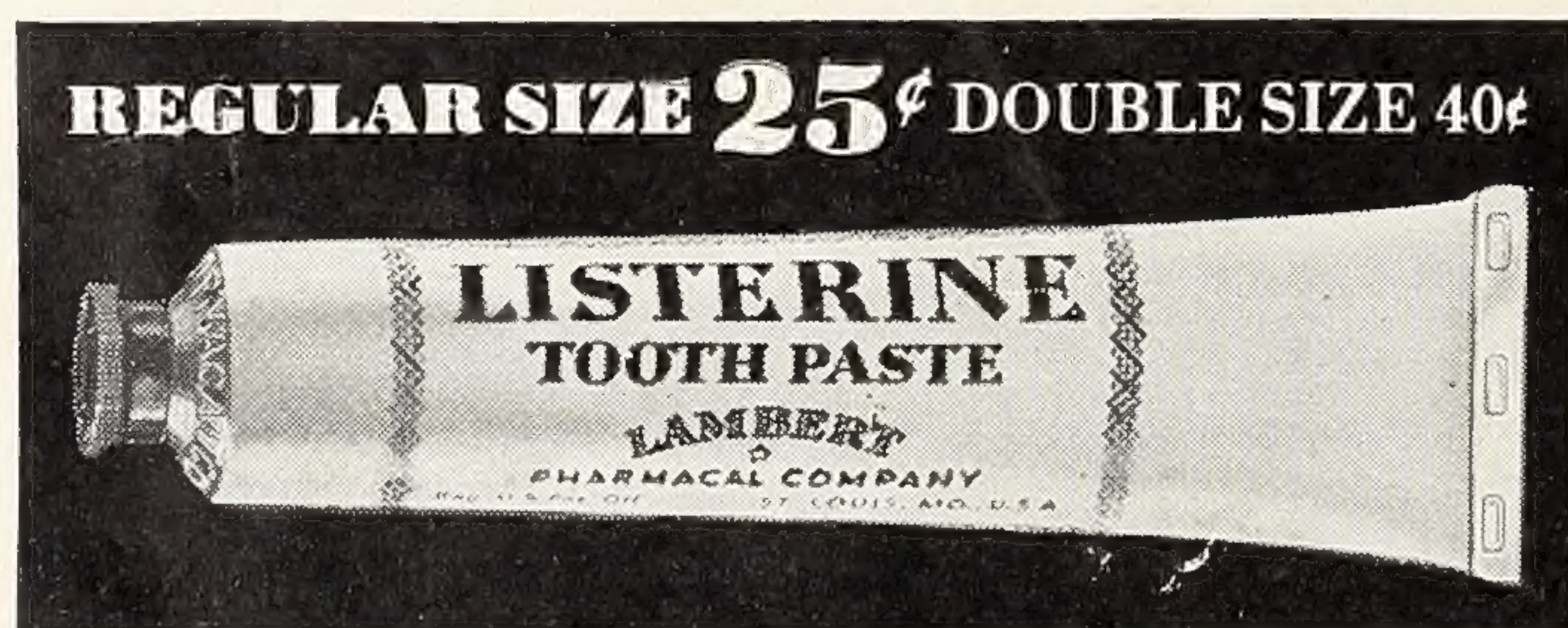
Undoubtedly the tooth paste you

are now using is a good one. But we would like you to switch to Listerine Tooth Paste for the time being and try this dentifrice from the famed Listerine laboratories.

See how firm it makes your gums . . . how quickly it combats film and discolorations. Note how it attacks tartar. Observe how thoroughly clean it makes your teeth feel. Note the bril-

liant sparkle it gives them after a few days. And then look for that wonderful feeling of mouth freshness and invigoration following its use—like the delightful effect of Listerine itself.

Get a tube today at your nearest druggist or department store. In two sizes: Large Regular, 25¢, and Double Size, 40¢. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.



## TO USERS OF TOOTH POWDER


Your druggist has a new, quick-cleansing, gentle-acting, entirely soapless tooth powder worthy of the Listerine name.

Listerine  
TOOTH POWDER  
25¢

# LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE



# "Accent on Youth"



Should a girl marry a man of her own age or should she choose a more mature husband? Can a girl in her twenties find happiness with a man twice her age? Granted that May and December are mismatched; but what about June and September?

Millions of girls for millions of years have asked themselves these questions and attempted to answer them in their own lives.

Now the question—and one of the several possible answers—has been made the theme of one of the most charming screen romances of the season, Paramount's "Accent on Youth". . . . As a stage play "Accent on Youth" won acclaim from the Broadway critics and tremendous popularity with the theatre-goers. Opening late in 1934 it promises to continue its successful run well into the summer of 1935.

Sylvia Sidney plays the screen role of the girl who comes face to face with this age-old question. She is adored by young, handsome and athletic Phillip Reed and she is loved by the brilliant and successful but more mature playwright, Herbert Marshall . . . Which man shall she choose? . . . That is the question around which the entire plot revolves and to answer it in print would spoil the delightful suspense which the author, Samson Raphaelson, developed to a high degree in his original New York stage success and which Director Wesley Ruggles maintains with equal success and charm in the screen play.

In the supporting cast are such well-known players as Holmes Herbert and Ernest Cossart. The latter is playing the same role on the screen as that which he created in the original Broadway stage production.

(Advertisement)





# SCREENLAND

The Smart Screen Magazine

DELIGHT EVANS, Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON, Western Representative

TOM KENNEDY, Assistant Editor

FRANK J. CARROLL, Art Director

## EVENT!

### A New Serial of Hollywood by THYRA SAMTER WINSLOW

Thyra Samter Winslow, author of such overwhelmingly popular novels as "Picture Frames" and "Show Girl," portrays Hollywood in her newest and, we believe, her most fascinating fiction depicting the modern scene. And it is with extreme gratification that SCREENLAND announces publication of this deservedly popular author's newest novel as a serial to begin in our September issue.

The author knows Hollywood. There she wrote an original screen play, "She Married Her Boss," soon to be put into production with Claudette Colbert as the star, and to be made at the studio which sponsored "It Happened One Night," in which Claudette and her co-star Clark Gable gave performances that won them the Academy awards.

Thyra Samter Winslow has created her new fiction story from the real life of Hollywood, its people and the scenes behind the screen with which she has been in intimate contact for some time.

Plan NOW to read this vivid and vivacious romance of Hollywood beginning in SCREENLAND for September, on sale July 25.

August, 1935

Vol. XXXI. No. 4

### EVERY STORY A FEATURE!

An Open Letter to Myrna Loy.....	Delight Evans	9
She Knew Clark Gable When.....	Grace Simpson	10
Telling What's Ahead for Hollywood Stars.....	Rupert Hillyer	12
Evolution of a Platinum Blonde. Jean Harlow.....	Elizabeth Wilson	14
Beau Brummell No. 1. James Cagney.....	Muriel Babcock	15
What Chance Has Your Original Screen Story?.....	Beth Brown	16
Creating the Color Craze.....	Helen Harrison	18
Second-Guess Stars.....	Leonard Hall	20
The Inside Career Story of William Powell.....	James M. Fidler	22
Sewing Circle for Hollywood Wives.....	Dorothy Manners	24
Glamor Girl. Fiction.....	Vicki Baum	26
Marion Davies Contest.....		43
Page Miss Glory. Fictionization.....	Elizabeth Benneche Petersen	44
Reviews of the Best Pictures.....	Delight Evans	46
Screenland Glamor School. Edited by Bette Davis.....		48
Fields in Clover. W. C. Fields' Life Story.....	Ida Zeitlin	50

### SPECIAL ART SECTION:

Behind the Masks of Hollywood: Maureen O'Sullivan, Ann Harding. Mummery Without Masks. Girls Most Likely to Succeed. Friendly Rivals: Bing Crosby and John Boles. Beauty on a Pedestal: Claire Trevor. Glamor Out of Doors: Gertrude Michael. Something Old! Something New! Something Borrowed! Something Blue! Great Scott! Randolph Scott. Bathing in Beauty. The Most Beautiful Still of the Month.

### DEPARTMENTS:

Inside the Stars' Homes. Ann Dvorak.....	Betty Boone	6
Honor Page.....		8
For Beauty's Sake.....	Elin Neil	52
Hollywood Figure.....	James Davies	53
Here's Hollywood. Screen News.....	Weston East	54
Radio Parade.....	Tom Kennedy	57
Salutes and Snubs. Letters from Readers.....		58
Screenland's Crossword Puzzle.....		66
Ask Me.....		64
Femi-Nifties.....		78
Tagging the Talkies. Short Reviews.....		90

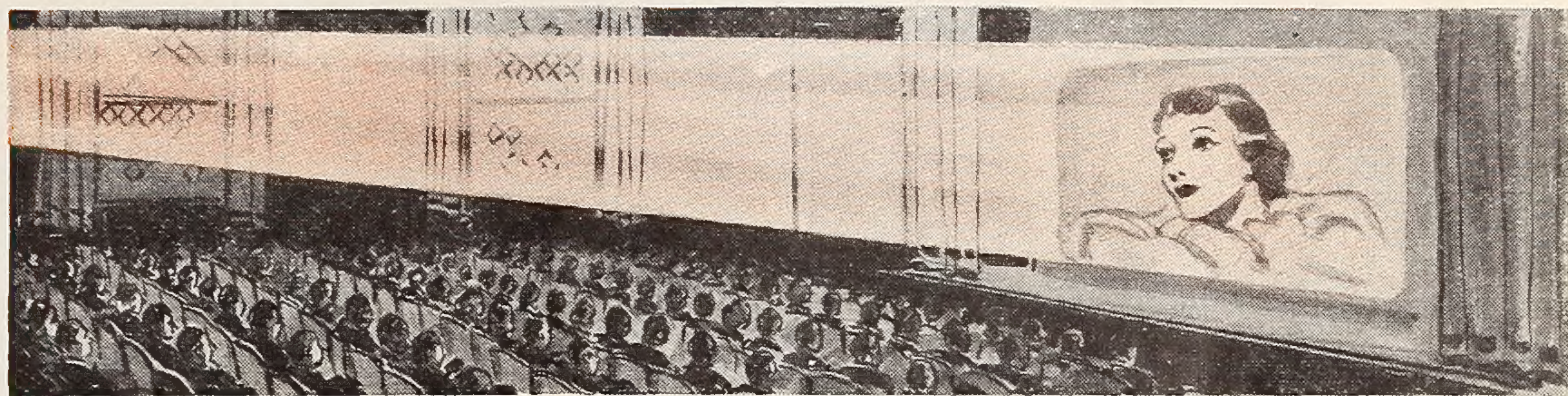
Cover Portrait of Jean Harlow by Charles Sheldon



# Discovered

5

IN A  
HOLLYWOOD PROJECTION ROOM!



Together,  
A GREAT  
STAR and  
a NEW STAR

The hush in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer projection room turned to a muffled whisper...the whisper rose to an audible hum... and in less than five minutes everybody in the room knew that a great new star had been born—LUISE RAINER—making her first American appearance in "Escapade", WILLIAM POWELL'S great new starring hit! It was a historic day for Hollywood, reminiscent of the first appearance of Garbo — another of those rare occasions when a great motion picture catapults a player to stardom.



William Powell adds another suave characterization to his long list of successes...and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer swells the longest list of stars in filmdom with another brilliant name—Luise Rainer!



## WILLIAM POWELL <sup>in</sup> *Escapade*

with  
LUISE RAINER

FRANK MORGAN  
VIRGINIA BRUCE  
REGINALD OWEN  
MADY CHRISTIANS

A Robert Z. Leonard Production  
Produced by Bernard H. Hyman  
*A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture*

Aristocrat, sophisticate, innocent—one wanted romance, the other wanted excitement—but one wanted his heart—and won it!...Sparkling romance of an artist who dabbled with love as he dabbled with paints...and of a girl who hid behind a mask—but could not hide her heart from the man she loved!





# Inside the Stars' Homes

Come to Sunday  
Breakfast at Ann  
Dvorak's! We  
promise you a gay  
good time

By  
Betty  
Boone

Hollywood hostess presides  
at her breakfast table, set  
informally in the patio in  
true California style. "Have  
a cup of coffee on me!"  
smiles Ann.



Ann Dvorak in a corner of  
the patio of her Andalusian  
farm-house in the San Fer-  
nando Valley. Note the  
lovely wall niche.

ANN DVORAK and Leslie Fenton—"Mr. and Mrs. is the name"—have a thirty-seven acre walnut ranch in the San Fernando Valley, not fifteen minutes' drive from Warner Brothers Studios. Shut away from boulevards and sight-seeing-bus travelers, with rows of spreading trees seeming to reach to the horizon any way you look, the Fentons' Andalusian farmhouse seems an oasis entirely cut off from Hollywood. Perhaps that's one reason the favored few who are invited to Ann's famous Sunday breakfasts never say no.

Every guest does as he pleases here. They come in from whatever they have been doing—working all night, horseback riding, hiking, going to church, or just sleeping—and make themselves at home. There's a blue-tiled swimming pool, stretching from the clover lawn Leslie put in himself to the aisles of walnut trees in the grove. Those who feel like it join their hosts in a morning swim before gathering in the patio for breakfast. Those who aren't in the mood for swimming, rest or read or talk, or even take a turn at gardening.

"We're so informal that breakfasts are about the only sort of entertaining that appeals to us," observed Ann. "Sometimes we serve it at 9:30, sometimes at 11:30, and if we are feeling very grand, it may be a high-noon affair. How would you like a menu from one of each of these breakfasts? Of course, it isn't always the same, but a sample menu might be interesting. The first is only appropriate for the first meal of the day, but the



Exclusive photographs by Scotty Welbourne made  
especially for the SCREENLAND Service Section

other two could be used for light luncheons if you like."

## The 9:30 breakfast menu:

Tomato juice and sherry  
Griddle cakes cooked at the table  
Little pig sausages (kept hot in an iron  
kettle over the fireplace)  
Coffee  
Fresh pineapple (served last)

## The 11:30 breakfast menu:

Baked ham with pineapple crust  
Curried eggs



Asparagus with drawn butter

Hot biscuits

Coffee

Fresh fruit if desired.

"I'm no cook," said Ann with charming—and characteristic frankness—"but my cook tells me this is how to fix the baked ham. It's simply marvelous!"

"The ham should be baked very slowly in an open pan, in a very low oven, allowing 25 minutes to the pound—*add no water*. Bake the ham with the rind on, removing it about an hour and a half before it is done. Then cover it with the following pineapple crust: One cup brown sugar, combined with one cup of well-drained crushed pineapple and one-half cup white bread crumbs. Score the fat part of the ham and pat the crust completely over the top. If not sufficiently brown when the ham is done, place under a slow broiler for a few minutes.

"A delicious sauce to serve with this dish is made by beating a cup of cream stiff and then adding three tablespoons of horseradish."

#### Curried Eggs

6 hard cooked eggs

6 slices of toast

Onion

1 cup stock

1 cup milk

2 teaspoons cornstarch

1 " butter

1/4 " curry powder

Salt and pepper.

Remove shell from eggs and cut in quarters lengthwise, arrange on toast. Rub bottom of pan with slice of onion. Mix cornstarch and curry powder. Make a sauce of stock, milk, cornstarch and curry powder, butter and seasoning and pour over eggs and toast.

#### High-noon menu:

Crab-avocado Croustades

Asparagus with drawn butter

Sautéd fruits (peaches, pears, bananas, pineapple)

Hot biscuits

Coffee

Sherbet.

"I don't know whether the rest of the country is as wild about avocados as we are," Ann remarked, "but the crab-avocado croustades are a favored dish around here. My cook tells me that this recipe serves eight."

#### Crab-Avocado Croustades

2 cups milk

2 tablespoons butter

3 " flour

1 teaspoon salt

1 cup flaked crabmeat

1 medium sized avocado

Heat milk, rub butter, flour and salt together, add hot milk and stir until smooth. Return to fire and boil briskly for 2 or 3 minutes, stirring constantly. Add flaked crabmeat.

Cut the avocado into rather large cubes, saving a few strips for tops. Add the cubes just before removing the creamed crab from fire. Serve in croustades, made as follows:

Cut squares of bread about three inches square and two deep. Hollow out centers and toast top and bottom. Brush sides and top with melted butter.

The day I was at the Fentons Ann served lamb chops with the little pig sausages, as well as creamed potatoes. The fruit was fresh-picked strawberries, served with stems on, set on a circle around small individual plates with little heaps of powder sugar in the center.

"That is a special dish of our Chinese couple in the kitchen," Ann told me. "The other night they decided to surprise us

(Continued on page 72)



## dividends in every Dentyne package

You slip a piece of Dentyne into your mouth . . .  
and, as you enjoy it, you are earning dividends.

**AN AID TO MOUTH HEALTH**—Your teeth, your whole mouth, need exercise which they don't get from today's soft foods. Dentyne provides this regular vigorous exercise so necessary to general mouth health. It stimulates the salivary glands, helps the mouth clean itself, and improves the condition of the teeth.

**AS WELL AS A DELICIOUS GUM**—You will be delighted with the flavor of Dentyne. Its fresh, stimulating spiciness makes it the favorite chewing gum of thousands and thousands of critical people. You will like, too, the handy vest-pocket package . . . an exclusive feature with Dentyne. The shape originated with, and for many years has identified, Dentyne.

# DENTYNE

## KEEPS TEETH WHITE • MOUTH HEALTHY



# SCREENLAND Honor Page

To Bergner, who in "Escape Me Never"  
gives new meaning to screen art



One of the very human scenes in the Bergner picture in which the great Elisabeth as Gemma comforts Hugh Sinclair, as Sebastian.

**S**HE is something new: a screen star who refuses to be "typed." There is no "typical Bergner rôle." This Elisabeth can play any rôle. She gives us Gaynor's girlishness, and Garbo's mystery. She can be a Hepburn hoyden, or a complex Crawford; she never bores us because we never know just what part she will be playing next. And yet by the alchemy of her curious art she weaves all her moods and emotions into a harmonious whole, creating a character never to be forgotten. As *Gemma Jones*, wistful waif or amorous imp or whatever you want to call her heroine of "Escape Me Never," screen version of her famous play, Elisabeth Bergner bears out all the predictions that she will conquer American audiences as she has already won England and the continent. Art is international. Elisabeth's personal appeal is universal. So everybody's happy!



From comedy to tragedy, and all within the range of Bergner's art: left, a touching close-up from the film.



Bergner the gamin—one of the many phases of her acting genius. She combines the piquancy and charm of a child with the emotional maturity of a woman.



# The Editor's Page.

## An Open Letter to Myrna Loy



Acme

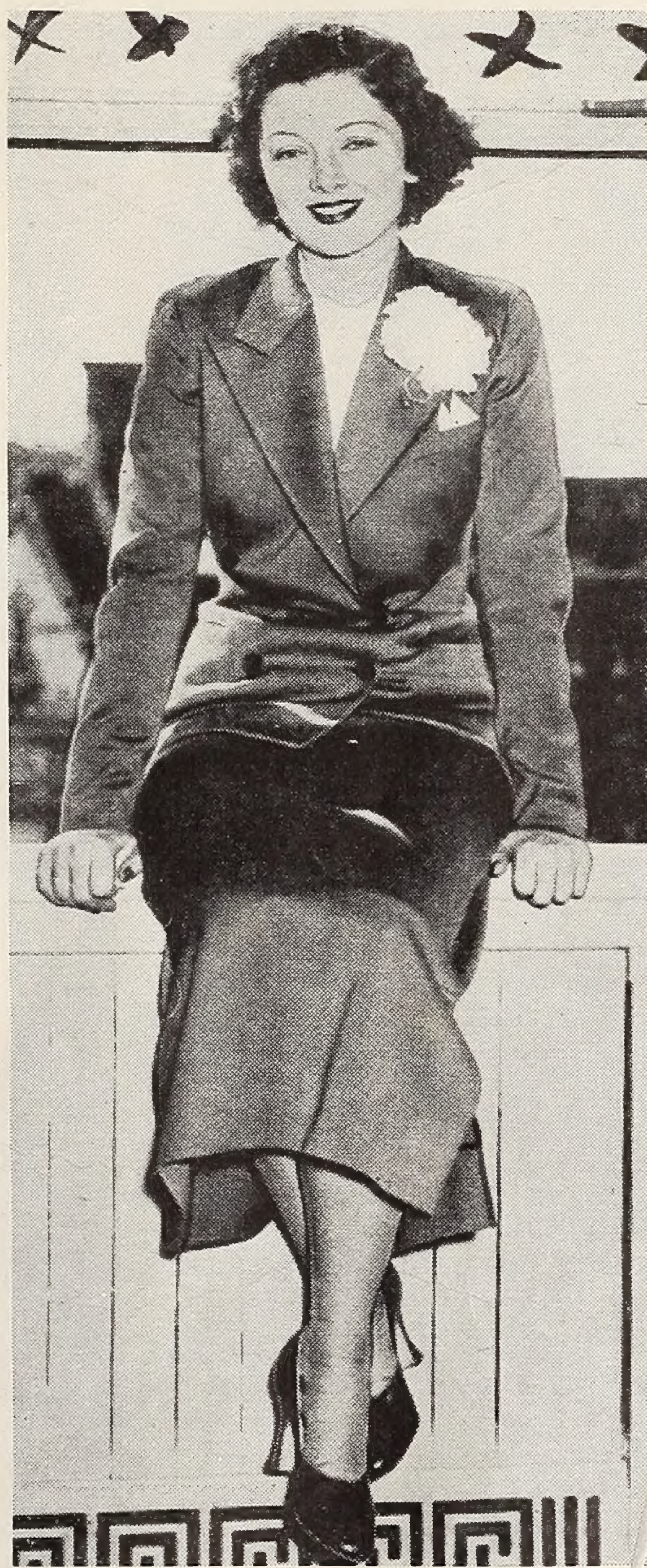
Just a little wrinkle in the stocking makes any movie queen more human! Contrast the friendly Myrna Loy, right, with the aloof siren, above. Which is the real Loy?

DEAR MYRNA:

Let's get this straight. Just who are you, anyway? Do you know? Does anybody?

Friendly, freckled Western Gal? Aloof exotique? Sophisticated siren? The 3-in-1 Woman, that's you. Well, I wish you'd make up your mind which personality you're going to favor. It would make life so much simpler for all of us.

I'll tell you why I'm asking. On your first visit to New York, which had been practically holding its breath to witness you since "The Thin Man," you appeared, first, to press and public as a charming, modest, unaffected and very real person—so real, in fact, that the very first press photographs exhibited you with wrinkled stockings. Now, every girl who saw those pictures of you with wrinkled stockings immediately thought: "I like that woman," because you showed such a refreshing lack of pose and pretense, such a disarming "Takeme as I am or not



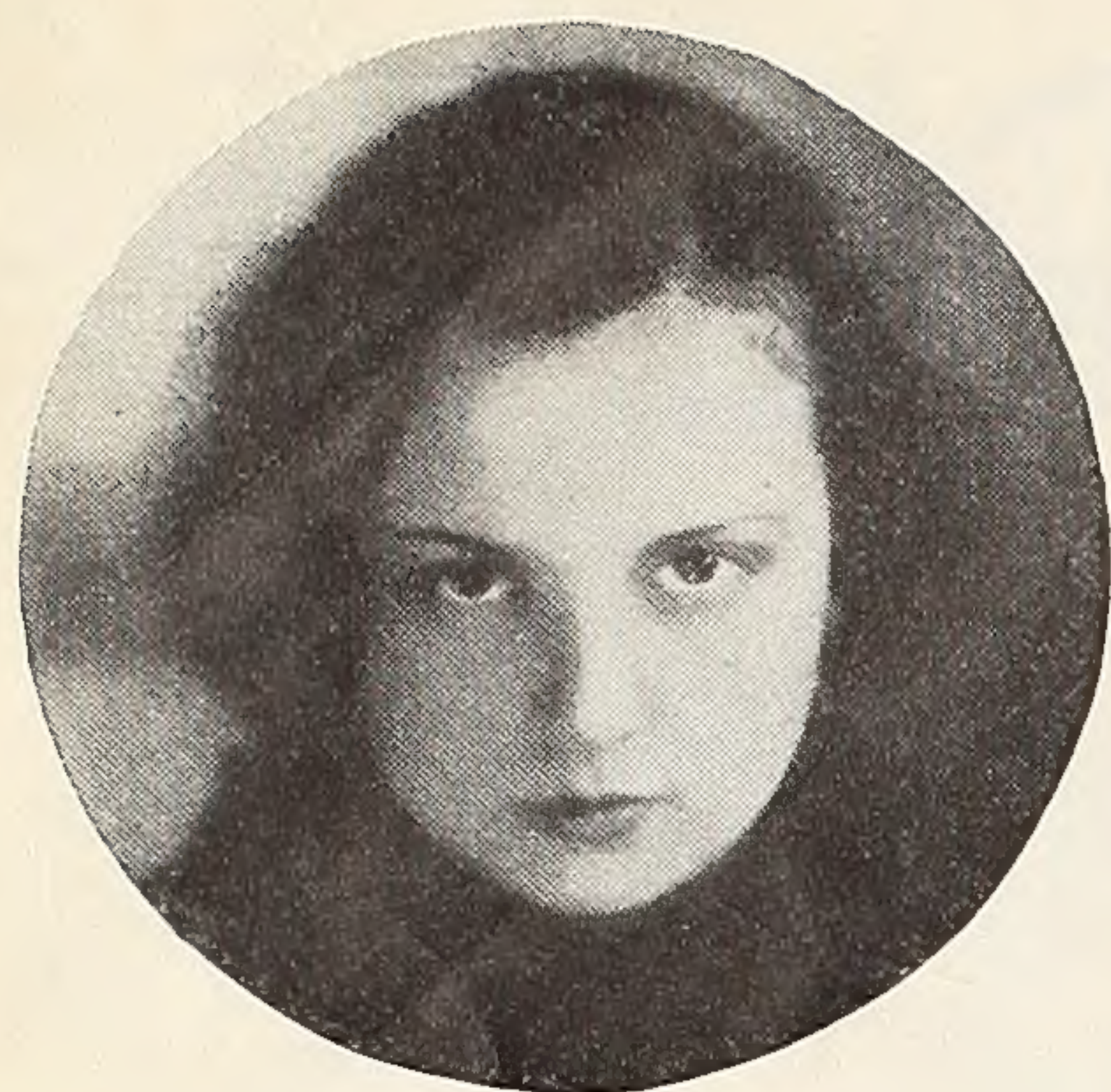
International

at all and it doesn't much matter to me anyway" attitude. No visiting screen star ever made such a hit as you, Myrna, with the press boys and girls and everybody.

And then what? Well, take a look at the other picture on this page. What happened between shots? The breezy, unspoiled, grinning and wrinkled-socks girl turned into a haughty cinema queen at the drop of a night-club topper. You elevated that delicious already-retroussé nose of yours as you haven't done since your Nubi-the-slave-girl screen days. You scared me right out of my Nice Myrna mood into a nasty reaction of "Oh, so you're just another movie actress." I hope I'm wrong; that news-cameras can lie, that lights can be too bright, that you aren't really as bored as you look, and that it takes more than a Manhattan fling to make a blasé woman of the world out of one of the nicest girls in Hollywood. Here's to more wrinkles in the socks and less in the forehead.

Delight Evans





"She" is Betty Collier, above, who as "Beckie Kinard" played with Gable in his stock company days.

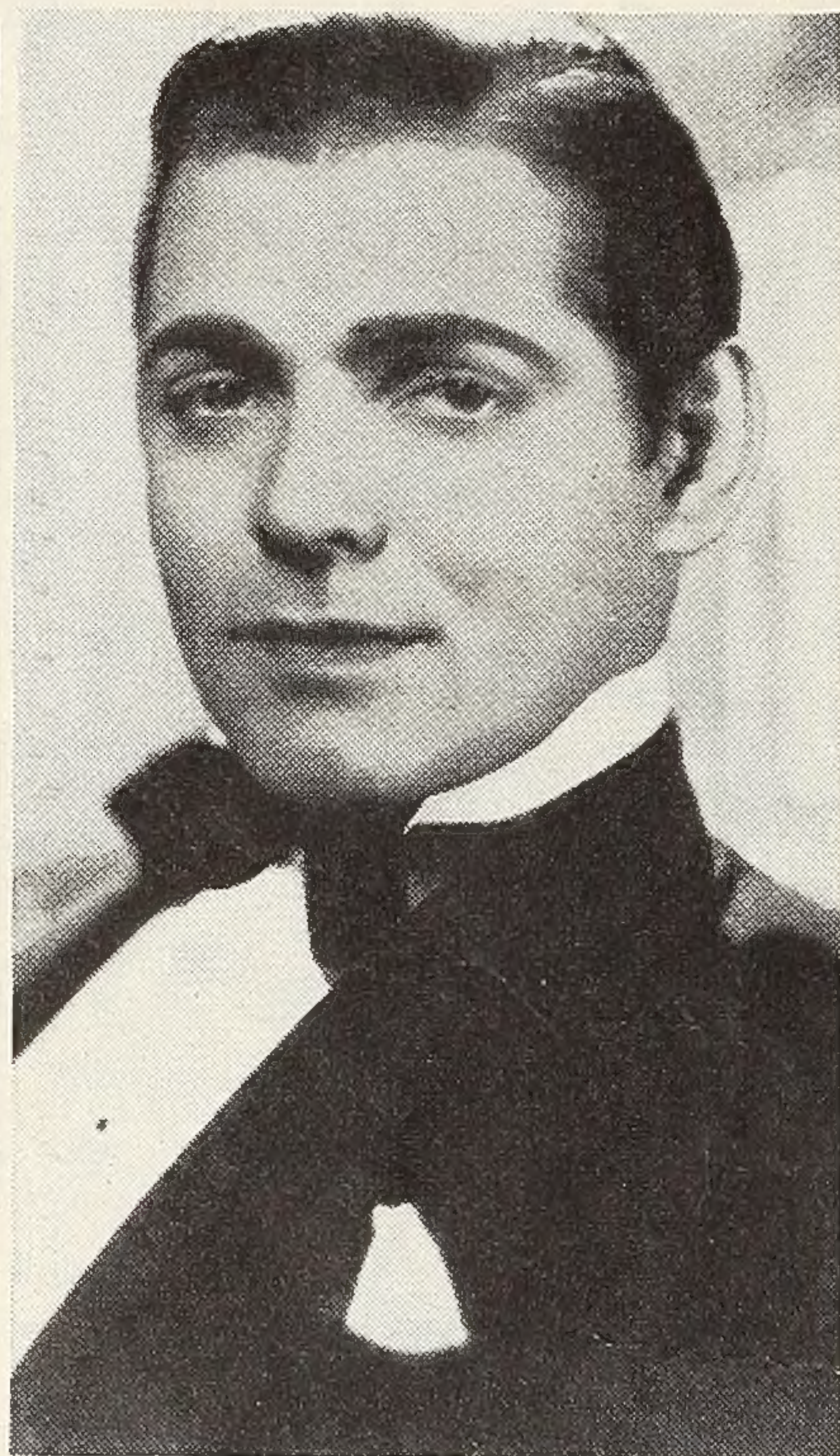
# She Knew

Hollywood's favorite he-man hero talks freely and frankly about old times as a struggling stock actor

By Grace Simpson



Here's how Clark looked, above, when Betty knew him. Right, above, when he first came to Hollywood.



## PALACE THEATRE

HOUSTON, TEXAS, NOVEMBER 6, 1927

### "THE ENEMY"

A Drama by Channing Pollock

#### THE PERSONS

(In the order in which they speak)-

Carl Behrend	GENE LEWIS
Pauli Arndt	HELENE MILLARD
Baruska	ANNA LAYNG
Bruce Godon	CLARK GABLE ✓
August Behrend	WILBUR HIGBY
Jan	TREVOR BARDETTE
Dr. Arndt	JOHN ELLIOTT
Mizzi Winckelman	WINIFRED GREENWOOD
Kurt	BECKIE KINARD ✓
Fritz Winckelman	STANLEY SMITH

STAGE MANAGER, BEN FERRIS

The popular and successful Clark Gable of today, below, gets a drive out of discussing old times with old friends. Above, a stock company program showing Gable's name in the cast, which also included "Beckie Kinard."



WE WERE seated there, the three of us—a young friend of mine, Betty Collier, who formerly acted on the stage in Texas; Big Boy Gable himself, and ye humble scribe—in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer commissary, about to indulge in the popular and quite necessary art of eating. Clark had just flaunted Fate with a total disregard of calories, by ordering a thick steak of no mean proportions, with French fries and all sorts of tempting fixings, topped with a raspberry ice!

"So this is the little Betty who used to dress up and portray boy rôles and, later, ingénue parts?" mused Clark.

"'Tis none other but," laughed that young lady, "but—it's 'Big' Betty now!"

"Well, yes, you have changed quite a bit since I last saw you," admitted Clark. "Let's see, you were about fourteen then, weren't you? And you had been with that company many months before I blew into town and joined your merry little band as a second lead, eh? I bet your very first impression of me wasn't so hot, either—confess now, that you never even dreamed I'd ever get to first base as a movie actor!" he chuckled.

Betty promptly "confessed." "It's true—that first impression of mine wasn't so awfully favorable, Clark," she agreed. "Still, after I knew you better, I thought to myself more than once that someday you'd enjoy, well, at least, some measure of success."

"I guess, for a short time, I felt 'broke' as well as looked that way," he grinned. "I know I *was* broke when I landed in Houston, Texas, to begin an engagement with the Palace Theatre Stock Company—broke, and with just one suit and one overcoat to my name! However, before leaving Hollywood and the extra rôles I was playing to fill that stage engagement, I had gone to a tailor and had several cheap suits made up with the stipulation that they



# Clark Gable "When"!

be sent me C. O. D. right after my first week's work down in Houston came to an end. So for the one week I *had* to get along with that one suit—and then, when I received my week's pay, the suit order came through, causing me, by the way, to be very much broke once again."

"Remember how we'd learn our lines, Clark?" spoke up Betty.

"Sure I do," was his answer. "We'd always sit in one corner of the stage and say 'em aloud—again and again—while scenery and what-not was being pushed back and forth all around us. You were very quick to grasp things, and with kid-like good-fellowship you'd come over and sit down beside me and listen to me recite my part—and, if I recall correctly, you seemed to get lots of fun out of just listening to me!"

"Well, you were kind of —er—that is—just a wee bit slow in learning your lines," explained Betty in some confusion.

The great Gable, not too busy or famous to talk about the old days "when" he was just a poor and struggling company actor.

"Just a wee bit slow my eyebrow!" laughed Gable. "I was just plain dumb! "Don't be afraid to tell me so—I can take it! I'd spend more time over my reading lines and memorizing them than anyone else in the cast! I'm even that way today. I can't, to save my life, sit down and read over my part once and then know it like a long-lost brother. Nope, I have to read those lines over slowly, carefully, one sentence at a time, and memorize as best I can. Of course, it's painstaking work—just as in  
(Continued on page 70)







Norvell tells Frances Dee to subjugate her career to the home.

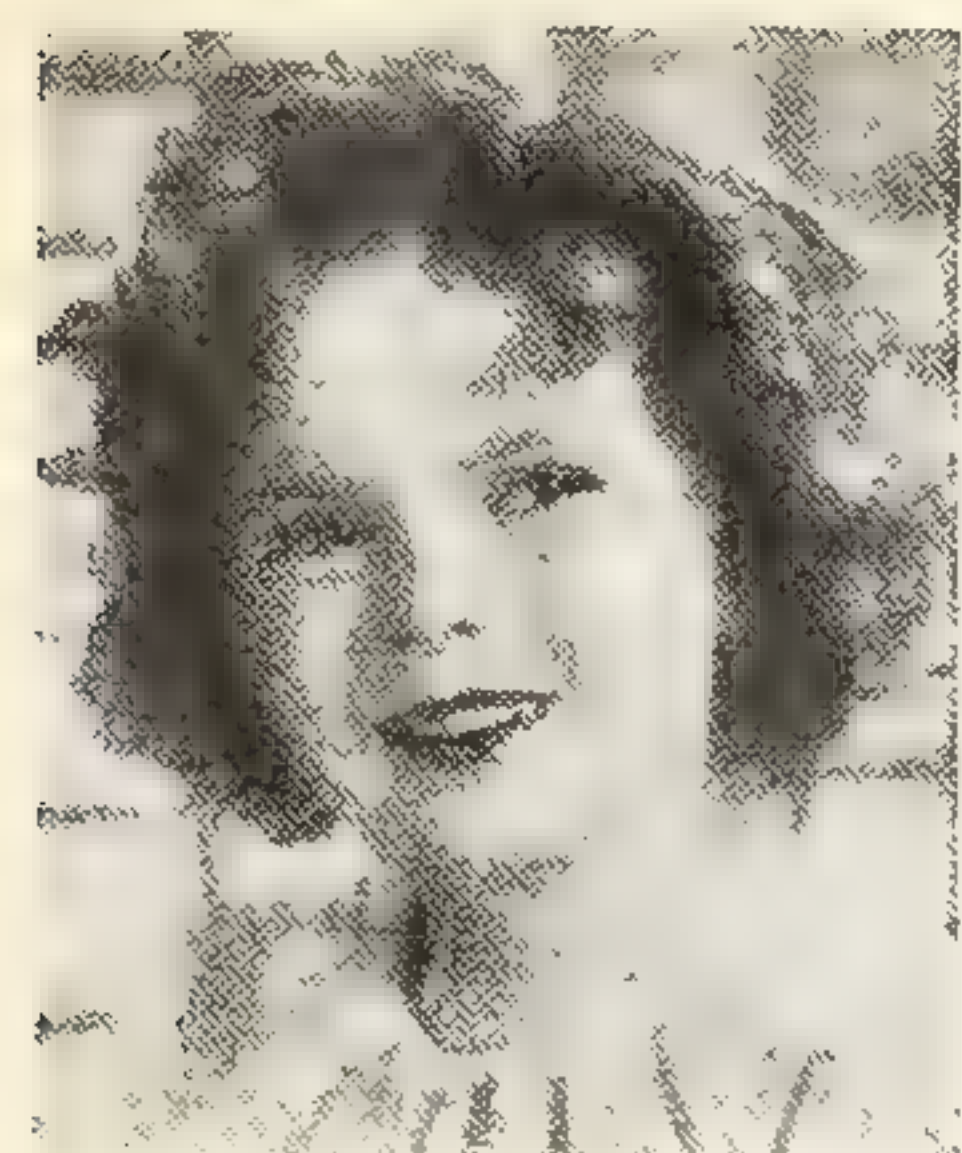


Jimmy Cagney, above, listens intently as Norvell predicts.

Marion Davies will win new success in her new film contract.

Let's go star-gazing! See what's in store for Hollywood idols. You'll be as interested in Norvell's warnings and wise advice as the stars themselves

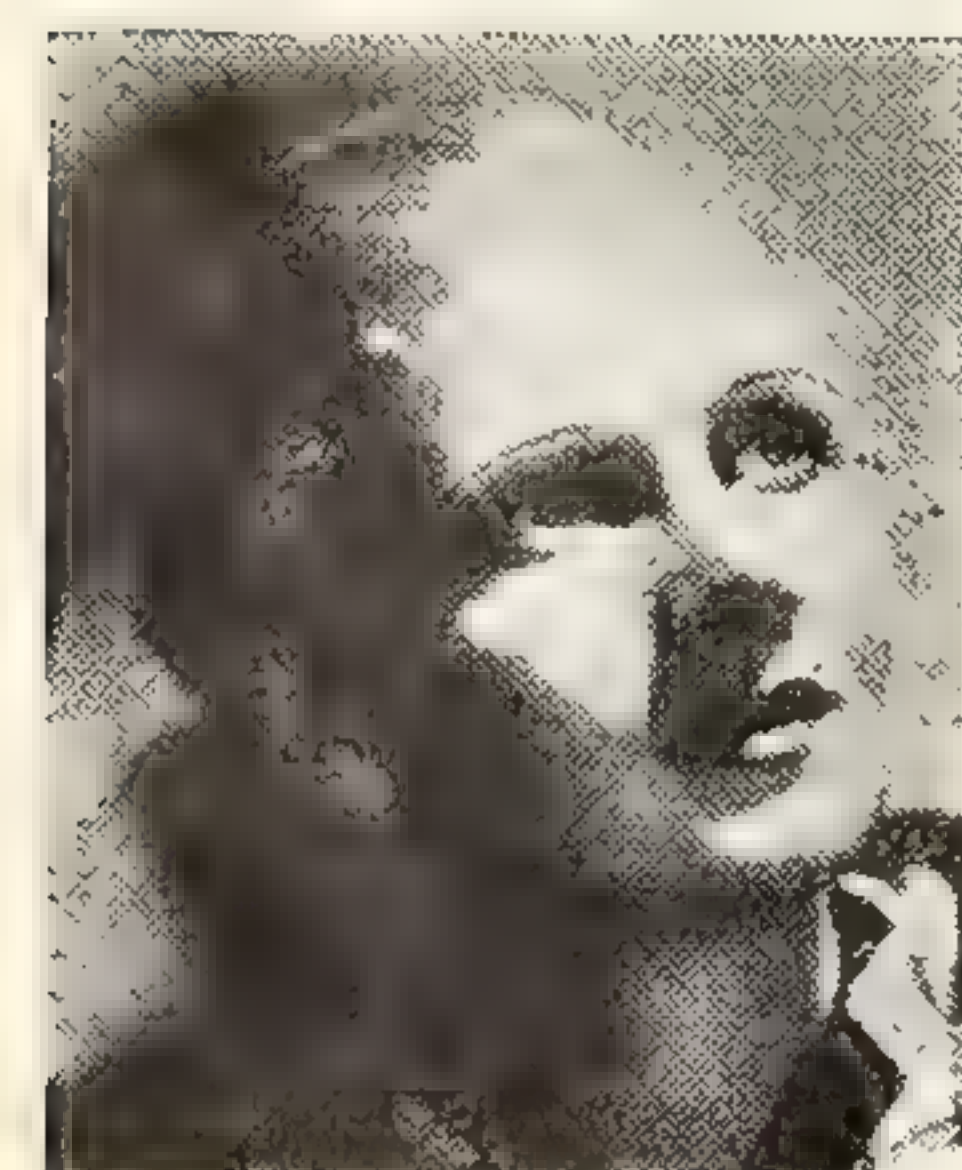
# Telling What's Ahead



Shirley Temple



Gary Cooper



Ann Harding

**I**F YOU happen to be a prophet without honor in your own country, you might try Hollywood!

Now take Mahlon Norvell. At the age of twenty-five this amazing young man is a popular local seer. And to prove that star-gazing is a remunerative trade, he lives in a mansion and drives a Rolls-Royce!

He is the only man in the world who has interviewed Constance Bennett while she was still in bed. And certainly the only man in the world who ever had an appointment with Greta Garbo—and broke it!

Stars who high-hat producers and electricians, court Norvell's favor and listen tremblingly to his advice and warnings.

Norvell was born in New York, and educated in the public schools. There was nothing at all about his childhood to foreshadow his occult future. He yearned to be a movie actor, and to write a novel, but was otherwise a perfectly matter-of-fact young man.

"It wasn't until late adolescence that I began to take an interest in astrology," he says. "Then it was only something of a hobby. The stage was my goal. I began to hang around the stage doors and theatrical agencies. In order to make myself known to and tolerated by the players, I read their charts. Actors are by nature superstitious. Their careers depend so much upon chance, and their futures are always problematical. Of course, I always gave them sincere readings. I interpret the stars exactly as I have been taught to do, and I never embellish the messages I see in them. Things I predicted had a way of coming true, and I soon gained a reputation as a soothsayer, and many of the biggest names in the theatre sought me out. I could have made a good living at it; but as I said, acting was what I wished





Ann Sothorn listens to an astounding prediction for her future.



Norvell foretold Jeanette MacDonald's success before it happened!



Joan Crawford will be married again, says Norvell—but not to Franchot!

By  
Rupert Hillyer

# For Hollywood Stars

to do, so for considerable time astrology was merely an interesting study for me. "When I found that I was getting nowhere on the stage, I came to Hollywood. That was five years ago. I was lucky enough to get on as extra, and to while away the tedious waits on the set I gave the players readings." That was how it all started.

One night someone asked Norvell to attend a party at Pickfair. The Fairbankses were receiving. Joan Crawford was newly married to Douglas, Junior. The usual important people were there: Lady Mountbatten, Countess di Frasso, and others. The Junior Fairbankses were all aglow with the grande passion, and refused to be separated even for the time it took Norvell to give them readings. He told them that their marriage would only last about four years, which disheartening news they naturally refused to believe, being in the "forever and forever" stage. Finally Mary dissuaded him from reading further because talk of separation depressed her. There was already a breach in her romance with Douglas, Senior, and she was trying desperately to overcome it.

Although Norvell's chief rival in Hollywood predicted that the Fairbanks marriage would not end until death, Norvell predicted the actual termination of it. "Mary was unhappy during the reading, but she seemed resigned to the inevitable," Norvell says.

He predicts that Mary will never rewed, that she will seek solace in religion and work. "She should never attempt reconciliation with Fairbanks, because their stars are at war." Doug will probably marry again. His is a romantic destiny.

"Joan Crawford will marry again—but not Franchot Tone. That would be a mismating, according to the stars, and Joan has domestic happiness due in her chart. So she will very likely make a happier choice.

(Continued on page 79)



Mae West



Loretta Young



Elisabeth Bergner





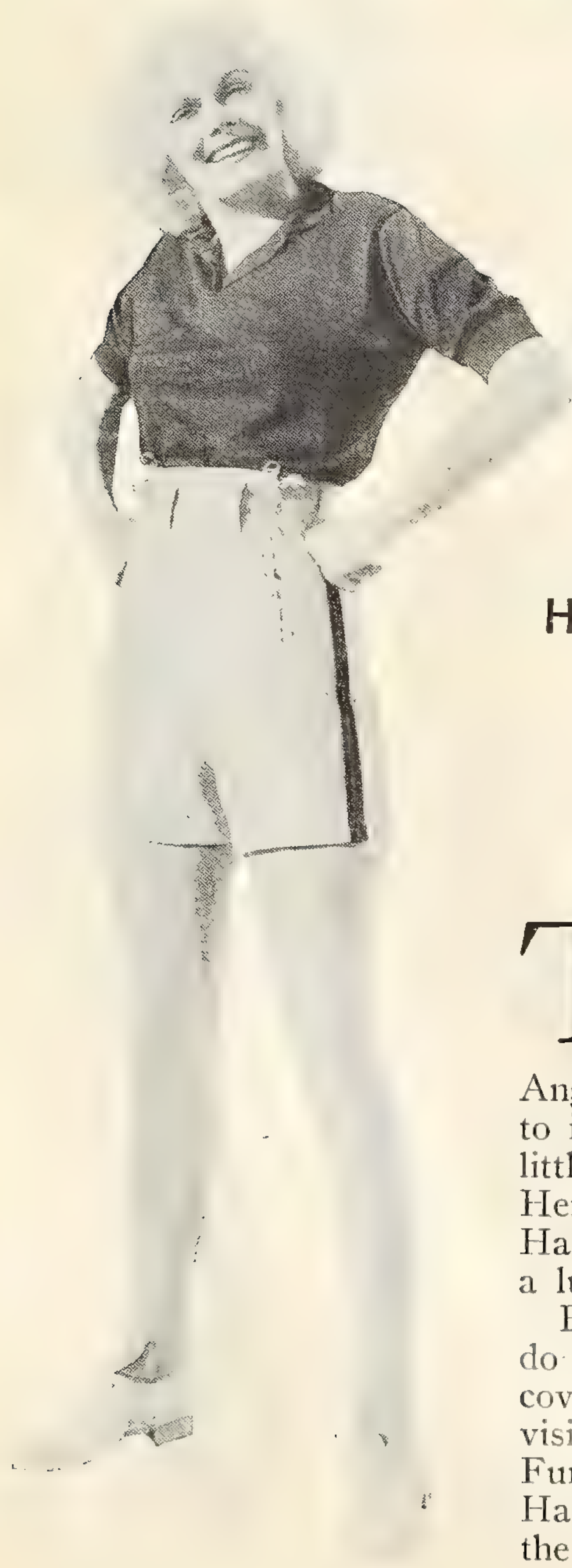
# Evolution of a Platinum Blonde

How Jean Harlow has met success and sorrow since "Hell's Angels"

By Elizabeth Wilson

**T**HE first time I interviewed Jean Harlow, five years ago come autumn, it was definitely a favor to *her*. The last time I interviewed Jean Harlow, just a couple of weeks ago, it was definitely a favor to *me*. The first time was in New York City when Jean was making personal appearances with "Hell's Angels," which was playing at the Criterion on Broadway; and the blasé Press up to its eyebrows in Tony's gin and top-notch celebrities considered her just another little Hollywood upstart, a flash in the pan, a fluke, a here-today-and-gone-tomorrow. Her New York press agent, a swell gal named Tess, insisted that I must meet Jean Harlow; and after the proper amount of demurring I consented, bribed of course by a luncheon at the Algonquin.

But my, my, how different the last interview was! I received the assignment to do a Harlow story only a few days before the deadline and at the Metro studio discovered to my horror that Jean was finishing up "China Seas" on a closed set, no visitors allowed, and under the strict supervision of a doctor and a trained nurse. Furthermore, that the picture would be completed Thursday night and that Miss Harlow's doctor had ordered her to remain in bed for a week of complete rest, and the publicity department was not to disturb her. When you (Continued on page 63)





# Beau Brummell No.1

James Cagney, tough guy, exposed as "Jimmy the Dude"

By Muriel Babcock

**J**IMMY CAGNEY is really a dude at heart! While he is stretching out one arm to shove a grapefruit in a lady's eye, or sock a gent, he is pushing out the other for a fitting from his tailor.

If you accused him of being one of the best-dressed men of Hollywood, he would have catfits. Down in his heart, this funny pug-nosed, mickey-faced little Irishman knows he is a dude, but he wouldn't admit it for the world. But I hereby nominate him as Beau Brummell No. 1 of Hollywood.

Stop and think! Not only is he a picture of sartorial elegance every time he goes out—to the Mayfair, to the Trocadero, to the Philharmonic to hear a concert, to a gay Hollywood party; but somehow or another he manages to get dressed up in at least one scene in every picture he makes.

His suits, shirts, ties, socks, shoes are the last word in conservative good taste, and how he can wear them! I saw him one night looking magnificent in a tail coat at the Mayfair ball, and two afternoons later the picture of the well-dressed conservative young business man at the Stravinsky concert. He had on a dark blue serge suit, perfectly tailored and making his shoulders look even broader than ever. There was the time at the Screen Actors' circus frolic that he (*Continued on page 76*)



Just glance at these pictures and revise your opinion of Cagney as the hard-boiled socker of the screen! He's clothes-conscious in a big way.





# What Chance Has Your

**T**HE studio will buy your play.

Have you a "Merrily We Roll Along?" Then keep your cab waiting downstairs while Metro counts out \$85,000.

Have you a "Page Miss Glory" made to measure for Marion Davies? Take a chair, they urge you at Warner Brothers. The cashier will only be a minute writing out your check for \$72,500.

Have you a "Farmer Takes a Wife" for little Janet Gaynor? Fox will not only pay you \$65,000, but let you keep the sterling silver fountain pen with which you signed the contract, Mr. Playwright. Yes, the studio will buy your play.

The studio will buy your book.

Have you written a book as good as "Good Earth," as fine, deep and moving? Is it a big, bad, best seller like "Anthony Adverse?" Maybe your tome has the chuckling, brittle quality of "The Thin Man?"

No, you won't need to take it down to Bertram Bloch, editor of Metro; or to Jake Wilk, at Warners; or to Tom Costaine at Fox on Fifty-fifth Street; or to

Want to write for the movies? First read this exclusive article, which tells you the real truth

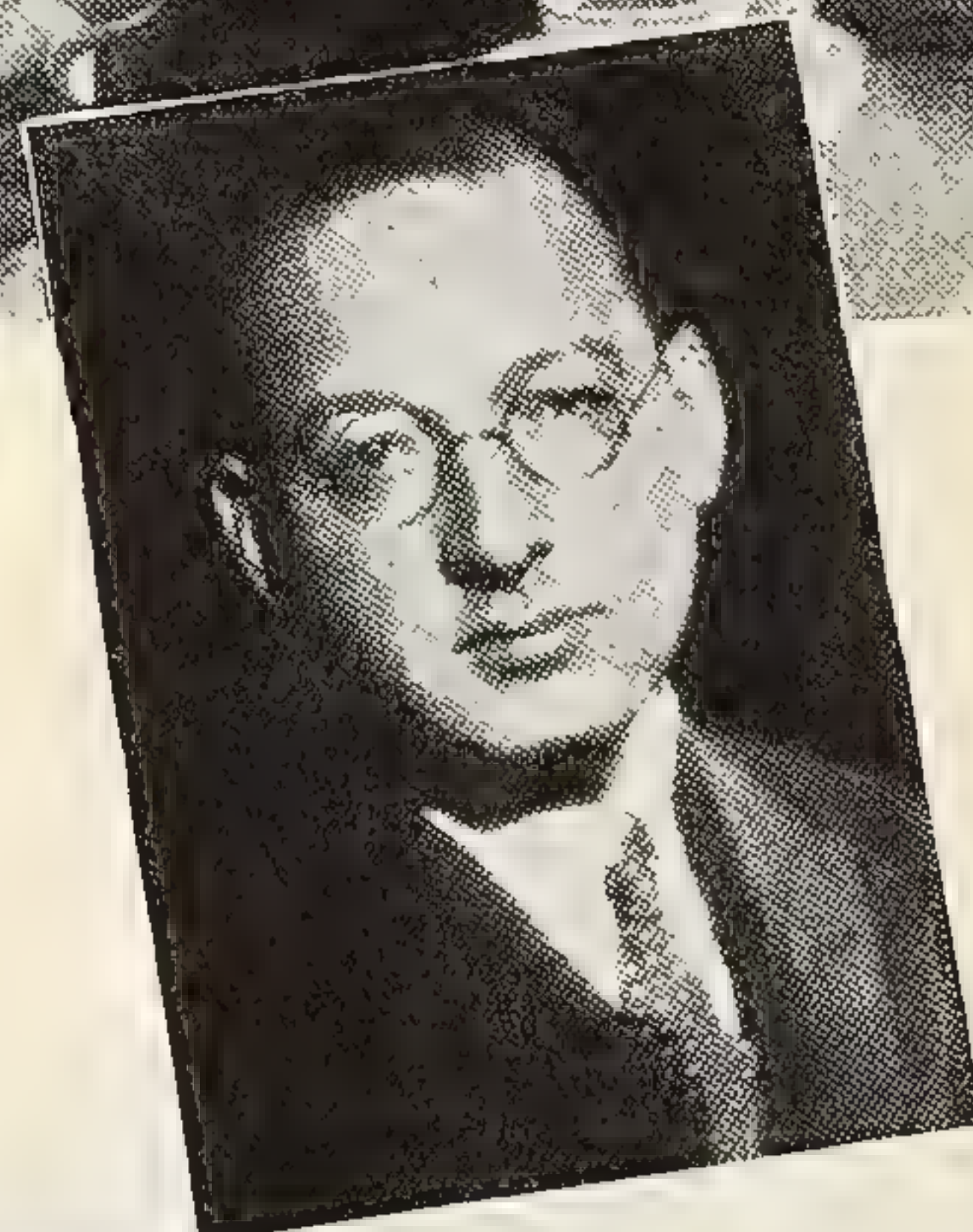
By Beth Brown



The studio will buy your play—if it's another "Farmer Takes a Wife" for Janet Gaynor, shown below with Henry Fonda in the picturization of the stage play.



"It Happened One Night" was originally a short story. Hollywood wants more like it.



Jake Wilk, astute story head for Warner Brothers, who bought "Page Miss Glory."



Tom Costaine, left, picks 'em for Fox Films.



Betty Roberts, western story editor for RKO.



Oh, for another "Anne of Green Gables" to star Anne Shirley in! Above, Anne with Tom Brown in the film.



# Original Screen Story?

Russell Holman, twelfth floor of the Paramount Building, New York City.

Ye editors will send for your book. What's more, they'll send for you. They'll ship you west by fast plane and drop you via parachute behind a shiny new desk at Writer's Row. Tiffany Thayer is there, swinging his shingle at Paramount. Vicki Baum is on the Metro lot. Bruce Manning is busy at Columbia. You read their books. "One Woman." "Grand Hotel." "Party Wire." Yep, they sold 'em for the cinema.

Got a book? A good one? The studio will buy it and hire you to adapt it.

The studio will buy your short story.

That Academy prize winner, "It Happened One Night," with Colbert and Gable, was a short story authored by Samuel Hopkins Adams. "Little Miss Marker" with Shirley Temple was a short story for which please credit title Damon Runyon. "Crime Without Passion." "Desirable" with Jean Muir. "Rain," by Somerset Maugham, first fell from the heavens as a short story, became a

play, a picture, and again a play with Tallulah Bankhead. The list of short stories sold for the screen is as long as your good right arm.

The studio will buy your song.

For Grace Moore. For Jeanette MacDonald. Rudy Vallee. Bing Crosby.

Have you another "Blue Moon?" "June in January?" "Believe Me, Beloved?"

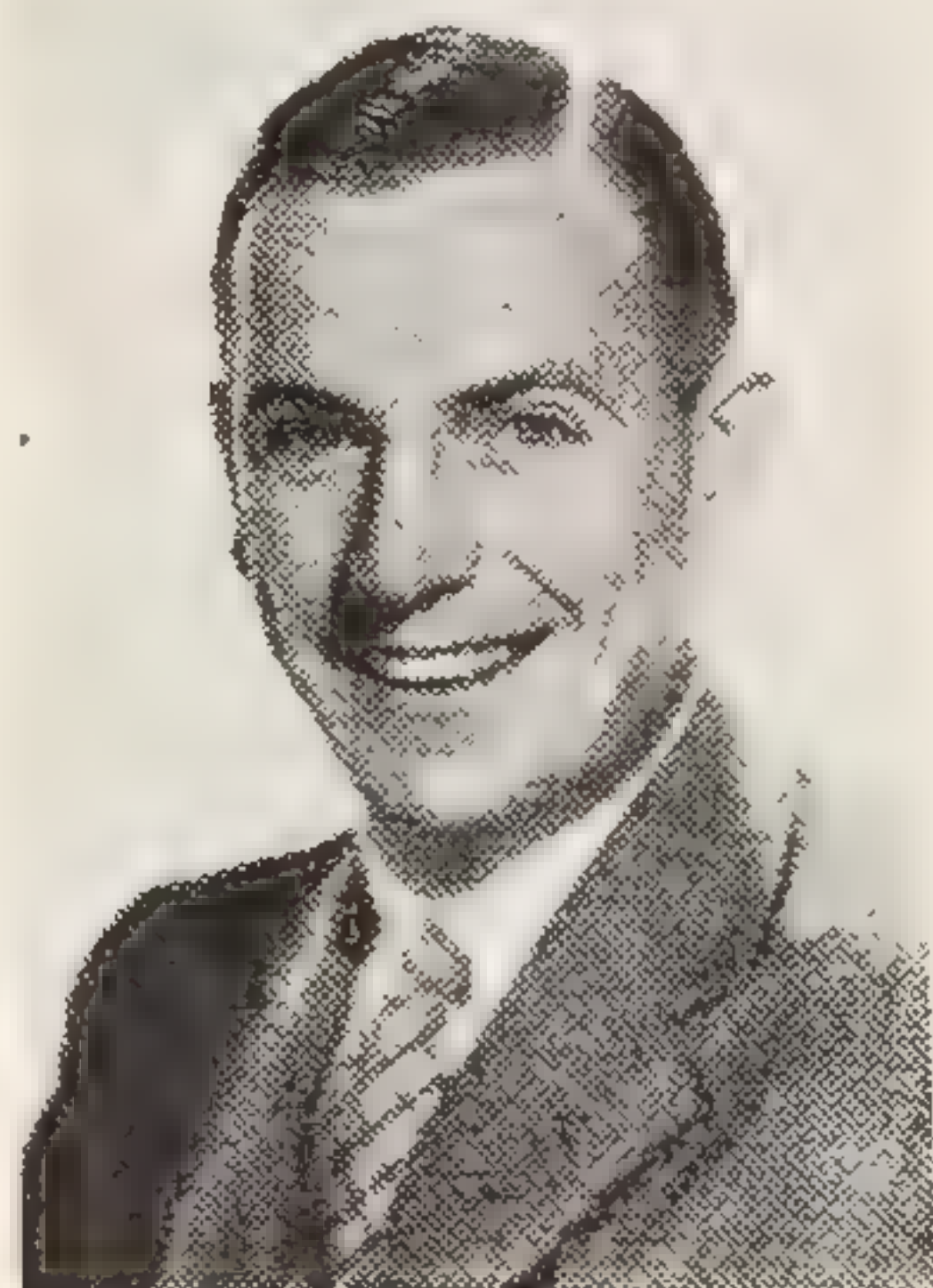
Take it down to Tin Pan Alley. Take along an armoured truck. You'll need it to bring back that heavy *do re mi*.

But there's a catch. Your song must be sung. Your short story must be published. Your book must be printed. Your play must be produced.

You've an original manuscript?

Sorry! The studio does *not* buy originals—from unknowns. It returns unopened, unsolicited manuscripts. And if you're thinking of going to Hollywood to break into the writing racket, take along your sense of humor and a two-way ticket, there and back. (Continued on page 61)

Russell Holman, right, eastern production manager of Paramount; and Bogart Rogers, extreme right, western story head of the same company.



Bertram Bloch, eastern story head for mighty Metro, left, below. Sam Marx, below, western story head of M-G-M.



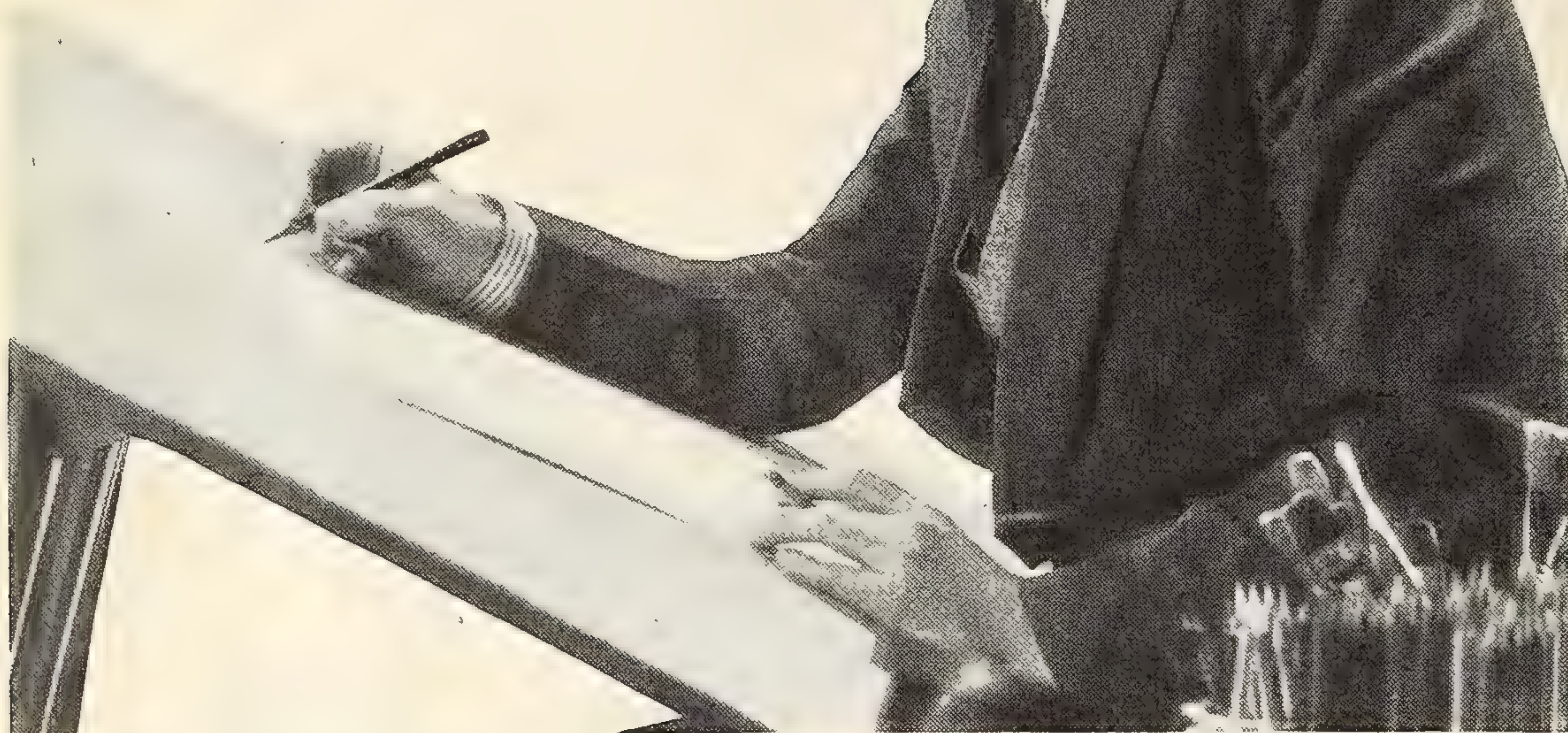
If another "Morocco" could be found to co-star Marlene Dietrich and Gary Cooper, everybody would be happy!





# Creating Color-

Robert Edmond Jones, guiding genius in Hollywood's latest artistic advance, believes that color will revolutionize the screen. "Becky Sharp" is his color creation.



Del Rio  
Red!



Be among the first to salute the colors! Soon you'll see your favorite stars in all the glory of their natural beauty, giving you priceless pointers on clothes and make-up

By Helen Harrison

"**T**HE pictures have the blues!" is the joyous news which makes "Becky Sharp" the movie shot heard 'round the world! "Becky Sharp," let us hasten to assure you, is no moanin' low St. Louis woman, but a heroine right out of Thackeray's "Vanity Fair"—and a colorful creature indeed if Robert Edmond (Emperor) Jones has anything to say about it, and who, but he, has?

It was Miriam Hopkins, *Becky* herself, who bestowed the royal title. Others have called him the Christopher Columbus of Color; but Jones, who prefers to think of himself simply as "a colorist," is unquestionably Hollywood's leader of the Rainbow Division.

At any rate he is convinced that color has landed in Hollywood. That the situation is well in the hands of Jones also seems pretty firmly established.

"Reds and yellows," he admitted, "were always relatively simple. Blue, the third primary color, was the stumbling block. It did not reproduce authentically on film. *Now* we have it!"

That, of course, was only one of the things which have made color films, up to the moment, not only a very costly innovation, but an unsuccessful one, except for Mr. Jones' experimental short, "La Cucaracha." Today, films in relation to color are precisely where they were, in relation to sound, back in 1927. What "The Jazz Singer" was to the talkies "Becky Sharp" is bound to be to the color films of tomorrow.

What, then, is this going to mean to you and you and you and to me? And the stars of Hollywood in their relation to us?

"A great, great deal!" said Mr. Jones, seriously. "No longer are fashions going to be color-blind, nor are our backgrounds. Everything is going to assume a new importance—the stars, their coloring, their gowns, their



# the Craze

Crawford  
Creme of Gardenia!



Becky Sharp  
Blue!



Bennett  
Beige!

settings; and this is going to affect every woman, not only in America, but in the world."

It's something like being in on the first telephone call Bell made, or watching Thomas Edison project his earliest motion picture, isn't it?

"With color-glamor, women will look younger, more beautiful. There will be color rules for morning, noon, and night. Women are going to see the screen stars as they see themselves, and this is going to make for many changes and many improvements in clothes and coiffures."

"In this great uncharted sea, with our course directed straight for the aurora borealis, just what rules should Mrs. and Miss America follow?" I asked, as I knew you would wish.

"Let me quote Brillat-Savarin, the old French critic who wrote 'The Physiology of Taste,'" he answered, "who said:

"Eyes for the street;  
Hair for the house; and  
Skin for evening."

"That is excellent advice and should be appropriated by women who want to be correctly garbed. Follow it and you will have discovered the secret of true fitness.

"I am usually accused of talking in headlines," he went on, in engrossed animation. "Sometimes the headlines are merely misquotations." He smiled. "For instance, there was a furore about one which went like this: 'JONES SAYS PLATINUM BLONDES MUST GO!'"

"Imagine my saying anything like that! As a matter of fact, I feel certain Miss Harlow will be more splendidly platinum—more completely chromiumized than ever—for she is far too intelligent a woman not to realize the responsibility of keeping up her highly important end of the spectrum.

"Of course in Hollywood—and I want to say that I am much impressed with the place, with the people's minds there, the process and (Continued on page 67)



# SECOND-GUESS

**O**F ALL the great and glittering herd of movie actors that munches on Hollywood's green pastures, the happiest and luckiest is the little group known as "second-guess stars."

You know them, for they wear that luminous look of good luck upon their faces. They count beads, red-heads, and white horses. They walk under ladders by choice, and always sit down thirteen at table. Nothing can touch them now!

For they are the boys and girls who, crushed to earth like Truth, rose again. Once kicked into a snowstorm by heedless producers, they popped out of the drifts frozen but undaunted, and fought their way again to a choice spot by the studio fire.

Many such gallant and fortunate souls roost among the pink palazzos of Beverly Hills. They wear old scars with pride, as living denials of the old prize-ring crack that "they never come back." The high sign of their lodge is a quick wink as they pass on the Boulevard.

One of the BIG second-guesses of the moment is the case of Monsieur Charles Boyer, whose charm is now causing a million women to forget to turn off the gas under the potatoes.

It is hard to believe, in the light of his present fame, that this fascinating Gaul played Jean Harlow's chauffeur in "Red-Headed Woman." This bit he volunteered to do out of sheer ennui from hanging around the Hollywood lots. But—and here's the laugh that might have been the tip-off to anybody but a producer when he *wants* to overlook a bet—Boyer had a proviso that he'd be snipped out of "Red-Headed Woman" prints shipped to France, where he had a reputation as a ranking stage star.

Hollywood had Boyer for two pictures prior to "Red-Headed Woman." These were "The Magnificent Lie" and "The Man from Yesterday," and if you remember seeing those but not observing Boyer it's because you sneezed during the show and missed the lad altogether.

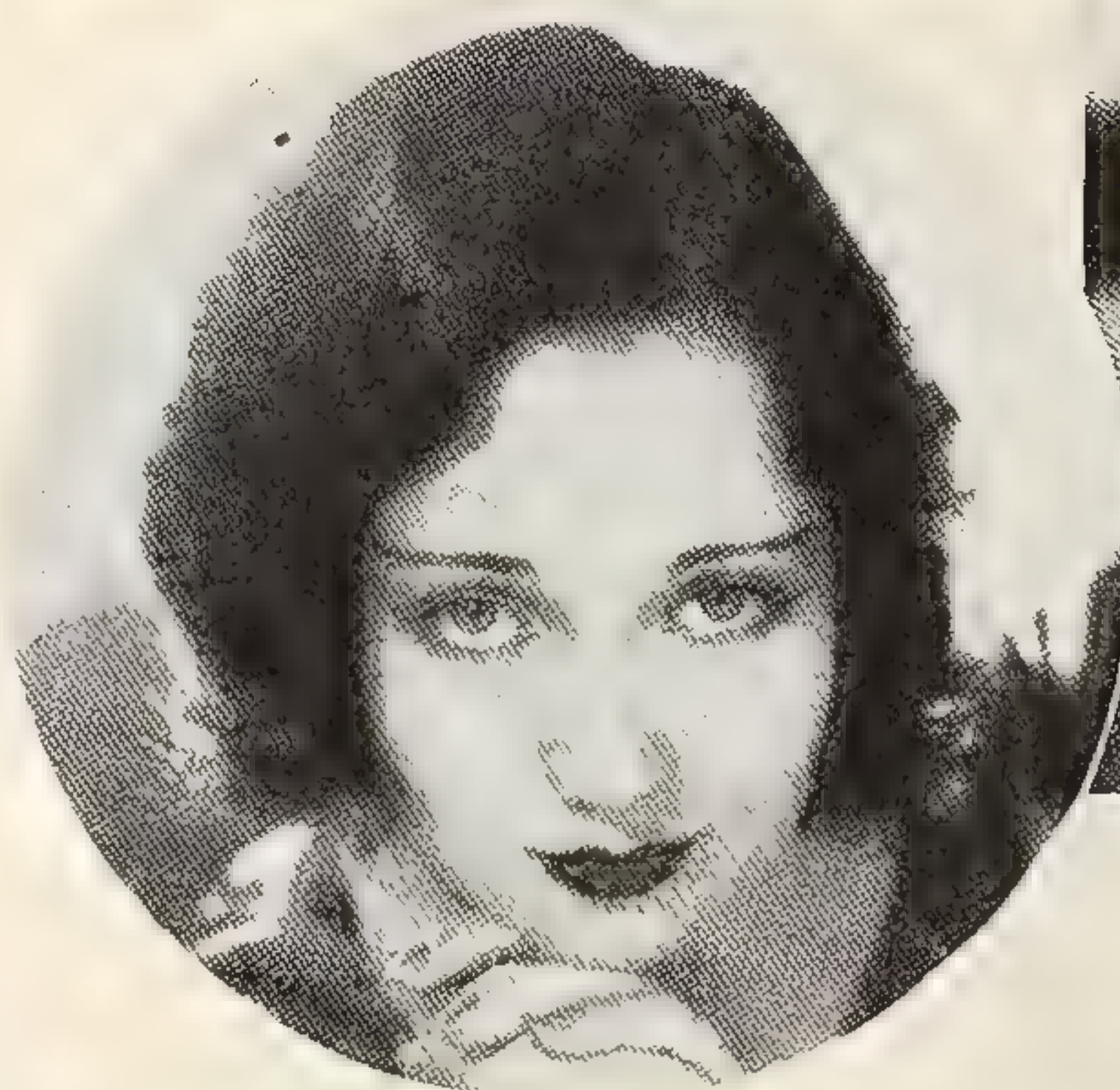
Smart Walter Wanger second-guessed Boyer back to Hollywood and the heights, and himself to fortune by putting the Monsieur in "Private Worlds" with Colbert. Now, in "Break of Hearts," the new Hepburn film, Boyer is just great, and comes within a low, throaty whisper of stealing the show from the Hartford Flash—a trick that made Katie herself famous. Wanger has Boyer for a long term, and Hollywood cusses into its phoney beards.

Today the Royal Order of Second-Guesses is welcoming a new member—a vital and intense young blonde named Julie Haydon. Bette Davis and Clark Gable extend the right hand of fellowship to the recruit. Grace Moore and Ann Sothorn are teaching her the password, and the grip of the lodge is being administered by Nelson Eddy and Myrna Loy. She has joined the glowing ranks of those upon whom it wasn't raining rain, but violets.

If you saw "The Scoundrel," you saw and probably loved Miss Julie. It was this amazing brew of brilliance and balderdash recently ground out by Hecht and MacArthur to star that sinister sophisticate, Noel Coward, which gave myopic Hollywood its second guess on Haydon.

If you missed that movie about an epigrammatical tom-cat, you will see the girl in a Paramount picture

Yes, that's really the great Boyer in chauffeur's uniform, right, in a scene with Harlow from "Red-Headed Woman," on his first shot at Hollywood. Now look at him—the films' new romantic idol, below.



Ann Sothorn, above, used to be Harriet Lake, left, just one of Hollywood's many pretty girls.



Constance Cummings today—left—bears little resemblance to the demure girl, above, who first tried her luck in pictures.



## STARS



Greatest second-guess star of them all: Myrna Loy. Left, when she made her first attempt to win film fame, fresh from dancing school. Below, the Myrna Loy we admire today, poised perfection.



Grace Moore, above, thinks back to her first screen experiences as a Hollywood recruit.



Latest to win second-guess fame: Julie Haydon, who scored in "The Scoundrel," as she is right; and as she was, above.



Did you know that Charles Boyer once played Jean Harlow's chauffeur? This and other startling facts are told in our inside story of famous second shots

By Leonard Hall

one of these days. It was that outfit which "discovered" her in "The Scoundrel," snapped a contract on her dainty wrists, and marched her off to the west-coast chain gang.

What a droll racquet, this cinema! Today Julie Haydon is a piping hot picture potato. Day before yesterday she was just another eager young actress with nothing to do but read "Variety" and wait for a play.

Hecht and MacArthur, combing the Broadway alleys for a fresh young blossom to be plucked by the ominous Noel, found Julie Haydon, tested her, and handed her the part. When the critics saw the film they tossed their old felt hats in air and went overboard with a loud splash for "the new star flaming across the cinema sky" and all that chi-chi. Paramount whipped out its fountain pen and pointed to the dotted line.

And today, in Hollywood, little Julie sits on her repainted throne and snickers softly up her leg-o'-mutton sleeve!

Naturally, a certain dank and delightful cynicism dominates these second-guess stars, and why not? They have been through the movie mills before, and have been ground exceeding small. They know, none better, the prevailing smallness, blindness, heedlessness and general astigmatism of the films.

So even while they are joyous at being discovered all over again, and in having vice-presidents dusting off their chairs in the front office, they no doubt feel a sizzling sense of ironic humor. And as the press agents let off their damp squibs hailing the new genius, the second-guess probably goes into the bathroom, locks the door and enjoys a loud guffaw.

Little Julie is getting another fast ride on the merry-go-round of the movies. Maybe this time she'll grab the brass ring!

The whole thing is gloriously and completely mad. The boys and girls come to Hollywood ablaze with hope and glory. Sometimes they are hailed as the greatest genius unhung—and often they are. One or two parts—maybe more. Then bad parts or dour direction, or they get lost in the studio boneyard, or a supervisor doesn't like the architecture of their noses—suddenly they are so many knot-holes in the studio fence. Thoroughly among the outs, they are lucky to rate a quick nod from the property boy who once fawned on them.

All of a sudden, for no discoverable reason, a director with a good memory needs someone in a hurry. A producer with vision sees something the other fellow missed—and again they are among the ins, blazing merrily away on the big time once more.

So it has been with little Julie Haydon, who now has her dainty feet under Mrs. Paramount's kitchen table. Twenty-five this last June 10, the girl has been around AND around.

Watching her at the old Paramount plant on Long Island where "The Scoundrel" was ground out, I noted that the girl, for all her breathless young beauty, was a serious, single-purposed artist. The typical second-guess type. They never say uncle. Drop 'em down a well and they strike oil.

(Continued on page 62)





Remember Bill Powell in "Romola," with Lillian Gish?



Powell, right, duels with Richard Barthelmess in "The Bright Shawl."



His first character hit, in "Beau Geste."



Another character rôle, from "Senorita."



With Marion Davies in "When Knighthood was in Flower."

Just one hilarious highlight after another, this account of Bill's movie life .

By  
James M. Fidler



Greatest hit of Bill's career was made with Myrna Loy in "The Thin Man."

# The Inside Career Story of William Powell

**T**HE tiny screen-babe that was to be the brilliant career of William Powell was born late in 1922. The picture that ushered Powell into the film world was "Sherlock Holmes," which starred John Barrymore.

At the time, Powell was fairly successful on the New York stage. He had already attracted the attention of D. W. Griffith, who made tests of the actor. However, nothing came of the venture.

"During this test, a dour young actor stood back of the camera," says Powell. "I thought that was a breach of etiquette, for one actor to sit in on another's test, (since then, I have learned that the practice is common in the studios), so I formed an immediate dislike for him. That young man was Richard Barthelmess. Because of my evident distaste for him, he also disliked me."

When Powell saw the test of himself, he threw up his hands and walked out of the projection room. "I look

like a baked Idaho potato," he told director Griffith, "or like one of those turnips that bear the caption: *'It grew in the shape of a man!'*"

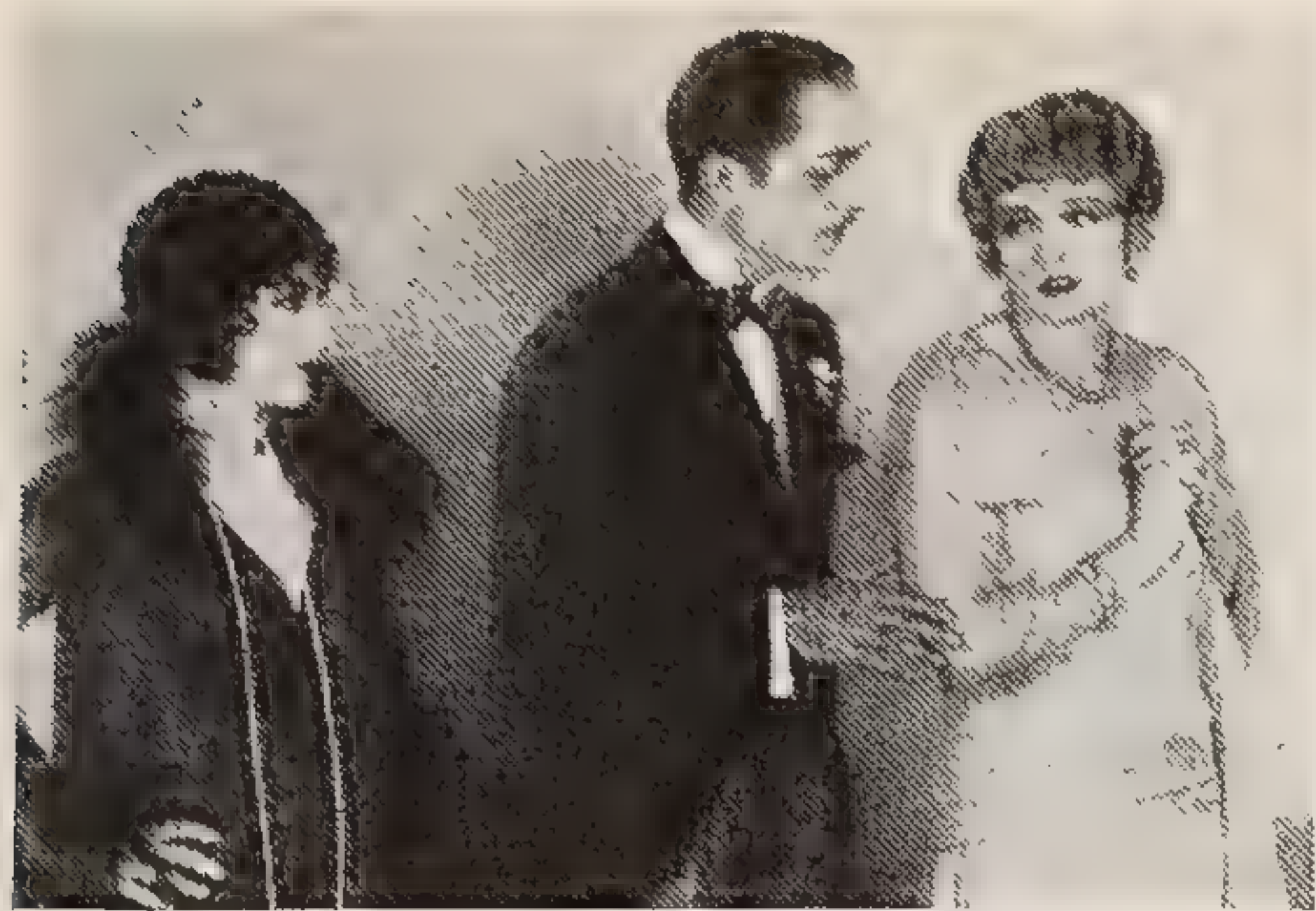
Nevertheless, when he was called for a rôle in "Sherlock Holmes" he responded promptly. He was ill at ease for the first few hours, because his first scenes were with John Barrymore, who was then the one big thing of Broadway, merely "loaning" his services to the screen. But Barrymore's first line of dialogue—(these were silent picture days, of course; dialogue reached the screen by way of titles; still, actors were supposed to speak the proper lines)—was to have been, "My good young man, how would you like to work for me?" Powell was to have given an appropriate answer.

But Barrymore was in playful mood, so he spoke his line: "Young man, how would you like to go jump in the lake?" Powell responded without hesitation, "Next Saturday, I will; I never bathe during the week." Barrymore let out a guffaw, and after that the two men were on cordial terms, which made work easier for Powell.

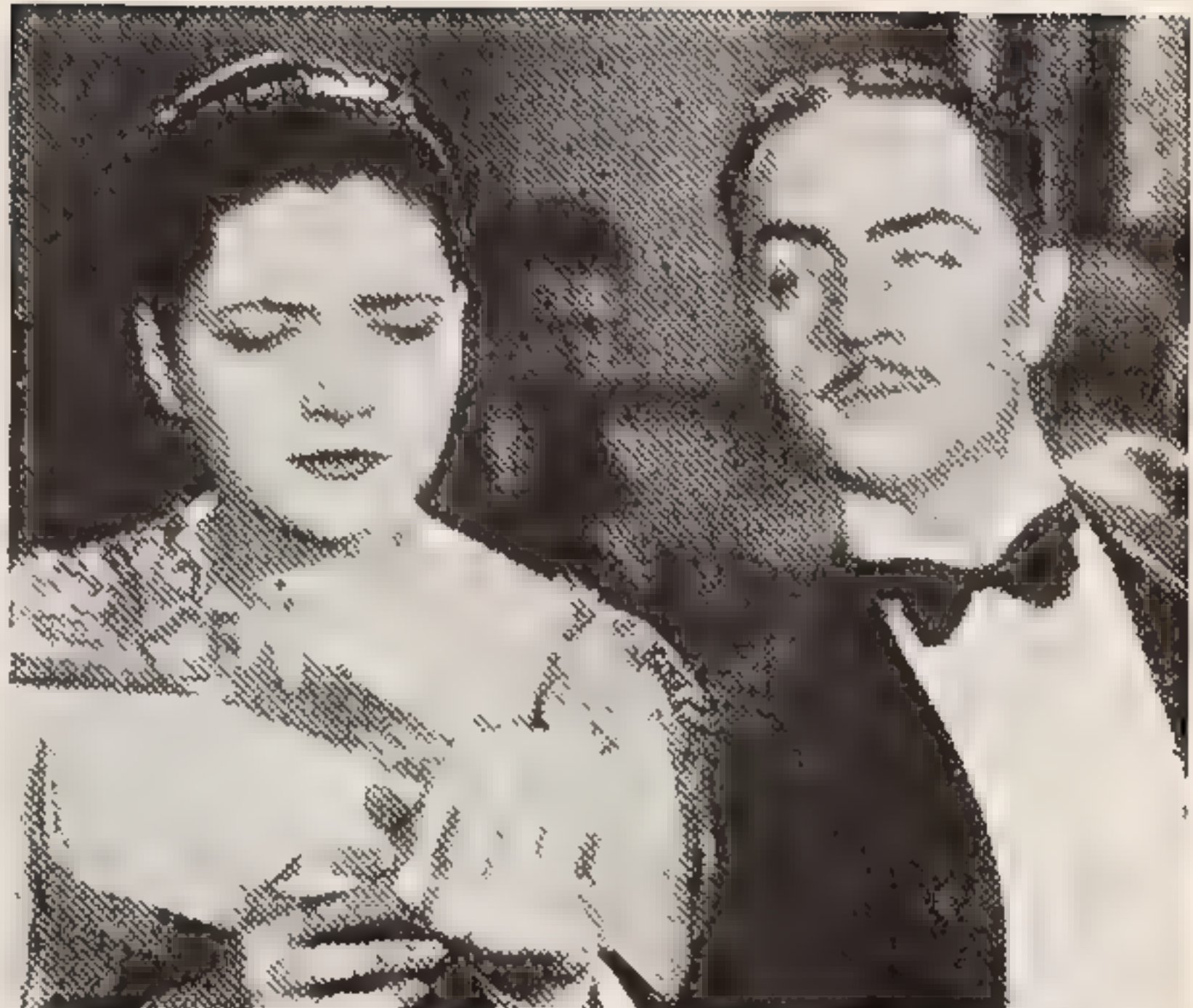
For his first picture, Powell was paid two hundred dollars a week. He worked five and one half weeks; total salary, \$1100.00. He receives nearly twice that sum for each working day of his present career.

"When Knighthood Was in Flower," starring Marion Davies, was his next picture. He was called for this film when the already-contracted villain of the piece, José Ruben, got a splinter of steel in his eye. They called





Powell in his first talkie, "Interference," with Evelyn Brent and Doris Kenyon.



With Kay Francis in "For the Defense"—the new team's first.



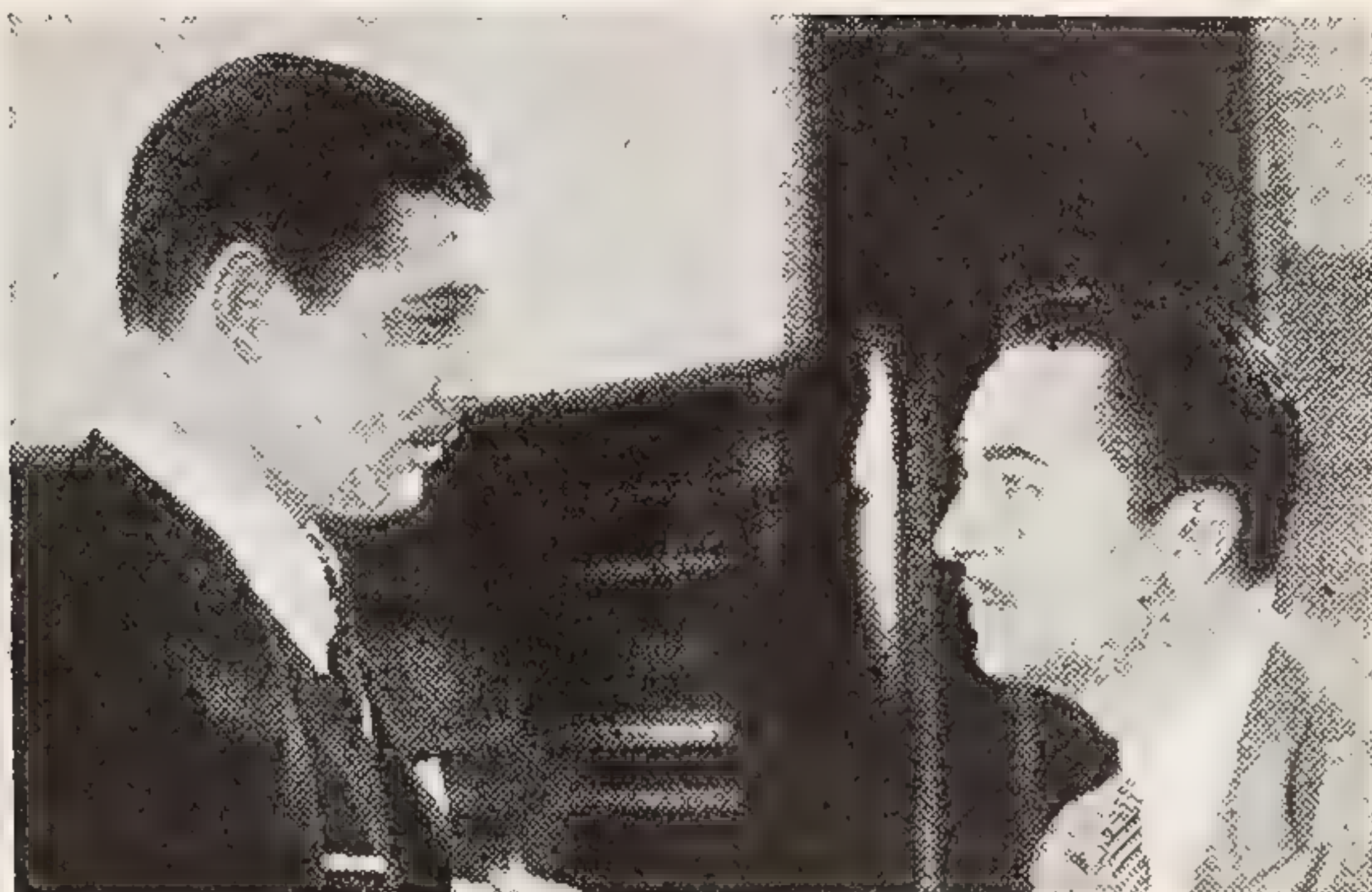
In a famous rôle as Philo Vance.



Again with Evelyn Brent, in "High Pressure" for Warners.



Latest great screen team: William Powell and Jean Harlow in "Reckless."



Clark Gable played with Bill Powell in "Manhattan Melodrama."



The famous "One Way Passage," with Powell and Francis.



Bill, not only because he could play the heavy rôle, but because they hoped he might fit the uniform that had been made for Ruben. But José was a man of small stature; Powell was six feet tall. However, a rush order brought another uniform, and Bill got the part.

Director John Robertson, about to produce "The Bright Shawl," saw Powell on the screen and decided he was the man for the villain's rôle in his new picture. Without telling Bill the name of the star, he invited Powell to come to his office. When he arrived there, he met—Barthelmess. So Powell said to Robertson, "I don't think I can play the rôle. I could never get along with your star." And in the same breath, Barthelmess said to the director, "Of all actors in New York, you had better back that guy!" But Robertson was adamant; furthermore, he was important enough to get what he wanted. So within a few days, Powell, Barthelmess, and the remainder of the (Continued on page 80)



How do Mrs. Gable, Mrs. Cortez, and other cinema consorts spend their time while their husbands are toiling? This refreshing story tells you

**R**HEA GABLE just phoned to say she'd be a little late. She's shopping for sweaters for Clark. Don't wait lunch—but she'll be in for bridge."

"Did you get that baby sacque pattern from Joan Bennett for me? You promised!"

"You should have seen Chris Cortez's face when she signed Leila Hyams off with a No Trump and Leila went on to bid three!"

"Sally Eilers and Arline Judge almost wore the same dress today! I tell you, you simply can't trust the Style Shoppe. Imagine selling the same dress to friends!"

No, friends and subscribers, this is not an intimate peek-in on the Ladies Sewing Circle in Walla Walla, Washington; or even on the Merry Monday Meeting of the girls at the Pink Parrot Tea Room in Peoria. The scene is hotcha Hollywood—the hour, Noon; the day, Tuesday; and whether you or Mr. Ripley believe it or not, the meeting of the Hollywood Sewing Club is in full pre-lunch force!

Hollywood has always been more or less of a clubby little town. There's the Clover Club for cocktails and the King's Club for more of the same; there's the Actor's Guild for

Circle: Sally Eilers and Leila Hyams, charter members—what's more, they really sew! Above, Arline Judge Ruggles, also a member.



Rhea Gable pleased Clark with the fish she caught at one outdoor meeting!

# Sewing Circle for

starting arguments and the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Science for deciding them; there's the Polo Club for Spencer Tracy and Big Boy Williams and the Racquet Club for Bob Montgomery and Ralph Bellamy; and last but not least, there's the Mayfair for exclusiveness and your newest rags. Clubs This and Clubs That are nothing new in Hollywood. But I never thought I'd live to see the day when Hollywood sported an-honest-to-Hays Sewing Club where the girls get together every Tuesday and whip up hook-rugs or baby sacques between bridge hands. It's doubtful if I'd ever heard of it if Sally Eilers hadn't called me last Saturday and invited me to her apartment for luncheon the following Tuesday.

"Bridge?" I asked.

"Well, it's our Club meeting," said Sally. "You can play bridge if you like. Most of the girls sew."

"What girls?" I inquired—maybe not too gram-

matically, expressing a curiosity I hope was pardonable.

"Why, the girls of the Sewing Circle, of course!"

Here, indeed, was something new under the Hollywood sun, and it was the best of all reasons why I was so promptly on hand at Sally's smart apartment at the Colonial House to note the arrival of the various members. With the exception of Bebe Daniels and Mrs. Skeets Gallagher, who are on tour with Bebe's and Ben Lyon's and Skeets' successful stage show, and one or two other unavoidably kept away, the following Needle Artists turned out full force:

The popular Mrs. Clark Gable looking stunning in a maroon suit trimmed in white; Mrs. Ricardo, (Christine), Cortez; pretty Leila Hyams, (Mrs. Phil Berg), in tennis slacks for the purpose of keeping an after-luncheon tennis date with the beautiful, dusky Carmen Pantages Considine, also arrayed in tennis shorts; Charlie Butterworth's peppy little wife, (Ethel), with a



## By Dorothy Manners

out why there are so few "regrets" from active club members.

First, there are the highly competitive luncheons which would fill any new cook book with delightful dishes of tempting but *non-fattening* food. Dieting in one form or another is the general practice among the gals and woe to the hostess who would dare to break out with that old Sewing Club standby, chicken *a la king*. Sally served crown of lamb with shoe-string potatoes and a carrot ring preceded by tomato-and-clam juice cocktails and followed by a chilled fruit bowl of fresh pineapple, strawberries, fresh figs, diced oranges and cherries in their natural juices.

But the delightful menus, the gay Hollywood shop talk, the fun of seeing all your closest friends at one sitting and swapping bridge rules and baby patterns, is not the entire reason for such perfect attendance. Members who are absent without any good cause, or who fail to notify the hostess that she will not be able to attend, contribute a five dollar bill or check to the "Charity Kitty" in charge of the energetic Ann Lehr, who contributes cash where it will do the most good: baskets at Thanksgiving and Christmas, rents paid, movie-struck girls staked to return tickets home, some other girl with a chance staked to cash and clothes contributed from the personal wardrobe of the club members. There is noth-

Bebe Daniels — Mrs. Ben Lyon—is another member in good standing. Below, Christine Cortez, one of the club girls, with husband Ricardo.



# Hollywood Wives

book of the newest bridge rules in her hand; the wives of three prominent directors arriving at once: Mrs. William K. Howard, whose husband directed such films as "Evelyn Prentice" and "Vanessa—Her Love Story;" Mrs. Frank Capra, wife of the Academy Award winner for "It Happened One Night;" Mrs. Raoul Walsh; Mrs. George Archainbaud. Little Arline Judge, (Mrs. Wesley Ruggles), arrived with her popular mother, Marjorie, and the latest snapshots of the Ruggles pride and joy in her large white bag. Later, such popular ladies as Mrs. Pandro Berman, Mrs. Beth Newman, Mrs. Edward Morris, Mrs. Bert Kalmar, Mrs. Betty Williams; Mrs. Milton Bren, Mrs. Alexander Pantages, Mrs. Milton Cohen and her lovely daughter-in-law, Betty, Mrs. Abraham Lehr and the lovely Mrs. George, (Lorna), Hears.

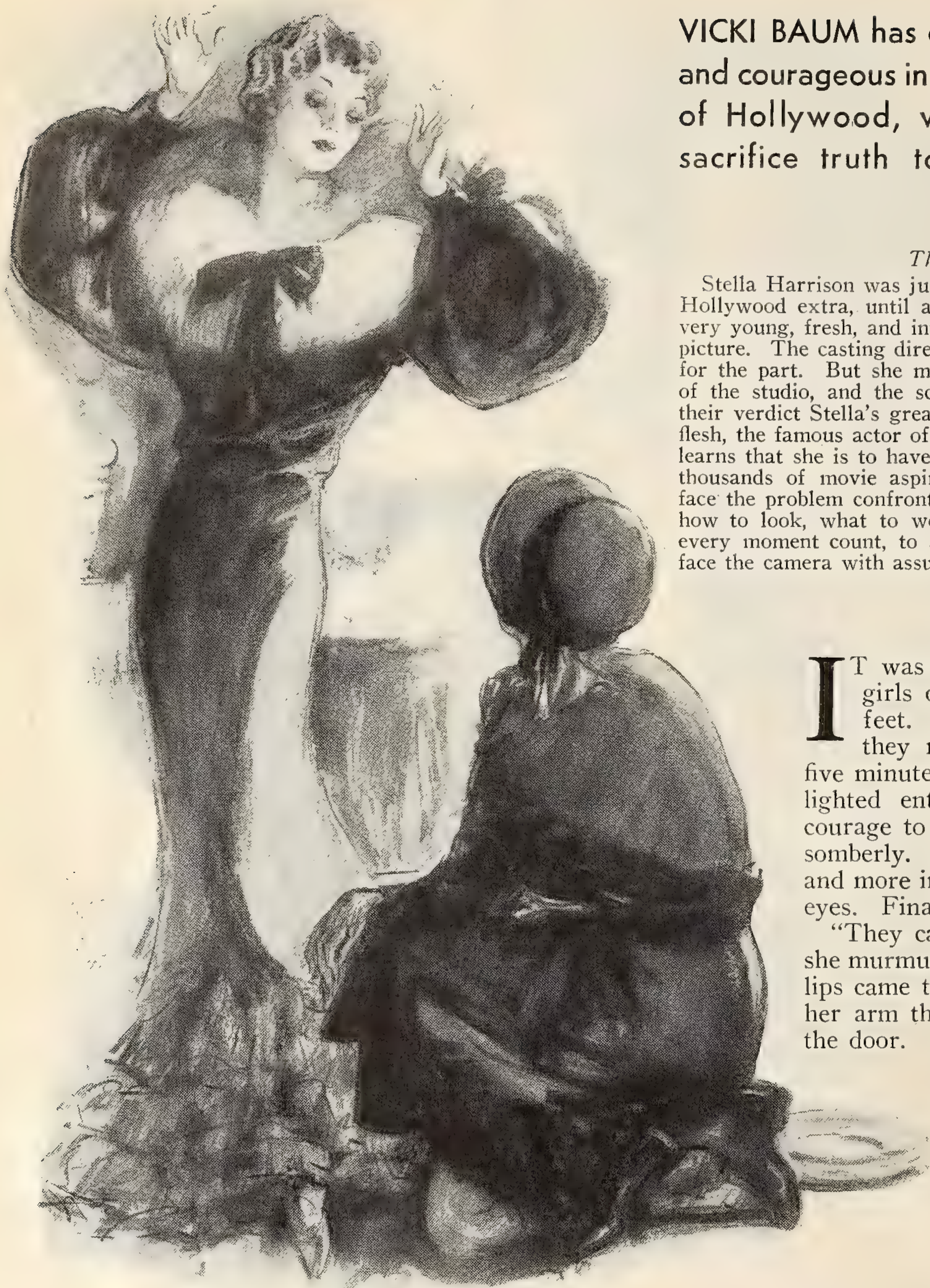
Twenty-eight in all, counting Sally who looked charming in a little red-and-white sports dress. I later found

ing organized about the club charities. They merely find out a worthy cause, or several of them—and then proceed to do something about it without interference.

After a grand afternoon of clicking crochet needles, bridge, shop-talk of what's new in Hollywood pictures, divorces and romances delved in with the same fervor similar subjects are taken up in Cedar Center, the session began to break up with hilarious promises of "see you next week at Arline's"—and Sally and I sat down to a resumé of how it had all started in the first place.

"Though we've gone into the charitable angle pretty heavily since our membership went over twenty Hollywood wives, it wasn't the real reason back of the Sewing Circle," Sally explained as her needles continued to click away on a new sweater for Harry Joe Brown, Jr. "S'matter of fact," she continued, "we didn't have any reason for starting the club except for the purpose of getting together with close (Continued on page 83)





Stella was anointed and in readiness for the great hour. "Not bad," said Betty, who was kneeling at Stella's feet, adjusting her wrap.

# Glamor Girl

By Vicki Baum  
Author of "Grand Hotel"

Illustrated by Addison Burbank

VICKI BAUM has dared to be frank and courageous in this realistic story of Hollywood, which refuses to sacrifice truth to sentimentality

## *The Story So Far:*

Stella Harrison was just the kid sister of Betty, an experienced Hollywood extra, until a hurry call came from the studio for a very young, fresh, and innocent new girl to play the lead in a big picture. The casting director believes Stella was "made to order" for the part. But she must run the gauntlet of the ace director of the studio, and the scenario writer. Before they have made their verdict Stella's great moment comes when she meets, in the flesh, the famous actor of whom she has dreamed. Finally, Stella learns that she is to have a screen test, the opportunity for which thousands of movie aspirants have longed. But first she must face the problem confronting every girl in similar circumstances: how to look, what to wear? She and sister Betty must make every moment count, to acquire a wardrobe so that Stella may face the camera with assurance. Now go on with the story:

## PART III

**I**T was a little past eleven when the two girls dragged themselves to their weary feet. It was ten minutes of twelve when they reached the Biltmore Bowl. For five minutes they stood outside the brilliantly lighted entrance, trying to muster enough courage to go in. Betty regarded her sister somberly. She seemed to be growing skinnier and more insignificant-looking under her very eyes. Finally she drew a long breath.

"They can't do more than throw us out," she murmured grimly, and her freshly painted lips came together in a hard line. Thrusting her arm through Stella's, she steered her to the door.

Stella's eyes wandered in a daze from the thick rugs under her feet to the soft brilliance of the shaded lights overhead. She felt as though she were moving in a kind of dream. She'd felt that way ever since they'd walked out of the notion shop together


into the strange stillness of the night. The sound of a saxophone, playing tricks with a popular air, blared out into the lobby. A young man in a dinner coat, his forehead beaded with perspiration, leaned against the door, smoking a cigarette. He cast one appraising glance over the girls, and looked away.

Betty forced her feet in the direction of the hat-check girl. "I'd like to see Miss Irene Gillespie," she said, trying to sound worldly. "She's a friend of mine." The girl's face danced in front of her, and she felt as though she were clambering up the steepest stretch of a very steep mountain. A waiter strode past, bending an inquisitorial glance on Betty's imitation-fox collar.

The hat-check girl murmured a few suspicious questions but finally dispatched a boy, who'd been lounging nearby, through the glass door, behind which beautifully gowned women and men in faultless evening clothes were dancing and drinking and doing all the things people did in the films.

Stella stared wonderingly through the door. In the wild chase of the last few hours she'd completely lost sight of the ultimate purpose of that chase. Suddenly it surged back on a wave of (Continued on page 59)





# Behind The Masks of Hollywood

Revealing the moods,  
manners, and mummery  
of many-sided movieland

## THE MASK OF YOUTH

Maureen O'Sullivan personifies Young Hollywood, with its ideals, dreams, and daring.

## THE MASK OF ART

Ann Harding is Artistic Hollywood, of serious achievements and splendid ambitions.



# Mummers

## Without

## Masks

Craving even more action than he gets in dramatic assignments in pictures, Spencer Tracy is a polo enthusiast. Here is Spencer with his favorite mount, Slip-Along.



The "Boy David" becomes the boy Freddie, when Master Bartholomew is just himself, and he likes to strip for action as you see him there at the left.



And Spencer Tracy the family man is a part this fine actor likes to play when not working in films. Above, with his daughter, Pat, and Susie, the Tracy's pet Irish setter.

Air-minded Wallie Beery just can't keep away from his plane when he's not wearing the mask of a screen part, so you usually find him at the airport on days off.



**Men and boys, actors are people and take up their own life when they drop the make-up**

Nelson Eddy is just naturally an outdoor chap who likes to rough it for a change from music studies, concert singing, and acting the hero in the tuneful pictures.



Ooop! Caught you, Gary. And we always thought handsome actors liked to get all dressed up and go to parties! But Mr. Cooper always was *different*, anyway.



Frank Shields, tennis star, turns actor and likes it! See him, left, with Jean Parker. It's hosses, hosses, hosses, for Kent Taylor when he gets a day off from studio activities.



# GIRLS

## Most Likely to Succeed!



The latest beauty from Britain, above: Margot Grahame, slated for sensational things since she scored in "The Informer." She'll play Milady in "The Three Musketeers."



Valerie Hobson, another English importation to be given a big chance in Hollywood. Her pictures include "Werewolf of London" and "The Bride of Frankenstein."



Maurice Chevalier discovered Countess de Maigret, left. Does she remind you of Garbo? M-G-M thinks so.

Wini Shaw, "discovered" in "Sweet Adeline," is now called Winifred Shaw because it sounds more important and she must live up to her new rôle in "Front Page Woman."



Luise Rainer is the European actress for whom a great future is predicted. She is shown at left, above, with Virginia Bruce in a scene from her first American picture, "Masquerade," for Metro.



One year from to= day, they may be stars. Then you'll re= member SCREENLAND picked them!

Grace Ford, right, has an interesting story. She's a dancing teacher who came to Holly= wood seeking jobs for four of her pupils. P. S. She got the job and her pupils didn't!

Frances Grant, right, made her début with Will Rogers in "Doubting Thomas."



Olivia de Havilland, left, is a Max Reinhardt candidate for cinema honors. You'll be seeing her in "A Mid= summer Night's Dream" soon.

We think Betty Grable has twice as good a chance to succeed as any girl on these pages, so we're showing you two pictures of her: below, with Whitey, only cat in the world with a film contract; and right, just after finishing her Wheeler and Woolsey picture.





# FRIENDLY

Is it Art, or is it Dixie Lee's inspiration that makes John Boles so unusually romantic in his new picture?



Dear John:  
I know you're a good guy and all that, but remember your scenes with Dixie in "Red Heads on Parade" are strictly business; or you'll be dancing with tears in your eyes!

Bing



The lady in this case of make-believe romantic melodrama, lovely Dixie Lee Crosby, once more a star at the studio that gave her her first chance, Fox.

Dixie and John go into their dance to demonstrate how romance blooms when set to the measure of waltz-time. Wait until Bing sees these sweet pictures!





# RIVALS!

**Bing Crosby croons alone while John Boles makes movie love to Dixie Lee. That's Hollywood.**



Dear Bing:  
Don't you worry! The day we played our big love scene, the Crosby twins visited the set, and Dixie was looking over my shoulder all the time. My wife was there, too.

John



Bing, above, is prouder than he looks of Uncle Gus, one of his promising two-year-old racers.

The Crosby who's the crooning hero of "Big Broadcast of 1935," right, earns the money for the Bing, below, who's a big race-horse owner! The other man is Albert Johnson, former jockey who is now trainer of Bing's thoroughbreds. Johnson came from Bing's home-town, and a Crosby never forgets.







## Beauty on a Pedestal

CLAIRE TREVOR, one of our gorgeous screen ladies, dons satin and furs to show us regal charm at its alluring best.





NATURE provides a brilliant background for attractive Gertrude Michael when she goes adventuring in the great outdoors.

# Glamor Out of Doors



# SOMETHING OLD!

Greet these good old friends, whose hearts are as young as their art is mellow

Sixty and proud of it! Sir Guy Standing, that magnificent actor, can look back on a life rich with achievement; but he prefers to look forward to his next rôle.

O. P. Heggie, extreme left, is busier than any juvenile, rushing from one fat rôle to another. Now he is appearing in "Ginger," with the child star, Jane Withers.



Hobart Bosworth, one of the screen's pioneers, shown above in "The Crusades."



George Barbier, the theatre's original "Hunchback of Notre Dame," has given us many fine film performances. Above, Mr. and Mrs. Barbier, probably the longest-wed couple in Hollywood.

"Something old" is recreated on the screen in "Diamond Jim Brady," bringing back the fabulous days of Diamond Jim and Lillian Russell. (Played by Edward Arnold and Binnie Barnes).





# SOMETHING NEW!

The newest, and the freshest, and the most amusing thing in all Hollywood is Jane Withers. You saw her first as the bad little girl in "Bright Eyes" with good little Shirley Temple. Now Jane is a star in her own right, in "Ginger." She's up to her young tricks, as shown at the right.



Screen juvenile, new style: Ross Alexander, who scored in "Flirtation Walk," will have an equally breezy rôle in the Annapolis picture, "Anchors Aweigh," with Ruby Keeler and Dick Powell.



Something new in singing sirens: Marta Eggerth from Europe, left, will now warble for Universal. She starred with Jan Kiepura in "My Heart is Calling."

Decidedly different: Rosalind Russell, right, brings a novel sort of patrician charm to the screen. She will be in "China Seas."



The distinguished Helen Gahagan, one of the theatre's leading actresses, strikes a new note as the films' subtle heroine of "She."



# SOMETHING BORROWED!

Loretta Young is Twentieth Century's pet girl star; nevertheless, when Cecil B. DeMille wanted her for "The Crusades," she left the home lot for the Paramount Studio.

Merle Oberon, below, is an Alexander Korda discovery; but Hollywood has borrowed her indefinitely; and Merle will emote for Samuel Goldwyn in "The Dark Angel" before England sees her again.



Confusing, the way your stars skip from lot to lot—for a consideration? Well, we'll try to straighten it out for you here



Richard Dix has that "borrowed" look, but he'll do a good job for Gaumont-British just the same. RKO-Radio is lending his talents.

In demand: Madge Evans. Latest company to borrow her from Metro is Paramount, for whom she appears with Fred MacMurray, below, in "Men Without Names."

Mix-up in movie teams is a good idea. It makes for freshness in our films. Fox borrowed Jean Muir from Warners to play opposite John Boles in "Orchids to You." Below, a scene showing the new team.





Come on, Color! We've got those Hollywood Blues!

# SOMETHING BLUE!

Baby blue for a blonde baby! Joan Blondell, left, as she looks in "Broadway Gondolier," her new picture with Dick Powell. Pity the color won't show—but wait!

Frances Drake, right, wears a hat of blue spun-glass, but seriously! Navy ribbon and glycerined navy veil make it saucier.



Rhapsody in blue and silver at the bar! Ida Lupino looks like this in "Paris in Spring," making it practically a "Must see" picture.

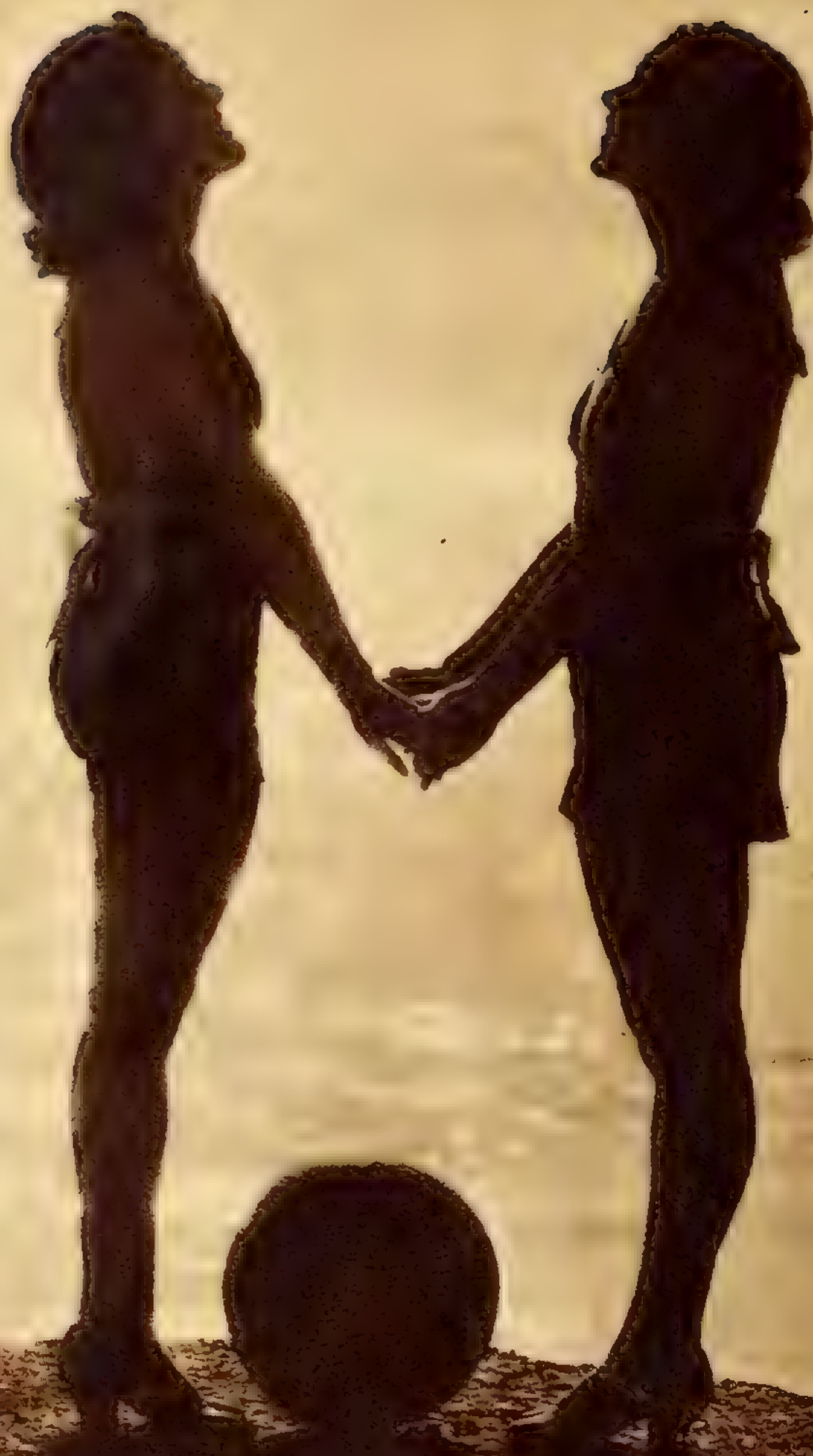
Irene Dunne wears this charming blue taffeta costume in the big new screen version of, "Show Boat." Get busy, Robert Edmond Jones. We want Color!

Remember what fun it was to hear the actors talk? Now the new treat will be to see their real coloring. What a picture Jean Parker would make in her blue and white outfit at the right.





"The Aristocrat" is the name of Dorothy Dare's suit, above; and we think that describes her pretty exactly—an ornament to Malibu or any other beach-playground of the movie glamorous.



Here's Dorothy again, this time in a very new, very modern version of what the well-dressed mermaid is wearing, whether she's a real water baby or a decoration. Just think—Dorothy can sing, too!

## Bathing in Beauty

Gorgeous girls in gay swim suits provide Hollywood's prettiest summer picture

The scene above gives you an idea of what lucky native sons and fortunate visitors find to admire in sunny California! Dorothy Dare and Maxine Doyle supply the silhouettes, aided by old Sol.

Patricia Ellis, at left and at right, shows you one of the smartest swimming suits of this or any other season. It's called "El Serape," but with any other name would look as sweet—on Patricia. Note the conveniently convertible scarf.

The swim suits worn by the stars on this page are all by Catalina.



# Great Scott!

Randy, your old pal of the horse operas, is now the eminent dramatic actor. But that smile stays just the same

Well, if he hasn't traded his hoss for a husky! Randy—excuse us, Randolph Scott has a big rôle in "She" but manages to retain the engaging human qualities that made him a hit in "Roberta."

Threesome from the film based on Rider Haggard's famous novel: below, Randolph Scott, Helen Mack, and Nigel Bruce, in Merian C. Cooper's RKO picture.



The title rôle of "She" is played by Helen Gahagan from the stage, shown at right in a scene with Scott.



Ernest A. Bachrach





**The Most Beautiful Still of the Month**  
**Joe E. Brown and Olivia de Haviland in "Alibi Ike"**





## PRIZES

**FIRST PRIZE:** Auburn New 1935 Convertible Salon Phaeton Sedan. Pictured below. Approximate Retail Value \$1800.00. Includes Extra Wheels and DeLuxe Equipment.

**SECOND PRIZE:** Atwater-Kent 8-Tube A-C. World-Wave Console Radio.

**3 THIRD PRIZES:** (small) Atwater-Kent Radios.

**15 FOURTH PRIZES:** Electric Toasters.

**50 FIFTH PRIZES:** Helena Rubinstein Compacts.

**100 SIXTH PRIZES:** Hostess Sets.

**100 SEVENTH PRIZES:** One-year Subscriptions to SCREENLAND Magazine.



The award awaiting the winner of the contest. This sporty, speedy, powerful Auburn car is yours if you win first prize!

# Find Miss Glory! Win a Prize

**Get Busy! Send In Your Entry!**

**Read Rules on Page 75**

**G**ET busy, all you screen-goers! Here is the final step in a contest that will not only make you famous as the discoverer of the screen's super charmer, but offers grand, big prizes as the reward. The opportunity to become the owner of a brand new 1935 deluxe Auburn automobile, is yours, right now!

All you have to do is to select, from all the screen stars in Hollywood, the physical features which will combine to make the most beautiful Composite Girl.

As detailed in its two previous issues, June and July 1935, SCREENLAND told you how you must, as the first step, fill out the coupon printed below (or one of the two coupons printed in the two previous issues) indicating the names of the stars you nominate to supply the features making up the Composite Girl, who is to be known as *Dawn Glory*, heroine of "Page Miss Glory," Marion Davies' new starring feature picture produced at Warner Bros. studio. The second step is to write not more than 200 words, telling why you think the stars you select have the most beautiful features and should be represented in the Composite Girl.

If you missed the June and July issues and wish copies containing the first two steps of the contest, write to SCREENLAND, 45 W. 45th Street, New York, enclosing fifteen cents (15¢) in stamps or coin for each issue, and they will be mailed to you.

The final step is to write a descriptive title for *Dawn Glory*. Just think up a title which you think describes the Composite Girl. You know of course that Mary Pickford is called "America's Sweetheart;" Will Rogers, "The Cowboy Philosopher;" Shirley Temple has been called "The Baby Duse;" Greta Garbo, "The Swedish Sphinx," etc. Well, how would you describe *Dawn Glory*?

As an aid to your creative efforts, study the photographic reproduction, upper left on this page. Also read the fictionization of "Page Miss Glory" currently appearing in SCREENLAND, as the story revolves around a composite girl.

## A Coupon Must Accompany All Entries

My selections to make up Hollywood's Composite Girl are as follows:

HAIR \_\_\_\_\_  
EYES \_\_\_\_\_  
MOUTH \_\_\_\_\_  
NOSE \_\_\_\_\_  
ARMS \_\_\_\_\_  
HANDS \_\_\_\_\_  
HIPS \_\_\_\_\_  
LEGS \_\_\_\_\_  
FEET \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



# Page Miss Glory!



Loretta, (Marion Davies), timidly adjusted the finery that was to transform a plain chambermaid into a lady of glamor.

## *Resumé of Preceding Chapters*

Loretta, (Marion Davies), chambermaid who cares for the hotel suite occupied by promoter Click Wiley, (Pat O'Brien), and his partner, (Frank McHugh), is induced to don finery and pose as Dawn Glory, who doesn't exist, but who has become famous as the alleged original of a composite photograph of nine Hollywood stars that Click has entered in a radio contest. Even Bingo Nelson, (Dick Powell), famous aviator, believes there is a Dawn Glory, has fallen in love with her from the picture he has seen. To appease reporters, who threaten Click unless he lets them interview Dawn Glory, Loretta is brought before the news men. Read on:

**F**OR an enchanted moment Dawn Glory came to life. Lovelier even than the photograph, with her hair shimmering like a halo in the late afternoon sunshine and the blue of her eyes and the red of her mouth reflected in the bright flowers knotted at her throat.

Click stared at her in amazement. She couldn't be real, this girl, for hadn't he seen Ed manufacture her, borrowing the eyes and mouth and hair and chin of as many different girls to create one lovelier than all of them? Yet there she stood, this girl born of his imagination and Ed's craftsmanship, calmly smiling and radiantly eager and alive.

There had been that breathless silence when she came into the room, but now there was a sudden rush toward her as the newspaper men sought to interview her. For a moment she held her poise and then, bewildered, she turned from them and ran.

Somehow Ed managed to clear the room of the reporters and then Click, shaken out of his composure, demanded: "Who is she?"



"From now on you're Dawn Glory," Click, (Pat O'Brien), ordered, and suddenly Loretta realized the import of his words.

## BEFORE!

"The chambermaid," Gladys confessed. "Just a little girl who doesn't know what it's all about."

"The chambermaid!" Click exploded, as he took a decisive step and opened the bedroom door with a flourish. Even knowing who she was it seemed impossible to find any trace of drab little Loretta in the tremulous, wide-eyed girl facing him.

"C-can I go now?" she stammered. "I'll get fired if anybody tells Mr. Yates about anything."

"How would you like to be Dawn Glory?" Click demanded in sudden inspiration. And then as the girl stared uncertainly at him he went on: "Dawn Glory has disappeared, see? I need someone to take her place. I'm giving you the job."

There was only one thought in Loretta's mind, the thought that had been there when she had first

seen Bingo's picture smiling at her from a newspaper; the thought that someday, somehow, she could be near him. For a moment the thought of taking the place of the girl he loved overwhelmed her. To see him again, to hear him speak, not casually as he had that day in the corridor, but intimately, thrillingly, the way a man talks to the woman he loves, seemed as much of heaven as could be crowded on earth. Then came the frightening echo of that first thought: suppose he knew she





Romance and fame blaze a path of glamor for the girl Fate has elected to bring from obscurity to fame

Fictionized by

Elizabeth Benneche Petersen

From the Warner Brothers picture starring Marion Davies, with a cast including Dick Powell, Pat O'Brien, Frank McHugh, and other players. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy. From the stage play by Philip Dunning and Joseph Shrank. Screenplay by Robert Lord and Delmar Daves.

## AFTER!

wasn't really Dawn Glory? Surely the eyes of a man in love could penetrate the glamor she had taken on with the adored one's dress.

"B-but what w-will Mr. Nelson think?" she asked fearfully.

"Don't worry about Mr. Nelson," Click answered impatiently. "You'll have everything your little heart desires."

"B-but what will Miss Glory say?" Loretta persisted. "She might not like Mr. Nelson and me—"

"Will you stop this debate?" Click wheeled on her. "From now on, you are Miss Glory!"

The cornflower eyes misted with an incredible happiness and there was a fluttering like caged wings in her heart.

"From now on I am Dawn Glory," she repeated rapturously. And then the threatening cloud again. "But Mr. Nelson won't—"

"You are Dawn Glory, understand?"

There was no mistaking Click's firmness, and Loretta with a last despairing gulp capitulated.

"Yeah," she nodded in agreement. "But I gotta clean the other rooms on the floor first or I'll get fired."

There was no fierceness left in Click.

"Dear Lord give me strength," he mut-

When Loretta passed the iron test of meeting the hotel manager without any



Bingo, (Dick Powell), tells Loretta she was his inspiration on his latest record-breaking flight.

sign of recognition coming from his formidable eyes and carried off the newspaper interviews with flying colors Click breathed easily again. It was so easy, almost too easy to fool them all. This auspicious beginning was as good as having a million dollars in a solvent bank.

The excitement meant nothing to Loretta. In spite of the adulation, the daily thrill of seeing her name on syndicated newspaper features, the glamorous clothes flooding her luxurious new bedroom, she was restless and discontented. In the beginning it had been fun to try on all the different dresses, to tilt one saucy hat after another on her blonde head and admire herself in the mirror. But even the smartest clothes pall when there is no one to show them (*Continued on page 87*)

Bingo's answer when Loretta confessed she was not really Dawn Glory was to offer her the engagement ring.







The Informer—RKO-Radio



# Reviews of the best Pictures by

Delight Swann



PLEASE see this picture! It is not only the most important of the month, but one of the most courageous and uncompromising of all time. And don't get the idea that because it's so worthy it is also dull. You'll be held fascinated from first to last, or you're not the highly intelligent, discriminating, and appreciative motion picture-goer I think you are. (Now will you hurry right out and see it?) Here is one painstaking picturization of a notable novel that manages at the same time to be rich, robust, racy screen entertainment. It has terrific drive and realism. Liam O'Flaherty's magnificent character study of a traitor in the Irish rebellion has been adapted, directed, photographed and acted in masterly fashion. Victor McLaglen gives the performance of his life as *Gyppo*, who "didn't mean to do it" but nevertheless turned informer on his best friend and following this weaves an incredible and fantastic pattern of drama and deception, climaxed in high tragedy. John Ford's fine direction, the photography, and the supporting cast, including Margot Grahame, Una O'Connor, J. M. Kerrigan, deserve high praise.



Break of Hearts—RKO-Radio



Escape Me Never—United Artists



HEPBURN in striking modern dress and Boyer at his romantic best are the good reasons for seeing this cinema exhibit. The spirited star and her impressive new screen lover will hold your interest even when the story fails—which is practically from first to last, unfortunately. Together these two vibrant personalities have a fire and force missing from the manufactured Hollywood "teams." Hepburn plays a "Morning Glory" sort of rôle, this time appearing as a struggling young composer who has worshipped from afar the brilliant, sought-after symphony conductor. In a whirlwind romance she becomes his wife. The "break of hearts" occurs when she learns he is turning to other women for inspiration as once he turned to her. Disillusionment for her, disaster for him—and a convenient ending in which broken hearts are mended—the Hollywood way. This might have been a "big" picture to start an important new cycle of screenplays with symphonic backgrounds—just as "One Night of Love" pioneered for screen opera. But the music is merely casual and incidental to the plot instead of the very life of it.



SEE this for the greatest single performance of this screen month or of many months. Elisabeth Bergner has been acclaimed in London and in New York as the star of the stage play of the same name. I saw the New York production; and I am here to tell you screen-goers that you are seeing the best Bergner, but the *very* best, in this British-made motion picture translation. Having gone completely Bergner myself after seeing her on the screen in "Catherine the Great" and "Ariane" I was among the eager ones who rushed to see her in person on the stage. Well, I still think Bergner is one of the greatest of screen actresses, but something less than the greatest actress on the stage. So—to my mind anyway, you get the essence of Elisabeth when you see this very human, very moving, and mostly amusing picture: the Margaret Kennedy story of another little "Constant Nymph" named *Gemma Jones*, and her love for the temperamental composer, *Sebastian*. The death of the baby is the dramatic high-spot; the lighter scenes are deliciously gay and typically Bergner. Hugh Sinclair is admirable as *Sébastien*.



## DON'T MISS

"The Informer"  
FOR DRAMA

"Escape Me Never"  
FOR HUMAN APPEAL

"Break of Hearts"  
FOR BOYER and HEPBURN

"In Caliente"  
FOR MUSICAL ROMANCE  
and DEL RIO

And—BY HIMSELF—BUCK,  
Dog Star of "Call of the Wild"!



Oil For the Lamps of China—Warners



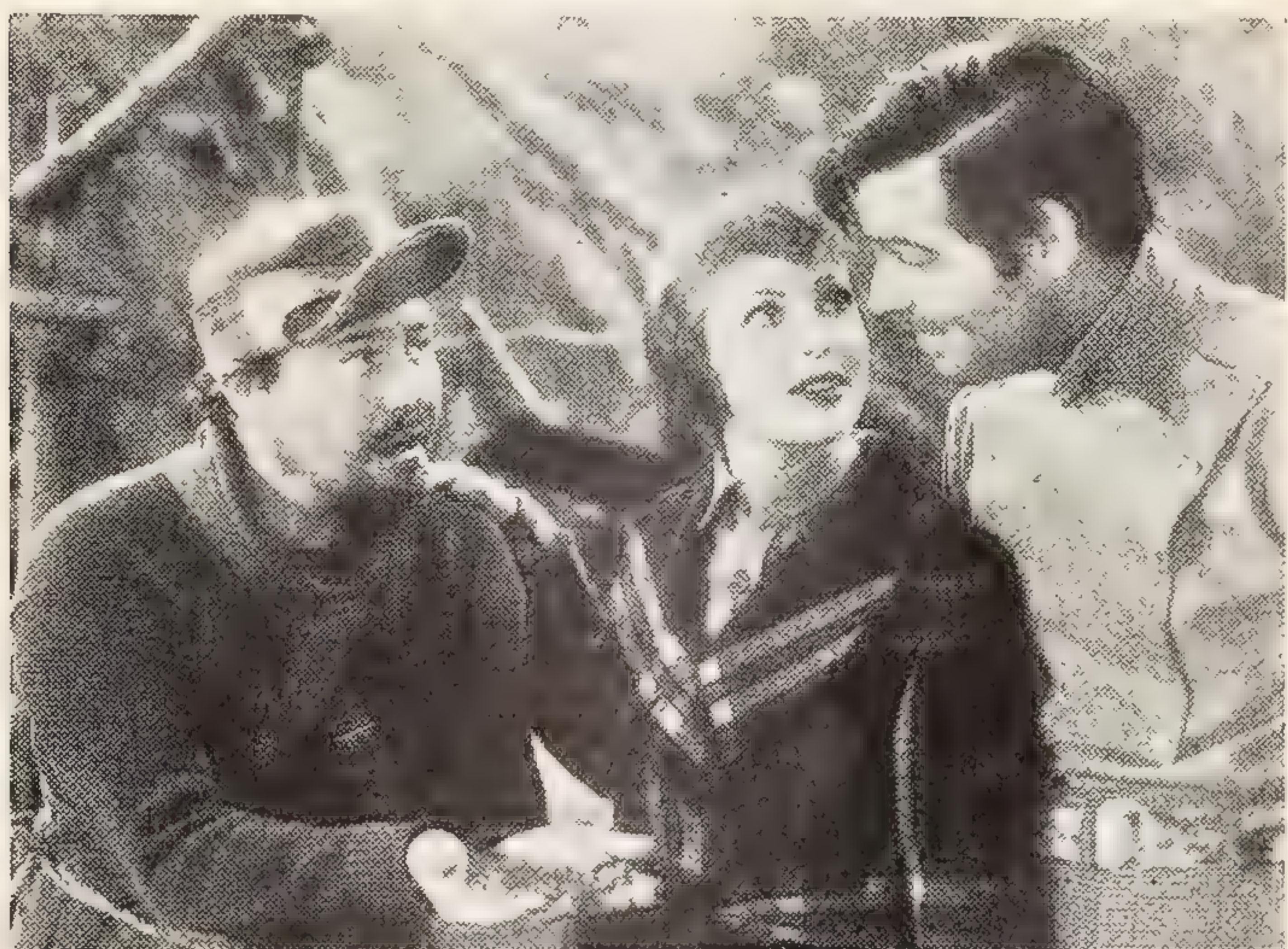
HERE is an impressive picture. It is the rare sort of cinema that you and your family and friends will find yourself discussing in detail after you've seen it. Perhaps it's what they call a "woman's picture." Certainly, every wife will appreciate its significance, for it is the story of a woman's faith in her husband and her fight to help him keep his integrity and ideals, based on Alice Tisdale Hobart's thoughtful novel. Pretty heavy going in its first reels, the picture gradually gains and holds your serious attention, thanks chiefly to Josephine Hutchinson's exquisitely sensitive portrayal of the self-sacrificing wife. Pat O'Brien, much as I like him, seems utterly miscast as an idealistic oil man who puts his loyalty to a soulless corporation before every personal interest. It is Miss Hutchinson who keeps the picture on a high plane, and I predict she will win every woman in her audience, as she depicts the devotion that triumphs over hardships in tortured China, and that finally wins success for her husband. Interesting if you like an intelligent screen treatment of a provocative theme, directed and acted with sincerity.



In Caliente—Warners



THIS may be just the picture you're looking for to fill one of these summer evenings. It's a lavish and gorgeous screen show, never a strain on the mind, equally easy on the eyes. Easy? Positively soothing, for there's Dolores Del Rio, not only beautifully gowned, but bathing-suited; and if you thought Dolores lovely to look at before, you'll be searching for new superlatives now. The screen's most decorative lady is in her element in the atmosphere of a musical movie, as she was in "Flying Down to Rio;" and for once you'll agree that the star of the show is prettier than the girls in the chorus. Yes, there are some "big" production numbers; there are the dancing De Marcos; there's Pat O'Brien to supply the romantic menace—incidentally, Pat is himself here, with no necessity to be noble as in "Oil for the Lamps of China;" and last but not least, there is the inimitable Edward Everett Horton for comedy relief—and it is a relief; for "In Caliente" threatens, like most musicals, to grow top-heavy with its own gorgeousness, which gains its peak in a series of scenes built around a song called "The Woman in Red."



Call of the Wild—Twentieth Century



NEVER thought another actor could steal a picture from Clark Gable and Jackie Oakie, did you? The impossible has just happened. The honors for trouping in "Call of the Wild" go to a handsome furry four-footed newcomer named Buck, who is just as ingratiating as Gable and just as inveterate a scene-stealer as Oakie. Buck will get most of the "Ohs" and "Ahs" formerly given to Gable; and the giggles usually reserved for Oakie. What "Call of the Wild" would be without Buck, in fact, I hate to contemplate. The Jack London story dates dismally—why didn't they dare to make it a gorgeous burlesque of all the old Yukon melodramas? As it is, Buck, the doggy hero, provides the only real fun when he carries a thousand-pound load one hundred yards and saves the day, for dear old Massa Gable. The gold-dust boys, Clark and Jack, fall in with the winsome Loretta Young, and together they thwart wolves and wily rival prospectors; but somehow it is less than enthralling. Loretta is lovely as always; Messrs. Gable and Oakie strive valiantly; but Buck is best, a proud distinction for any actor.





"Sugar and spice and everything nice"—and checks and plaids and prints and everything gay—that's what 1935 Glamor Girls are made of! Bette proves it wearing her cinnamon brown and white knitted suit, left; and her summer evening gown, right, boldly printed with red, green, yellow, blue and white flowers.



Just a touch of tender perfume on eyebrows—a glamorous grace note, above.

# SCREENLAND Glamor School

Edited by

*Bette Davis*







Bette shows off her new evening vanity which has compartments for cigarettes, powder, rouge, lipstick, and coin purse. The enamel top of the metal case is set with a jewelled ornament.



Glamor is frankly frivolous this season, according to Bette. "Get gay along with me!" says the Davis girl

Bell-shaped silhouette, right, in navy and white checked taffeta, and a great big bow at the neck!



Pretty little peasant-sophisticate! Full gathered skirt, blousy waist, puffed sleeves in rustling black taffeta dotted with tiny flowers.



# FIELDS IN CLOVER



Fields today! The world looks good to him, and he looks good to a world craving amusement.

**T**HE first phase of Bill Fields' movie career started with a loud and cheerful bang. "Sally of the Sawdust" made almost a million and a quarter—nice money back in the days of the silents, and no chicken-feed in any language.

But the opening gun was the loudest. From that peak the line started moving—slowly, jaggedly, but inexorably—downward. What caused the decline is anybody's guess. The comedian has theories of his own, but he presents them only as theories.

"Maybe it was the stories, maybe it was the promotion, maybe it was me, maybe we were all rotten together," he offered impartially. "How do I know? I'd worked hard all my life on the stage, and I expected to work just as hard on the screen. I'd get in there at nine every

morning, whether I was called or not, figurin' I ought to be doing something for the money they paid me—roll the ash-cans around, maybe, or stand on my head to keep the carpenters happy. Finally the producer comes over. 'Listen,' he says, 'will you do me a favor? Get out of here and stay out. Go play golf. Come in and get your check on pay-day, and when we want you, we'll send you a billydoo.'" Fields fixed me with a plaintive eye. "That's what he said—honest," he assured me, and the quaver in his voice was almost more than I could bear.

"Well," he continued, having audibly swallowed his emotion, "you'd think no human being could ask fairer than that—workin' fourteen weeks and gettin' paid for fifty-two. Maybe it proves I'm not a human being. Anyway, I definitely *didn't* like it. I smelled a rat—I had a sinister feeling it wouldn't last—sinister—*s-i-n*—say, do your own work, will you? What happened? What do you think happened? I got thrown out on my ear, that's what.

"Oh, not all at once. Just gradually. Did you ever get thrown out gradually on your ear? It's an experience you shouldn't miss. Like that fellow, What's his-name, they stuck in the mud and hung a sizzlin' steak or something over his nose that he just couldn't reach. You keep hopin' against hope they're goin' to renew your contract or you'll get an offer from someone else. You go round smilin' at people you hate and lookin' for a word like a hungry dog for a bone. And finally you slink off and go your way, tryin' to save your feelin's by cussin' out the whole shebang, and you wouldn't work for 'em if they brought you a diamond

contract embroidered in pearls—not much you wouldn't." We were interrupted at this point by a timid knock. A youth stood outside.

"Come on in," called Fields, "I'm being interviewed." "I—I'll come back later," the youth answered. "I'm—



As a vaudeville juggler. Bill still keeps the props as souvenirs.



# And now "Bill" Fields strikes prosperity and screen fame. Here's his life story up-to-date!

By  
Ida Zeitlin

in a kind of a jam. I can come back and see you later."

"O.K. Half an hour." Obviously relieved, the visitor vanished.

"Kind of a jam," growled Fields benevolently. "And fifty bucks'll probably iron him out. Where were we?"

"Shattered," I reminded him.

"Yeah," he agreed, "shattered. But I picked up the pieces and spent two years with Earl Carroll's 'Vanities,' then Arthur Hammerstein starred me in 'Ballyhoo.'"

That was the beginning of the great theatrical slump, with shows folding up the night after they opened. By the skin of its teeth, "Ballyhoo" managed to hang on for ten weeks, and when Hammerstein dropped it, the star took it over—working for nothing so that others could eat, striving desperately to revive what was already dead. At length even Fields was obliged to concede defeat, and motored sadly down to Florida to think things over.

In New York the situation was going from bad to worse. No sense in returning there, to watch the depressing collapse of the world he loved, the individual tragedies and heartaches he could do nothing to help. It was four years since the movies had bade him godspeed. He yearned for the sunlight of California. If he had to be "at liberty"—that polite professional term for joblessness which deceives no one—he might as well be "at liberty" there as elsewhere. Maybe, once on the spot, he could turn something up.

He ordered his few belongings shipped to California and preceded them by motor. He found a warm welcome from the sun and the balmy air, from the hill-fringed countryside with its tempting golf-courses, from his pals of another day. He found a warm welcome from everything but the movies.

"I picked up right where I'd left off," he said, "—like this—" and cocking his head, turned on one of those timid, propitiatory

grimaces that only the shrewish wives he draws in the movies can resist. "I did everything but hawk my wares from door to door. I went to one studio and told 'em I'd write, direct, and act in my own pictures for nothing—for the chance to prove I could make people laugh. 'Go play patty cakes, mister,' they told me in effect."

He finally persuaded a producing friend to let him try a two-reeler. Bent on proving he "could make people laugh," he hurled himself into the work with even more than his customary zest. His friend, the producer, walked in and watched the proceedings. "It's all wrong," he snapped after five minutes or so. "You're doing it all wrong. Take two days off to rehearse, then start your picture."

Fields tried to argue. This might be all wrong by normal standards, but his standards weren't normal. He had a plan—cockeyed, maybe—but nevertheless a plan he was sure would work. "Go play golf," he pleaded, remembering the advice once meted out to him, "and let me do this my own way." The producer was adamant. Two days' rehearsal, or the bargain was off.

Bill yielded suddenly. "All right," he agreed, "you're the boss. But do me one favor. Leave the cameras here and the grips and everything. It'll give us tone," he explained, returning his friend's suspicious glance with bland innocence, "you know—make us feel as though we're really doin' something."

Reluctantly the friend agreed to this decidedly curious arrangement. Fields worked like a fiend and finished his picture in two days. "Come on over," he phoned the boss, trying to keep the excitement out of his voice. "I've got something to show you."

They sat side by side as the two reels were run off. Fields, palpitating, stole an occasional glance at the other's poker face. He couldn't (Cont. on page 74)

Before the boy grew older—right, Claude Dukenfield, W. C. Fields to you.

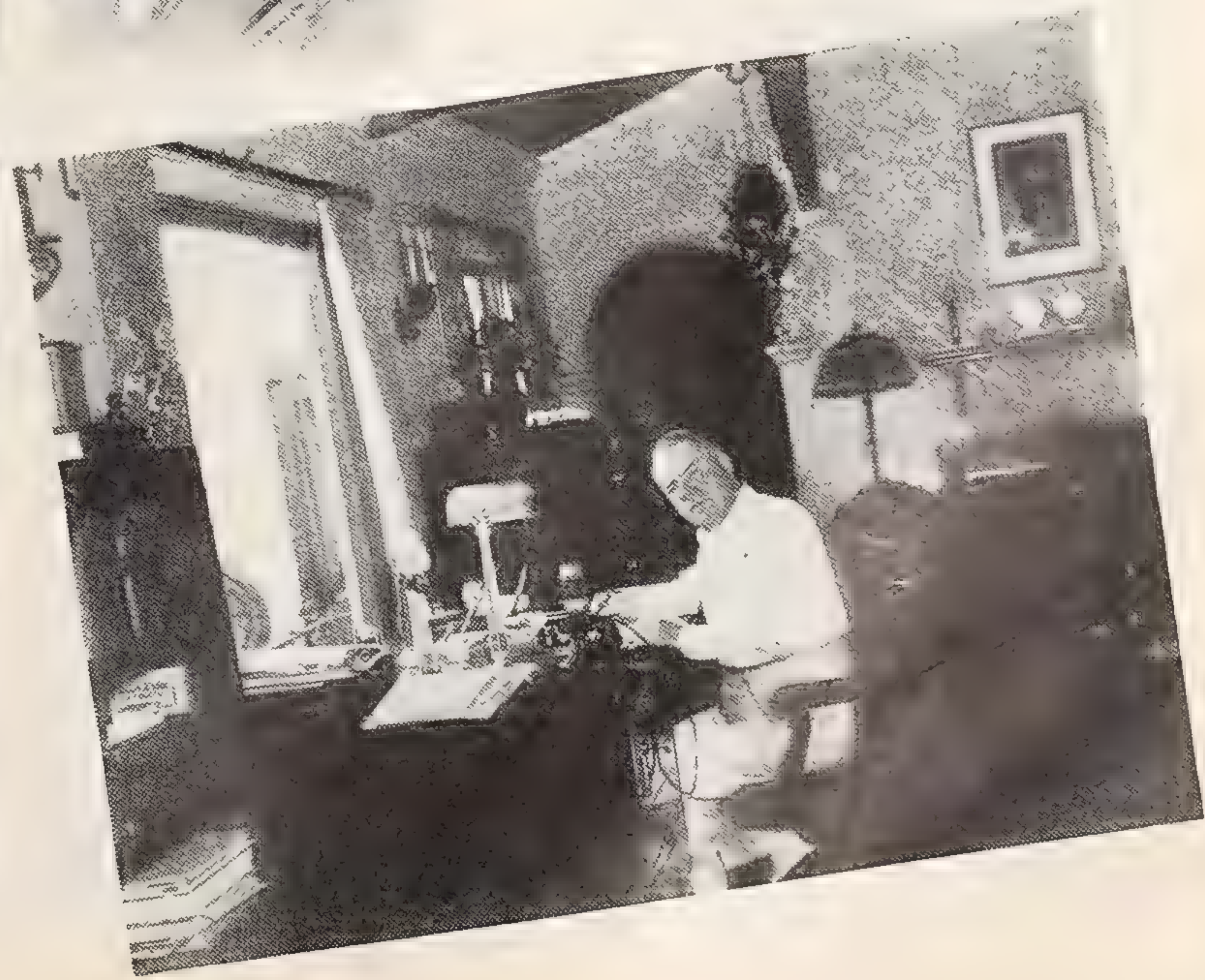


Master of the Manor! Fields enjoying the home he built in San Fernando.



An important phase of Bill's life. Left, when he was in the "Follies."

In the study of his home, where Fields writes comedy for his films.





# For Beauty's Sake

CAROLE LOMBARD'S favorite flower is the lily, so it's said. I wonder if she knows, deep down in her heart, that she makes people who see her think of these cool white flowers on their graceful stems? Haven't you noticed that a woman's favorite flower, like her favorite perfume, is often something that is truly expressive of her?

It's not a bit easy for Carole to look as cool and fresh as she does on the screen, what with the strenuous work on the sets under lights that are more glaring than the hottest midsummer sun. You can safely bet your bottom dollar, Carole knows tricks of beauty care we could all use to our advantage when the temperature is hovering around 90 or above.

Look cool! Hollywood has ways of preserving crisp summer loveliness

By Elin Neil

The most important step toward looking cool in hot weather is *feeling* cool, which most certainly calls for a word about baths. Maybe you love the feel of a cold shower or plunge on a sweltering day. But it's an actual fact that the most cooling bath is a tepid one. Cold water is too stimulating. It will cool you off while you're in or under it, but it won't keep you cool.

Pat yourself dry instead of indulging in the brisk rubbing that feels so good on cold days. If you can possibly manage it, rest for a little while after your Summer bath and take your time about dressing. There is nothing to heat one up like rushing!

You need more baths in Summer. If you lead a pretty strenuous life, you probably like to add to your morning ablutions by a bath before dinner and even one around noon-time or before you go to bed. Some of the loveliest screen stars, including Joan Crawford, bathe as often as four times a day in hot weather without the slightest bit of harm to their skin because they use the gentle creamy beauty soaps we are blessed with these days.

If your skin shows signs of getting too dry from frequent bathing, there are grand body rubs, sort of creamy semi-liquids, that are absorbed right into the skin so your stockings and girdle will go on just as easily as if you had used nothing at all. A body rub will keep your skin from getting sandpapery from over-enthusiastic sun-bathing, too.

There's something so luxurious and soul-satisfying about being properly perfumed right after a bath! Bath salts and essences add much

to one's charm and feeling of well-being. However, you devotees to the shower can get just as good an effect of complete body perfuming by using one of the delightful infusions. Some tub bathers prefer them, too, because they are so lasting.

An infusion is a  
(Cont. on page 68)

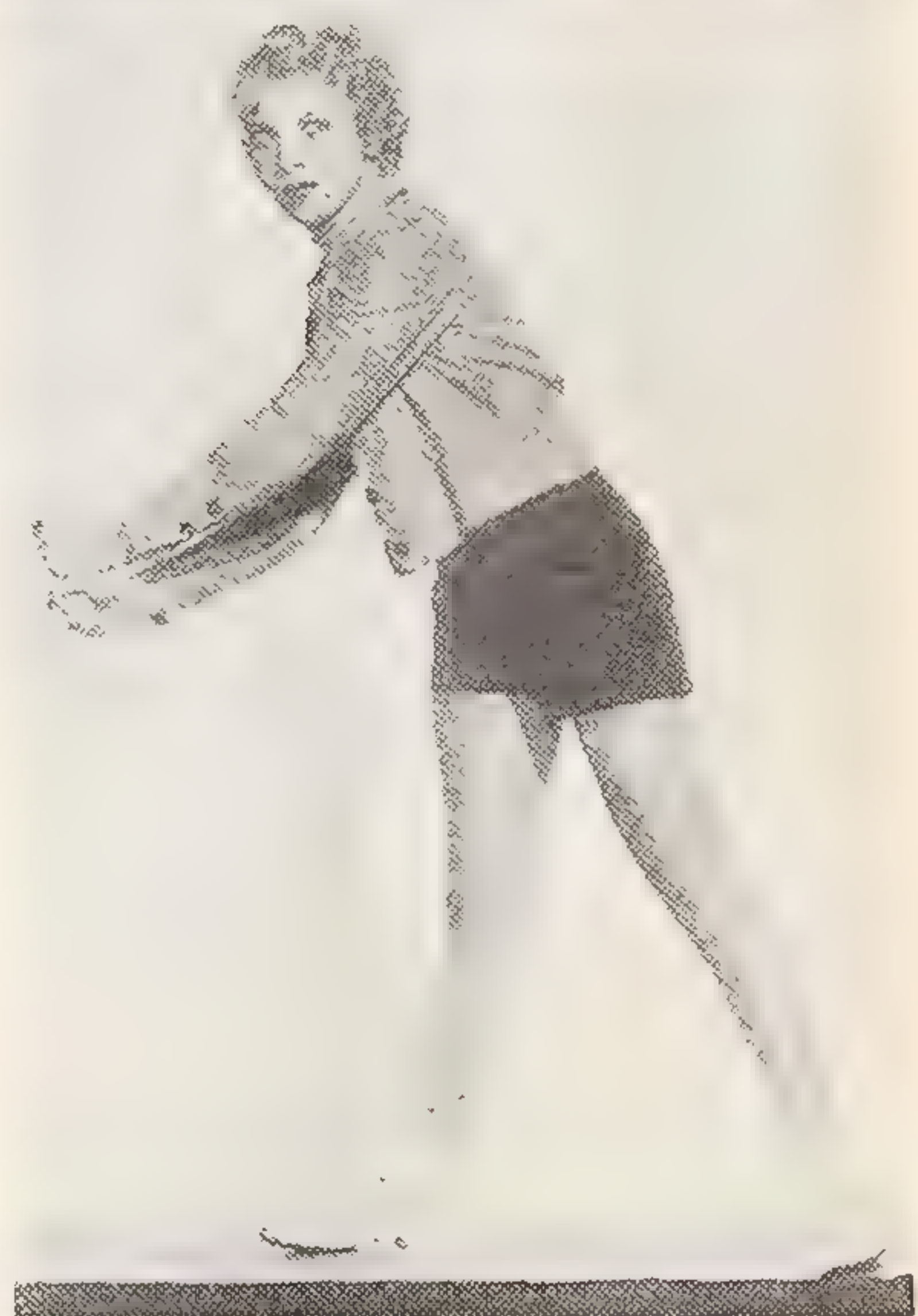


...ray from a sylvan water-  
fall is no more refreshing  
...a glimpse of Carole  
...s cool beauty  
...a blistering day





Ida Lupino prefers the "Lumberjack Routine" to all other exercises, and in these illustrations she shows you how.



# HOLLYWOOD★FIFIGURE

**It's fun to keep fit! Try the Lumberjack Routine that James Davies gives you here. You'll get results in health and beauty**

**D**O YOU know that girls are growing huskier today than they were ten years ago?

A late survey of student bodies shows that girls attending colleges are at least an inch taller and two pounds heavier than they used to be. And, more surprising, the Hollywood star of 1935 is seven pounds heavier and more than an inch taller than the star of Clara Bow's day.

The average co-ed now tips the scales at 119 pounds and stands five feet four inches in height.

Hollywood stars, as I've repeated time and again, must always be slimmer than girls anywhere else, but even with them the average weight for the 1935 brand of actress is 113 pounds. Seven years ago the average weight of the successful star was 106 pounds. Five feet three inches is the average height of the star of today. She's grown an inch since 1928.

The girl who most closely approximates the ideal measurements of NOW is Carole Lombard, who weighs just 112 pounds and is five feet three and a half inches tall.

So pause before you go in for strenuous reduction. But don't sit back and smile at your curvaceous reflection and think that you're all right because girls aren't so thin any more. They are slim in the right places and curved in the right places, remember.

Thin girls, too, who have given up ex-

ercises because they are afraid to lose weight will please attend carefully to this article.

Listen, please! This month I'm giving you an all-round exercise called the Lumberjack Routine, designed to give you the 1935 Ideal Figure.

Have you ever seen a lumberjack? He has firm, trim muscles, broad shoulders, a very slim waist and hips and practically no abdomen. There isn't a spare pound of flesh on him, for it has all gone to beautiful supple muscle. He is in the perfection of health and could be used as a model for America's Ideal Youth.

This routine will help you to achieve a fine, firm chest, good back muscles, the slimmest of waists and lovely firm slender hips.

When I taught the routine to Ida Lupino, who poses for the illustrations for SCREENLAND this month, she was so enthusiastic about the exercises that she demanded a chart of them for herself so that she could substitute the routine for the "lissome waist" exercise that she has been using. Ida, you see, insists that unless she watches her waistline and keeps it trim, unwanted pounds would creep up on her.

Like all English girls, Ida walks a great deal and plays more tennis than anyone else in the studio, but even so she feels she can't afford to do without her morning "daily dozen." From now on it will be:

## The Lumberjack Routine

### Exercise No. 1:

Stand erect, feet well apart, hands at waist level outstretched before you. Clasp one thumb in the other fist and pretend you hold a saw. Lean the body forward and start the swing from left to right, hands locked together until you feel the pull of the muscles in the left side. With each swing keep bending lower to the floor, keeping knees stiff. Swing down at length until your clasped hands strike the floor. Your abdomen muscles will feel the pull. Repeat, (*Continued on page 85*)

**James Davies' Answers to Questions  
will be found on Page 86.**



## Screen Stars on Parade! West—East—Everywhere!

By  
Weston East



Always-on-the-go Hepburn! Katharine the Great traveler, snapped on her way from the airport.



Kay Francis loves ocean liners, and it's always "all-aboard" time for Kay. Here she's at it again.

MARY PICKFORD thinks that somewhere, there may be another Mary Pickford. She is planning to find this other girl. As yet, she's not sure whether she will have a contest, or what means she may take. The object of her search will be a girl who looks today as Mary herself looked a score of years ago.

If Miss Pickford finds such a girl, she will give her every opportunity to demonstrate her ability as an actress. If Mary finally concludes that the girl shows real talent, it is very possible that she will give this newcomer her own name of Mary Pickford and sponsor her career as a motion-picture actress.



Comedy with an undertone of tension! Robert Montgomery, Joan Crawford, and Franchot Tone, (there's casting for you), in a scene from "No More Ladies."

# Here's

IT IS interesting to know that Greta Garbo, Marlene Dietrich, and Katharine Hepburn patronize the same dress-maker. This woman's name is Billie Mallone, which doesn't sound at all like the name for a modiste. Miss Mallone is from France. Her grand-aunt is one of the few persons who ever broke the bank at Monte Carlo. A few years ago, Miss Mallone became famous as the girl who testified against American style-design thieves who were stealing gown ideas from the finer shops of Paris and Vienna. She is now in Hollywood, is very exclusive, and is perhaps the only woman in the world to make gowns for three such famous personalities as Garbo, Dietrich, and Hepburn.

WELL, shades of pink elephants! Will you look at Ruth Chatterton's bath robe! Ermine, and *pink*! 'Sa fact, Miss Chatterton owns the only pink ermine bathrobe in existence, as far as this department knows.



What with personal appearances and vacations in New York, Gene Raymond gets around these days.



# Hollywood!

**H**ERE'S a secret that will surprise Hollywood. There is a beautiful young lady who is breaking into the movies, and who is succeeding because she has talent and personality. So far as the studios have known, she is just another girl trying to make good.

Her screen name is Lois Loring. That isn't her real name at all. Her real name will give studio executives a real thrill, for she is Mary Lou Fisher, and she is a member of that wealthy family that manufactures automobile bodies.

**W**ELL, East and West have met, despite Kipling. Mae West and her sister, Beverly, have opened a Chinese chow mein factory in Los Angeles. Of course, Beverly will actually operate the factory, but Mae's money is invested. Mae has purchased ten pure white delivery cars, and sends fine Chinese dinners on order to private homes.



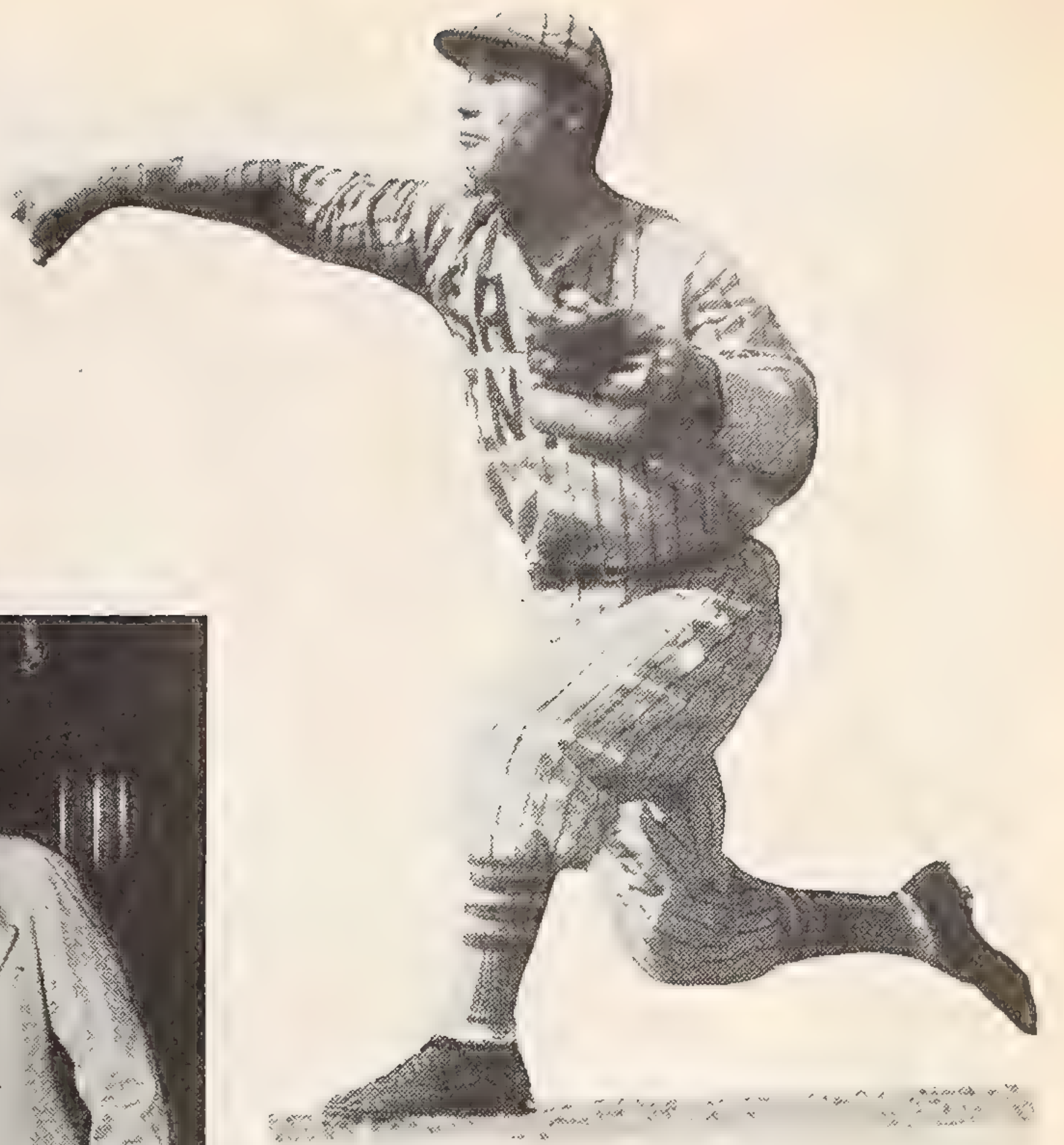
Here's another one of filmdom's furious travelers! Fay Wray who has been commuting to England.



Tullio Carminati joins the parade of travelers and goes across the Big Pond to do an English film.

**T**HE tragic accident that claimed the lives of Junior Durkin, Jack Coogan, Sr., and others, brought out the fact that the elder Coogan had a mental quirk that some day something would happen to his son in an automobile.

Mr. Coogan was always exactly careful about automobiles where Jackie was



Joe E. Brown goes wherever baseball games promise action! Joe can hurl some hot ones himself.

concerned. In taxicabs, when father and son were riding, Senior would caution the drivers time and again to "be careful." He did not permit Jackie to own his own car until just a few months ago. All of which makes it a queer twist of circumstances that in the motor accident that cost Mr. Coogan's life, Jackie escaped with painful but not serious injuries.

**A**T LAST, the truth about fan mail, and revealed by no less an authority than the head of the fan mail department of one of the larger studios. This man says that studio executives do not regard the volume of fan mail as important, except in the cases of romantic actors and actresses.

Paul Muni, one of the really great screen actors, gets five or ten letters every day. But Dick Powell, a matinee idol, receives about three hundred. Helen Hayes, one of the finest actresses of stage and screen, receives a smattering of fan mail. Ruby Keeler received more than two thousand letters the first two weeks of this month.

That is why studios take into consideration the type of the star before they weigh the quantity of his mail.



A trio to challenge great acting threesomes of all time: Garbo with Basil Rathbone and Freddie Bartholomew in a scene for "Anna Karenina."





Charles (Buddy) Rogers returns to the screen with a grand comeback in "Old Man Rhythm."

**H**ERE'S one for the black side of Katharine Hepburn's ledger. During her recent picture, the director and camera crew were perched on a high scaffold. Suddenly Miss Hepburn saw that the director's shoestring had come untied and was caught on a nail in the scaffold. She realized that if he should attempt to rise, he might be thrown headlong to the stage floor, and perhaps seriously injured. She also realized

that to interrupt the scene, (in which she was not engaged at the moment), would cost quite a few dollars.

So Kate climbed a ladder to the scaffolding and crept along the narrow rampart until she knelt at the director's feet. Then she calmly and without a word tied the shoestring. The director patted her shoulder and smiled his thanks, and the long scene kept right on to its conclusion, as Miss Hepburn carefully crept backwards on the rampart, and then down the ladder.

**A**DRIAN, perhaps the most famous of all gown designers, cried, "Am I ashamed!" He was joking, of course, and this is the reason: In "Broadway Melody," Sid Silvers, the comedian, does an impersonation of Eleanor Powell. So Adrian had to create a gown for Silvers! First time on record that a famous designer has been assigned to invent an evening gown for a man.

**I**T LOOKS like curtains for the team of Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers. Not only have they not gotten along any too well together, but Astaire now wants to star alone.

It is believed that Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is responsible for Astaire's wish to fly alone. Doug, Jr., and Fred have been friends for years, and in a letter to Astaire, young Fairbanks told the dancing star that he was too definite a personality to be co-starred. Doug's advice was that Fred should not allow any actress to share billing with him.



William Lynn, Broadway comedy hit of "Three Men on a Horse," soon to make his film debut.

**H**OLLYWOOD'S most confirmed bachelor, Edward Everett Horton, is so rarely seen with a member of the other sex that one of the occasions ranks as banner-line news. Such news happened not long ago, when Horton "dined out" with Helen Broderick, the actress.

Later, he approached a columnist and asked, "Do you think people will talk?"

(Continued on page 84)



Shooting an action picture is done outdoors, but these days most pictures are made in studio sets. Here we have Buck Jones, astride his horse,





Swapping around! Al Jolson, above, now on the air. Left, Jack Benny, and right, John King, who have gone Hollywood.

# Radio Parade

Radio and Hollywood engage in another star-swapping fest

Dorothy Page, right, signed for pictures.



By  
Tom Kennedy

Benay Venuta, helped to fame by Al Jolson.



**C**OMES the dawn of the season signaling what has developed into an annual love-fest whereat radio and the movies get together just to show how much they admire each other.

By way of proving mutual devotion, the broadcasters bid—but high—for the film stars to come on over to the microphones, while the movie men toss coins in the general direction of the air celebrities.

So far the broadcasters have had all the best of this star-swapping business. But you never know when some truant from the radio may crash through with a performance that will make a new screen star, with options all ready for the film studio to mortgage the star's future should the lightning strike. So Hollywood takes its annual whirl—hoping for the best, and knowing that the worst is a good chance for the box-office trade

whipped up by the presence of “radio names” in their pictures.

The current star-swapping season got under way with a bang when agents of an oil company coaxed Al Jolson back to radio as head man of one the most elaborate, and thanks to Al, one of the sprightliest shows, presently agitating the air waves.

The man who made *Mammy's* name ring around the world is even now himself a little surprised that he was wheedled into forgetting a former pledge to stay away from the air. But it seems Al was feeling expansive—his new picture “Go Into Your Dance” with his favorite movie star sharing honors with him, had turned out better than just good, and the bangtails at Santa Anita had been behaving pretty well for Mr. Jolson, who likes to risk a coin or two now and then at (Continued on page 73)





Paul Muni smiles in appreciation of your Salutes as the Movie Man of the Moment.

# Salutes and Snubs

Hollywood, stand by! Listen to these suggestions and criticisms  
The first eight letters receive prizes of \$5.00 each

## HOW ABOUT IT, HOLLYWOOD?

Actors and actresses want to avoid being typed. But would theatres be crowded if: Janet Gaynor were a sizzling siren? Clark Gable crooned to the ladies? Jean Harlow became a sweet ingénue? Bing Crosby played a suave sophisticate? ZaSu Pitts changed to a vamp?

Eugene A. Karst,  
547 So. Park Ave.,  
Oshkosh, Wisc.

## RATHER SEE SHIRLEY THAN EAT

I'd heard that folks preferred seeing Shirley Temple to eating. Now I know it! We invited friends to dinner—a good dinner, too. "Oh, so sorry, but this is the only night we can see 'The Little Colonel,' sorry!" And that was that.

Francais Harris,  
2517 South 13th St.,  
Lincoln, Nebr.

## SAYS: DOWN WITH DOUBLE FEATURES!

I do not like the double feature program

and wish it were abolished. Then, no longer would people have to miss a good picture so as to avoid seeing a boring one. What is really needed are more single programs with selected short subjects.

Alice Pell,  
615 State St.,  
Hudson, N. Y.

## THE ANSWER IS YES!

It is often remarked that America's school girls prefer the glamorous woman-of-the-world type of actress. My high-school friends and I heartily resent such judgment. Our favorites are the wistful younger stars, including Janet Gaynor, Jean Parker, and Ann Shirley. Do our opinions mean anything?

Grace Lyons,  
4217 Dunkeld Place,  
Pittsburgh, Pa.

## RUN, DON'T WALK TO SEE MUNI

My biggest salute, my deepest courtesy, my broadest smile, and my most delicious home-baked apple-pie to that grand actor, Paul Muni. I've just seen "Black Fury"

and Muni's performance is up to the precedent he has set in previous great films. I'd honestly and willingly run a mile to see him act.

Enid W. Young,  
47 Cherry St.,  
Holyoke, Mass.

## YES—BUT WHAT ABOUT MICKEY?

Everyone likes to relate his pet peeve and I'm no exception! Mine is the flood of horrid cartoons that have lately swamped the screen. Once in a while I see a good one but that is far too rare. I prefer quality to quantity.

Alice Dohi,  
Glasgow, Mont.

## THINKS ACTING COMES FIRST

Although we like to give new players a chance, must we have a steady diet of prize-fighters, crooners, and celebrities from other fields who can't act? Once in a while we like to see a name on a theatre marquee and know that we'll see some real acting if we go in there.

Edna Dixon,  
206 Princess St.,  
Wilmington, N. C.

## IDEA FOR "PICTURE STEALERS"

Were I a Hollywood "big shot" I'd give out special Academy Awards to the picture stealers! Then I'd produce a picture composed entirely of these "stealers" and star the biggest "thief" of all!

Ruth King,  
2 Hamilton Ave.,  
Cranford, N. J.

## MEMORY TEST

Why give "One Night of Love" all the credit for bringing operatic arias to the screen? Because "Stingaree" wasn't a hit picture due to a weak story, has everyone forgotten how beautifully Irene Dunne sang "The Jewel Song" from "Faust" in that film?

D. I. Dubois,  
1222 W. 32nd St.,  
Cheyenne, Wyo.

## TOPS IN VILLAINY

When the villain of a picture gives a performance that jolts an audience, he's a real actor. No other person I know of so thoroughly qualifies—in acting sense—for the sinister title of "Hollywood Public Enemy No. 1" as Barton McLane, "hoodlum" of the excellent and interesting "G-Men."

Clarence M. Fink,  
1890 Euclid Ave.,  
San Marino, Calif.

Have you a pet peeve? Or a pet rave, concerning things you see on the screen? Well, here's the place to record your Salutes, or your Snubs regarding all your thoughts and ideas about the pictures and the stars. Read what your fellow fans have to say here, and you'll realize there's no use grouching to yourself, or gurgling words of praise to limited audiences while such opportunity as Salutes and Snubs exists for you to put your thoughts before the whole of screenland—picture-goers, picture-makers, directors, authors and stars, will listen to you when you express yourself in this free forum.

You'll read these letters with relish, and you'll get satisfaction if you send in your letter to this department. Just try and

Remember the fact that you can win a prize of \$5.00 in cash if your letter is regarded one of the eight best of the month by the judges.

Please restrict letters to a maximum of fifty words. Address them to: SCREENLAND, 46 West 35th St., New York, N. Y.



# Glamor Girl

Continued from page 26

hope and exaltation—her screen test, her part, her career. She flung up her head. "Just wait—" she thought, hurling the thought like a bomb into the midst of that laughing, indifferent company on the other side of the door. It was a muffled thought that found no expression beyond the two words, "Just wait—," but it stiffened her spine and ran through her veins like fire and encompassed all her future in its golden promise.

Miss Irene Gillespie was a slender creature, with plucked eyebrows and hennaed hair. A seductive odor clung about her clothes and her person. She greeted both girls with casual friendliness, despite the fact that she'd already climbed a few steps of the ladder at which they were gazing wistfully from below. She was wearing a heavenly frock of poppy-red, embroidered in silver flowers, and she was a little tight—just tight enough to regard this affair of Stella's, poured out by Betty in one breathless torrent of words, as the world's prize jest.

"Not this little shrimp," she kept crying, her laughter pealing through the room. "Not this funny little mouse in the movies? Oh, I can't bear it!"

Apart from that, she was kindness itself, listening attentively as Betty's husky voice supplied additional details. Stella confined herself to an occasional nod, rather abstracted than otherwise, for she was still staring past Miss Gillespie's delicately powdered shoulder into the room beyond, her weariness slipping away and the lilt of the jazz music creeping like wine through her veins.

Irene Gillespie realized perfectly the necessity of clothing this "little shrimp," so as to mask her defects and enhance her qualities. She also realized perfectly the impossibility of appearing for a screen test without an evening wrap. She owned such an evening wrap. As for lending it—she hesitated for the barest fraction of a moment, while Stella's heart skipped a beat and a church clock outside boomed the quarter hour into the midst of the jazz. Then she stood up—yes, she'd lend them the wrap until tomorrow afternoon. They'd have to call for it—not before nine and not after ten thirty—at 1457 Wilton Place, Apartment 3-C. They stammered their thanks as she dismissed them.

With a grand air, Betty handed the hat-check girl a dime, and the boy who had gone in quest of Miss Gillespie, another.

"Good luck," called their benefactress, as they stepped through the revolving door into the night. And pale as a little ghost though she was, Stella never doubted her luck in that moment of elation. For she was still back there amid the lights and the music and the perfume, amid the sleek heads bent over smiling faces, the arms gleaming white against black dinner jackets. She was still throbbing with the thought: "Just wait—just wait—" the thought that held everything—gold slippers and poppy-red dresses, silver-embroidered, earrings and a car and Robin's misty face, transfigured by love. . . .

It was one-thirty when they went to bed, and four-thirty when they awoke, startled out of sleep by the clatter of a passing truck and a restlessness that kept them from falling asleep again. Betty, who was due at the studio at eight, whispered her final orders and instructions, while Stella listened, her thin arms crossed behind her head, her face touched by the first faint light of dawn that began filtering through a rent in the shade a little after five.

They had four dollars left—the rest had

dribbled away in carfares, phone calls, and tips. That meant they were a dollar short for the lingerie. Stella would have to get what she could for four. There was no time to look up Juanita's wholesale man. But what about carfares? What about a manicure? That Stella should appear for her test with unlacquered nails was as unthinkable as that she should appear minus an evening wrap.

Betty had filled all her mother's cooking vessels with water which she'd heated on the stove and was now pouring into the little zinc-lined tub. With the critical pessimism induced by lack of sleep, she watched Stella bathe. The Harrison tub partook of the same quality as the Harrison mirror—you couldn't get everything into it at once—you had to wash yourself piece-meal, a section at a time. First, the neck with its protruding collar bones—then the thin arms and shoulders—then the legs—"how can anybody have such spindly legs?" thought Betty despairingly—and finally the feet with their white, very long toes, which were Stella's secret sorrow.

At six they heard their mother moving about. The sound of her low grumbling penetrated the thin walls.

"There'll be another row with her to-day," Stella murmured.

"If only she had a little vision," sighed Betty. "You could pay her back later. Be nice to her. Maybe she'll give you the dough—" But she knew it was hopeless, and sighed again, dawdling about the room till there was barely time to make her car. She was sick with worry. She hated to leave this helpless young sister of hers—now, when her whole future was at stake.

"Well," she said, her voice growing husky again, "don't forget anything. Get into your clothes and look for Muhlmann in the wardrobe room. I'll meet you there and give you the once-over. And about the money—"

"Don't worry about the money," came Stella's unexpected reply. "If worse comes to the worst, I know who'll lend it to me."

Betty's heart smote her. "Lend it to

you!" she cried, forgetting the need for caution and her mother in the next room. "Lend it!—who, may I ask?"

Stella pointed her soft little chin in the direction of the butcher shop.

"That boob over there," she replied scornfully, with an air of being surprisingly wide-awake.

"Don't you dare!" whispered Betty.

"Beat it!" rejoined Stella calmly. "You'll be late."

With an agonized glance at the clock, Betty took to her heels. An hour later Stella set forth on her quest for lingerie.

She returned triumphant, with a truly exquisite lace bandeau and lace-trimmed step-ins, purchased at a bargain price of \$3.75. But triumph was followed by disaster—by two disasters, to be accurate. First, she broke the string of pearls—Betty's pearls which she'd rummaged out of the bureau drawer, because the mirror had told her plainly that she couldn't possibly present herself for a screen test with that long neck of hers and those jutting collarbones unadorned. But the string had snapped, and the pearls scattered over the room and under the furniture. With trembling fingers, Stella scrabbled them together and re-strung them on a piece of twine. They looked sort of nubbly when she got them round her neck, and the knot in the back was a mess. But maybe no one would notice.

Then came the second tragedy—the tragedy of Betty's chiffon stockings, that she'd worn only once—the tragedy that seemed beyond redemption. Drawing the stockings lovingly over her legs, she discovered a hole in the left knee. Whether it had been there in the first place, or whether her own unsteady fingers were responsible, was beside the point. She gaped the hole—and even as she stared in horror, hands clutched at the stocking hem, three runs started their inexorable journey down her leg.

For a moment she knew the depths of utter desolation—stupefying, all-engulfing. Then something stirred within her—something deep and indefinable which lifted her head and drew her slowly to her feet. Suddenly she became self-reliant, a person who made her own decisions and acted on them. Her hands were dry, her throat was dry; as a matter of fact, she could feel herself going hard and dry all over. She stood there a few minutes longer, rigid and thoughtful, in the Nile-green dress—and then she went out, through the notion shop, past her mother's withering gaze, and across the street to the butcher's.

The butcher was a fleshy man, red of skin and white of hair. He owned the store where he ran his business, and he owned the notion shop with its few poor rooms behind. He'd known Stella all her life.

"Well, look what's here!" he boomed in what was intended for joviality, as the Nile-green vision appeared on his threshold. In a voice that had also turned hard and dry, Stella heard herself saying that she wanted to borrow ten dollars. She'd had no intention of asking for more than two, but so violent had been the initial impulse drawing her here that it bore her beyond her goal.

The butcher's red hands were grown with white hair. From her second year, Stella had stood in fear of him. But because her whole future was at stake, she stiffened her knees, braced herself from within and stood still as the pudgy hand



Jane Withers tries her winning ways on Jackie Searle and—wins, of course. A scene from "Ginger."



drew nearer. And when she was safe at home again, with the bill clutched in her palm, she decided it had really been very decent of him to do nothing worse than slide his fat hand over her head, past her ears and down her neck and back as far as the bow that tied the Nile-green together at the waist.

"She looks swell," declared Muhlmann. "I'll say she looks swell," Pat Armstrong echoed wholeheartedly. "Gorgeous—that's how she looks."

"Not bad," said Betty, who, in her Salvation Army bonnet, was kneeling at Stella's feet, adjusting the folds of the evening wrap.

Stella stood in the wardrobe room again, surrounded by a group of extras who, for all the critical envy of their glances, were none the less friendly and well-disposed.

She was anointed and in readiness for the great hour—arrayed from the skin out—bathed and dressed in her new shoes and stockings, her lace bandeau and step-ins. The Nile-green rustled about her, the pearls clasped her throat, and Irene Gillespie's indefinably fragrant perfume clung to the folds of the regal evening wrap. Stella kept burying her chin and nose in the soft warmth of the fur collar.

The butcher's ten dollar bill had been spent—all but fifty cents. She'd had a manicure, and her nails gleamed red. Her mouth was painted. A frantic consultation had sent her back to the beauty shop at the last moment for final embellishments. The childish head was framed in a stiffly-ridged cap of blonde waves. The face was powdered and the cheekbones overlaid with rouge, the lids violet-shadowed and the round eyebrows plucked. A black line had been pencilled under the eyes to make them look mysterious, and the golden lashes waxed till they stood out dark and stiff as bristles.

"Now walk," Betty ordered, as one putting a young horse through its paces. And Stella walked. Her hips felt different. She was quivering with nervousness and buoyed up at the same time with a desperate courage. She swung her shoulders and looked back over her shoulder, and she felt that Delara herself could have done no better.

"She looks just like Delara," squeaked one of the extras excitedly.

"Who wouldn't in a wrap like that!" scoffed another.

A bell shrilled, and Muhlmann started shoos them out. Betty lingered till the last moment.

"You'll be all right," she kept telling her sister, though on a note of wild entreaty. "Don't worry, kid. You look swell. You'll be all right."

"Twenty past twelve," announced Muhlmann, when the wardrobe room was finally cleared. Stella seated herself on a long bench in the sunlight streaming through the window, for she was freezing again. She was afraid to move under all the make-up, afraid to smile, afraid to talk. Sitting stiff as a little cardboard model decked out in taffeta and brocade, she waited.

From one till two, from two till three, from three till ten minutes of four. A dozen times her lids drooped and her head sank forward. A dozen times she forced her eyes open, lest something happen to mar the effect of the black-pencilled lines and the waxed lashes.

At eight minutes to four Morrison stuck his head in at the door of the wardrobe room, filled once again with the commotion of extras changing their clothes. "Is that kid here for the screen test?" he called.

"Here," replied Stella automatically.

"O. K., young lady. Come on out," the "young lady" being a courtesy due the star of tomorrow.

Stella walked toward him, her hips swaying in the walk she had just learned—the Delara walk.

Morrison took one look and stood wordless for a moment. A slow flush, starting from his throat, mounted to his brow. Then he found his voice.

"What's the idea?" he inquired, ominously calm. "Who thought this one up?" Stella stood five paces from him, still smiling, still uncomprehending.

But as the full extent of the catastrophe surged in on Morrison, thunder broke loose. "What in the name of all that's holy have you done to your hair? Waved it? *Waved* it!—oh, my God! Muhlmann! Comb out those kinks! Well, tear 'em out then! Soak her under the pump! What are you standing there for? *Do* something, can't you? Get those rags off her back! She looks like a Christmas tree from the five-and-ten!"

The extras, in various stages of undress, half thrilled, half terrified, watched the progress of a scene more exciting than any they'd ever witnessed in the films. Muhlmann, her mouth open, took a step forward, but Morrison thrust her back.

"Never mind," he said, his voice dropping again, "it's too late now." His eyes were still fixed on Stella. "So you waved it, did you? Your eyelashes too, I suppose. Well now, ain't that just too ducky! I'll tell you what you've done, young woman—you've waved yourself into one hell of a mess, and me along with you. Oh, stop howling," he snarled savagely, "and come on. He might as well take a look for his money. Aroma!—yah!"

He strode out. Down the long hall, down steps she could scarcely see through the tears misting her eyes, Stella stumbled after him, woe and foreboding in her heart. But her woe was as nothing to that of the old casting director, living through the thousandth disenchantment of a disenchanted existence. "Go find something,"

he was thinking. "Sure—go pick up a pin in a haystack—go find something—"

Driscoll and Stewart and Mecklenburg were lounging in their chairs on the set. Morrison placed Stella in front of a painted wall, the cameraman jumped to his dolly, two grips on the scaffolding above hit the arclights, which glared straight into Stella's eyes and brought the tears streaming down her cheeks.

"O. K.?" prompted the cameraman.

There was a moment's pause. Then: "Hold it!" snapped Stewart. He stood up, pulled his trousers more securely through his belt, and turned to Morrison. "That's not—where'd you pick up this one, Bart?"

Morrison shrugged. Driscoll broke into loud and mirthless laughter. "Under the old apple tree," he sang below his breath, "what a picture this dame would be!"

Mecklenburg rose slowly and walked up to Stella, walked round and round her, seeking the delicate, breaking hipline that had seemed so charming the day before, finding nothing but puffs and taffeta and a Nile-green bow. Steadying her lips, Stella attempted the smile that had brought the butcher's pudgy hand stealing toward her that morning.

Mecklenburg turned on his heel. "Better get Delara and be done with it," he advised, supreme indifference to Stella and all her wiles reflected in his retreating back.

Knowing that the day was lost, Morrison still kept his despairing gaze on Stewart. "She's got good legs," he muttered.

The director flung him a withering glance. "Legs be damned!" he stated. "I ask for a human being, and you bring me legs. You were a good scout while you had it, Morrison," he observed, and followed Mecklenburg to the door.

"What'm I supposed to do?" yelled the cameraman after him.

"Go play pattycakes with the rest of the inmates," Stewart bade him from the open door, through which a strain of music drifted. Driscoll whistled the tune as he sauntered past Morrison.

"Great game, the movies, hey, fella?" he gibed. "Small profits and quick returns."

Morrison stood staring at Stella—at this puppet, this nonentity, this zero among a thousand zeros.

"Well, do you want a screen test or don't you?" asked the impatient cameraman.

Morrison thrust his hands into the shapeless pockets of his baggy old trousers, and turned away.

"That's all for today," he growled, and vanished into the shadows behind the set.

Stella stood alone in front of the painted wall, where they had placed her. The lights were turned off. That was a blessing at any rate, though the tears continued to trickle from her smarting eyes.

"What's it all about, anyway?" she was asking herself in utter bewilderment. "What's eating those guys?"

The cameraman surveyed her thoughtfully. "Not a bad-looking number at that," he decided, and jumped from his box. "Nothing doing today, kid," he told her kindly. "Some other day, maybe—"

She removed the wrap from her shoulders, folded it carefully, laid it over her arm and left the studio, heedless of the fact that she was trailing its brocaded splendor over the dusty pavement. What was the big idea? she wondered. Why hadn't they taken the test after putting her to all that trouble and expense? "Gee, but they're mean," she murmured, her lips quivering.

She still had fifty cents left, she remembered dully. Enough to take her to Wilton Place—then back to Alhambra—back to her mother's taunts—back where she'd come from.



Meeting the Joneses in their own front doorway! Buck Jones, his daughter, left, and Mrs. Jones.



# What Chance Has Your Original Screen Story?

Continued from page 17

Gosh! You say. Them's hard words. Ain't fair to outsiders. Any editor can buy big names. The editor's job ought to be looking for, finding and springing new talent.

All right. Suppose you take the editor's job—just for a day. Here, have a chair. Have a smoke. In fact, you can have the whole studio on that proverbial silver platter—if you make another find like "David Copperfield" or "Imitation of Life" or "One Night of Love."

Here's the inside dope, Mr. Editor-for-a-day. The Big Bosses are getting up the program. Each major studio needs fifty-two pictures a year. Just now, Hollywood's hard up for a Dix vehicle. It's desperate for an Anne Shirley on the order of "Anne of Green Gables." It needs one Dietrich, something like "Morocco" to bring her back to the favor of her fans. It wants a Colman. Four Temples—to play up those dimples. An Arliss, with dignity and box-office plus. Yes—it needs a Gary Cooper yarn, and it needs it in a hurry.

Hurry! says the waiting star, who's doing nothing and drawing a weekly salary for it. Hurry! says the temperamental director, tearing at his red hair. Hurry! says the Scenario Department, twiddling both its thumbs.

Where are you going to find your stories, Mr. Editor? Well, if you're at RKO sitting in the shoes of Betty Roberts, the editor in charge on the West Coast, you return them unopened, stamped. "We do not read unpublished manuscripts." Miss Roberts explains that the task of giving scripts by amateurs careful attention would require a staff out of all proportion to the gain.

But, if you're sitting on the judgment seat at Paramount, you have a department where trained readers do nothing but read all day and often half the night, searching for story material.

Those eagle-eyed readers are not your only vassals. You have a staff of story scouts as well.

Say, a little theatre in Charleston, West Virginia, is trying out a new play. Your story scout grabs his pigskin traveling bag, chucks in a shirt and a tooth-brush and hits the rods for Charleston, West Virginia, and a seat in the front row on the aisle. Yep, he's there to the final curtain. He makes his report that same night.

Weekly word on new books and new plays comes all the way from Vienna. Budapest. London. Paris and Berlin. Yep, all the way from Brest-Litovsk, U. S. S. R.

If the story strikes the reader right, he types a short synopsis, attaches a long recommendation and celebrates by taking the afternoon off.

This being Monday, you wait for Friday—the meeting day of the Story Board. If the Story Board likes the synopsis, it goes to the production heads, the men who will translate the story into celluloid. The final decision—to buy or not to buy that pretty, little brain-child—really rests with these handsome and competent gentlemen.

But your job is done when you deliver those fifty-two stories. Sounds easy—but it's not. To find the fifty and two, you read an average of 62,000 published scripts per annum.

But why must they be published, you ask? Don't you ever make a find in the stuff sent in by ambitious outsiders?

All right. Here's a batch of manuscripts by amateurs. There's more when you finish

these. There are car-loads more down at the railroad siding. There are big, fat sacks waiting at the post-office. There's a mountain up in the mailing-room. But we'll start on these.

Manuscript No. 1. Hmm. It's written in pencil. It ought to be typed. Neatly. On one side of the paper. Double-spaced. After all, writing is a trade and has its tools. And so, Mr. Editor, you send back all pencilled scripts.

Manuscript No. 2. From South Amer-



Marilyn Knowlden's COSETTE in "Les Miserables" was her 27th rôle in 3 years. A proud record.

ica. Hmm. You're intrigued by the foreign postmark. But the script is written in Spanish. You're not so good at Spanish, not any more. Here's one in French. Your French is even less *la la*. And here's one in Greek.

Sorry. But if you're writing for the American cinema, you've got to say it in good old American lingo.

Well, here's one served to you in King's English, (reproduced exactly as received):

"My story is a true to life drama, contains a counter plot, that deals with two rival Candy Manufacturers. One Firm is going bankrupt, while the other is Reaping a harvest of prosperity. With twenty five thousand dollars involved and a beautiful Romance to create heart interest. Would you be interested? Kindly reply to same."

Naturally, your reply is no. It's not a rough idea you want. You want a finished story.

And now for manuscript No. 4:

"In a small town in Iowa, Johnny Jones met Susie Lee and it was love at first sight. In two days they were married and went to Cleveland, Ohio, to live. When their baby was born, Susie fell ill and died—and Johnny Jones was left, with an infant baby on his hands. This is a true story. It happened to a friend of mine. Etc. Etc."

There's a story in every human being, but not every story makes screen entertainment.

Manuscript No. 5:

"I get some good ideas come across my mind and I jot them down, so far I have about thirty pages, now I don't know much about this manuscript or forming of these,

but I can, if you want them just what way you say. It seems funny for a man like me, who has never been in a studio or on a stage or in any profession or acquainted with any, to write as I do to you, but there must be something to it. Please send check by return mail."

It's easy enough to laugh at these and thousands like these. But you don't feel like laughing. These stories were written sincerely enough, straight from the heart, often from bitter personal experience.

However, a typewriter does not make a writer. You need to know grammar. Punctuation. Spelling. Yes, and there's such a thing as plot construction—all of which can be learned—by going to school—by reading books on writing technique—by writing—yes, and by re-writing.

Bertram Bloch of Metro says: "There's no business in the world in which a man can start at the top—and writing is no exception. If you're really serious about writing, first learn to write and then serve your apprenticeship in other fields of writing."

Sam Marx—Loretta Mackey—Richard Halliday—all the motion picture scenario editors are equally frank.

You have an idea, have you? Why use the screen as your laboratory? Write it as a book or a play. Let the public pass its approval. Besides, the gamble is too great.

What gamble? Ever hear of plagiarism suits? They're the nightmare of the picture business. With rare exceptions, the studio wins. But it takes time and it costs money to fight them.

Say you receive a story in which the main character is named Mary and the locale New York. Later, you release a picture whose story bears no likeness except that the name of the main character is Mary and the locale New York. Suit is sure to follow.

Yet the amateur is sincere when he sues on the Mary-New York basis or when a plot similar to his is shown on the screen. Many amateurs plagiarize unconsciously. They will submit a story which they have seen on the screen, the memory of which has become subconscious, and which emerges under the guise of an original idea.

Often, unusual stories, identical in theme, have come simultaneously from different parts of the world. Much as the studio would like it, it cannot buy these stories because buying from one author might lead to suit by the other. A published story gives the studio the protection of copyright.

Often, people will sue for plagiarism even when the picture is made from a well-known novel and given screen credit as such. They will sue on the historical picture, which is everybody's property, and public domain.

On the "King of Kings," which did not deviate from the New Testament, C. B. DeMille fought fourteen suits, one of them by Veleska Surrat, the former stage star. In her case, the judge decided that if there was any plagiarism involved, it was Miss Surrat who had plagiarized the New Testament.

Mr. DeMille has scarcely made a picture which did not result in law-suit. A lovely old lady from the South had a particularly strong case against "The Ten Commandments" because she sued before the picture was released. Her manuscript was identical with the finished film.

Mr. DeMille was worried. He knew she did not write the script. There was no record of ever having received her submit-



tance. Yet there was the opus, written exactly word for word. It was only at the very last moment that he noticed she had written "the of" instead of "of the."

"The of." Where had he seen those two little words, jogging cart before the horse? Oh, yes. At last he remembered.

Many months before, a movie critic on the Los Angeles Times had reviewed the picture from a script. The review had a typographical error identical with the "the of" of this sweet old lady's.

Where, oh where was that reviewer? Out of town, said the newspaper, off on a hunting trip.

The studio rushed an airplane to the happy hunting ground. The airplane found the reviewer talking it over with a bear. Hunting togs and all, he was rushed off his feet, and marched dramatically into court just as the old lady was about to receive the award. It was proven that she had copied her script from his review.

The case of the lovely old dishonest old lady made the studios decide to band together and not buy originals from amateurs.

When the professional writer sees a similar idea, he does not assume it is his. He had has enough experience to know that there are only seven plots in the world—

and no new story or situation ideas whatsoever.

So, Mr. Editor-for-a-day, if someone should ask you how to break in, answer in the cryptic words of Howard J. Green, who scripted "I'm a Fugitive From a Chain Gang": "The best way to write for motion pictures is not to write for motion pictures."

These are hard words. But the writing world is not a world for softies. It's for those of you who have a typewriter, a dictionary, a hundred yellow pencils, grit, guts, genius, something to say, and the insatiable itch to say it!

## Second-Guess Stars

Continued from page 21



Laura LaPlante, former film star, and her husband, Irving Asher, studio executive, welcome Ian Hunter, English stage star, left, on the set for his first picture venture in a Hollywood production.

The Haydon child looks like a young and passionate Ann Harding, if you can picture such. But don't tell her so—I'll explain why later.

From girlhood Julie Haydon was an "actress or nothing" girl—you know the type. Hepburn's one, and there are dozens in show business. They peer at you from every clump of elderberry. These fiery children don't want to act—they *have* to act, and they'd poison twenty boy-friends for one good part.

RKO-Radio took first guess at Julie. Three times she went to bat on that lot. She worked in "Symphony of Six Millions" and "The Age of Innocence." In "The Conquerors" she played Ann Harding's daughter, and thousands of people told her they simply *must* be sisters. Hint at the resemblance today and the girl screams and climbs a trolley-pole. Sheer boredom with it all.

The first guess didn't take, and she went on tramping. Arthur Hopkins promised her a rôle in the new Philip Barry play, "The Bright Star"—and then postponed production until next fall. At this point Chico Hecht and Groucho MacArthur caught her. There on Long Island she played the pear-blossom so foully trampled by the naughty Coward. There, among that fizz-brained crowd of geniuses and crack-pots, Julie Haydon found herself.

And there Paramount found her! Be-

fore she knew what time it was, luck's lovely lightning had struck her again. With no warning at all she was a member of the heavenly host of Hollywood's second-guess stars!

And we'll observe the didoes of young Haydon with interest as we remember the other members of the club. We shall think of Mr. Clark Gable, Pride of Cadiz, Ohio, who was for so long Hollywood's little pet football. Whenever the wise men of the west wanted to kick the gong around, they sent for Clarkie.

He was drop-kicked from lot to lot, until someone at Metro, after a good lunch, thought it might be smart to revive the sock-in-the-jaw school of Great Movie Lover. Clark was summoned from the back lot, where he had been taking a nap to forget about eating. They pinned back his flap ears, fixed his toofies, taught him to scowl with love and to kiss like a vacuum cleaner. Gable should now be president of The Second-Guess Club.

We shall remember a little girl named Harriet Lake from Broadway musicals, who sat around the Metro lot for months, only rising to pose for publicity pictures when pretty legs were needed in the name of cinematic art. Suddenly, after a spell on Broadway, she came back to Hollywood, was grabbed by Columbia, given a new name, Ann Sothern, and a new set of golden bangs, and has hardly had a day

off since. Hollywood re-discovered her.

Now this gorgeous second-guess leaps from lot to lot with the greatest of ease, and such pictures as "Eight Bells," "Folies Bergere," and "Hooray for Love," in which she toils, lap each other all over the landscape.

Bette Davis was a sad sight in Universal days—an able maiden badly turned out and cast in the silliest films that ever turned the tummy of a professional wrestler. An inspired soul at Warner's rebuilt and polished her, gave her some suety parts—and now a thousand Davis fans leap from high places because the golden girl didn't get the Academy award for 1934. "Of Human Bondage" was the film. There was a second-guess, fortified with plenty horse-sense!

We need hardly pause to mention the glorious Grace Moore, the ten best sopranos of Tennessee—eased gently out the postern gate by M-G-M, only to be shot to fame by Columbia in—what was that picture?—oh yes—"One Night of Love."

Another RKO muff was Nelson Eddy, but Metro grabbed him on the second bounce, and "Naughty Marietta" set the girls of the world a'sighing over his manly charms.

At this point let me scotch, once and for all, the legend that M-G-M fumbled the great Fred Astaire when he was buried in Joan Crawford's "Dancing Lady," and that his escape to the RKO stockade followed.

The truth is that he was under contract to RKO at the time, and was loaned to Metro while his first film for his own company was in the story-conference room. Good old snapping Leo has some bad guesses marked against his venerable whiskers, but Astaire is not one.

On the other hand, it was Leo who took charge of the destinies of Myrna Loy, after that copper-haired, freckle-nosed Montana belle had spent a young lifetime in absurd oriental cutie rôles. That was one of the finest second-guesses Hollywood ever made.

And it is in this fast and tricky company that Julie Haydon now finds herself. Once more a major film company means well by her. Again she's on the movie payroll, with her fate in the hands of the giddier gods.

And it all depends on so little! The faintest breath can make or bust these second-guesses. The perfect rôle at the precise moment. The judgment—even the airiest whim—of a director. With the breaks, they shoot up; without them, they slip into the shadows.

Rated on her work in "The Scoundrel," gallant little Julie Haydon richly deserves her second guess. She's an artist from her heels to her back hair. Let's hope she joins the reel immortals who died in Hollywood—and rose again!



# Evolution of a Platinum Blonde

Continued from page 14

become a fan writer, and if you take my advice, selling china in Macy's basement is far more restful and conducive to longevity, you will learn to your amazement that inevitably a star's breakdown and a deadline assignment will coincide every time. So what was I to do? Especially as I had boasted to Delight Evans many a time that Jean and I were just like that. So I sent an S.O.S. out, via Western Union, which said, "Could you carry on for dear old alma mater?" and it seems that Jean, grand sport that she is, could and did. On Friday afternoon, the first day she had had off in eight weeks, she dragged her aching bones, her croupy croup, her beautiful body, and her make-up poisoning down to the cute little red bar in her Holmsby Hills home, drained a glass of tomato juice, and said, "Liz, make me a sentence with Seattle in it." I couldn't, so Jean said, "Let's go to the theatre and see Ethel Barrymore." Now that's the reason I am nuts, completely pecans, about Jean Harlow.

Well, an evolution's got to start somewhere, and I suppose the first interview Jean and I had in New York five years ago is as good a starting place as any, especially as it was only a few weeks before that an enterprising press agent had dubbed Jean the Platinum Blonde. Still grouching about wasting my time, though heaven knows I had plenty of it to waste, I followed Tess to a suite at the Ambassador Hotel and fairly fell in Jean's arms trying to avoid an avalanche of roses and orchids from New York's chipper mayor. Jean was pleased with the flowers, she was pleased that I had noticed the mayor's card, she was pleased that she could say, "Waiter, bring tea" six stories above fashionable Park Avenue in one of New York's swankiest hotels—in fact Jean was getting a big kick out of everything and so pleased with life in general that soon her exuberant pleasure became contagious and the next thing I knew I had forgotten my sneers and was telling Jean about New York's skyline—which was ruthlessly breaking the interviewing code, as "How do you like New York's skyline?" was considered a hot ice-breaker with visiting celebrities in those days.

As a novice in the Hollywood star racket Jean made two horrible errors that afternoon: she served tea, and she allowed her mother to sit in on the interview. But after Mrs. Bello's swell contribution about Jean's rebellion against long drawers I forgave her for being a mother; and after Jean suddenly, and to her great surprise, found an old bottle of brandy under the bed in the next room and somewhat shyly suggested that some people liked brandy in their tea and perhaps I was one of them, I forgave Jean for serving tea. I don't know whether it was Jean's fine old southern hospitality or the brandy's fine old bouquet but I must have waxed very enthusiastic over New York's night life; for they insisted that I must show them a little that very night—they who could have had a mayor, or a chamber of commerce, or A. C. Blumenthal.

Jean had to make a personal appearance at the Criterion, which she did with a poise and a beauty and graciousness that utterly endeared her to the audience; and after that we found ourselves, not at the gilded Ritz, but at Coney Island cavorting around like a bunch of kids at a picnic. The Platinum Blonde went for a hot dog smothered in onions, and on a dare did away with a second and third. She was the first to hop on the roller coaster, and the last to leave the shooting gallery, which accounted for the fact

that we had two pooches, a Dutch clock, a set of china, a bird cage, two rag dolls and an Armour ham to take back to the Ambassador in the cab that night. Whoops, my dear, if you could have seen the door-man's face!

Well, I don't know what you call it, but as an interview I called it a wow, and as I washed the mustard from behind my ears and combed the popcorn out of my hair I decided that a swell gal like Harlow was bound to go a long way in pictures, and that in my modest little manner I would help her all I could. In fact I became such a rabid Harlow fan that if I even suspected that anyone was about to belittle my pet I simply tore them in shreds and threw them to the lions.

But what was Jean like in those days, before the evolution of the Platinum Blonde set in? (Ohmygosh, I mustn't forget the title of this story.) She was nineteen then with the loveliest complexion, the clearest eyes, and the most exotic hair I have ever seen, and she had a penchant for green sports dresses and glove-fitting white evening gowns that made men go mad. She was the most accommodating budding movie star ever to hit New York, and nothing was too unimportant for her to do. She played benefits no end, she appeared on anybody's radio program, she gave interviews to people who hadn't written a line since they copied "Honesty is the best policy" twenty times on the third grade blackboard; why, she even sold apples in Times Square to aid the unemployed. I don't know how her vitality kept going, but go it did, and never once did I hear Jean mutter or complain that she was being imposed upon. Some of us tried to tip her off that she was being taken advantage of. "Jean," we said, "they're making a sucker of you. Most of those people don't count. They're just getting something for nothing." "Oh, no," said Jean, "they could have Beatrice Lillie, or Gloria Swanson, or Ethel Barrymore, but they want me. And I'm awfully pleased to be wanted. And besides, it's such a little thing to do for anybody."

So Jean kept on doing "little things" for people like talking at benefits, laying a cornerstone in the Bronx, opening a millinery shop in Brooklyn, smashing a bottle of champagne on an old scow, and appearing at any theatre or broadcasting station in town whose manager would take the trouble to call her number. That was Jean's



Karen Morley and Mickey Rooney, two of the screen's best bets, in a scene from "The Healer."

chief fault then, she couldn't say "no." (Speaking of calling her number, my pet joke on Jean has always been the morning I called the Ambassador and asked to speak to Miss Harlow, and was connected with the boiler room. After that I definitely knew that Jean was hot stuff.)

Life to the Harlow in those dear distant days of 1930 was quite a simple matter. She knew she had become sensational quite by accident, she didn't think her success would last longer than the third run of "Hell's Angels," and everything was a lark and everybody was her friend. As one writer aptly expressed it, "Jean Harlow is like a month-old puppy. She is impulsive and playful and eager to make friends with everyone." If Jean had been more discriminating with her choice of friends she would have saved herself a lot of anguish later. But it just wasn't in her nature to be cautious. Jean, alas, is one of those rare idiots who sees only the good in people.

Jean's idea of a grand vacation is a fishing trip, and every chance she gets she rents a boat and takes her mother and a few friends deep-sea fishing off the coast of Mexico. She is a fad addict of the first water: one week she will go simply mad over crocheting, and the very next week she will become ecstatic over basket-weaving. She can never talk seriously to friends; the better she knows you the more insane her conversation becomes—it is the interviewer who is meeting her for the first time who gets the best story. She adores pajamas, and hates dress-up clothes, and refuses to go shopping, so her mother has to buy everything for her. She never "tells people off" when they make her mad or hurt her feelings; she simply closes up like a clam and starts peeling off finger-nail polish—her one display of nerves. She loves Angora cats, has several of them, and likes to drive a car and write letters. She's usually among the last to leave a party because she always has a grand time, and if you want to make her utterly happy just let her slump down in a chair, prop her feet on another chair, and tell stories—it may not be glamorous, but it's comfortable. She considers one of her best friends to be a chef at a hotel in Kansas City where her mother used to take her to luncheon every Saturday when she was a school kid—he'd always bow quite low to her, making her feel terribly important, and inquire, "And what will Moddom have today?"

When I received the assignment to do "The Evolution of a Platinum Blonde" it had been some time since I had interviewed Jean, though of course I had seen her casually at parties from time to time. I expected to find her greatly changed from the exuberant Harlow of the "Hell's Angels" days. There had been tragedy in her life, unkind publicity, sorrow, bitter disappointment, despair, and malicious lies from people she had befriended; and I was sure that by now the carefree girl I had once known must have developed into rather a hard, cynical woman. But to my surprise I discovered that Life is still a simple matter and quite a lark to Jean, that she still thinks that she is a movie star by the sheerest accident, and that she will be completely forgotten at the end of her next picture so why get all worked up about things. Hardly had Jean slumped down in her chair, propped her feet, and exhibited with pride the handkerchief she is hemstitching for Bill Powell, (the fad's hemstitching this week), than I realized that her attitude hasn't changed one bit. There's that same infectious gaiety, that same impulsiveness, that same trust in peo-



ple, and that same desire to co-operate with everyone.

"Have I changed?" Jean pondered a bit after I had explained to her about "The Evolution of a Platinum Blonde." "Why, of course, I have, Liz. I can eat five hot dogs with onions now instead of only three, and the last time I went to Ocean Park I brought back two hams, and I don't mean actors. Oh, don't look like that—you know I can't be serious with anyone I know. If I said

anything seriously you'd rib me about it for months. Come on, now, and help me think up something snappy to say at a benefit next week."

"Benefit?" I shrieked, "Jean Harlow, I told you five years ago to give up benefits. Let somebody else be the sucker sometime. Already by actual count you have appeared at ten benefits and five free radio programs this year. Jean, you're a sap."

"Oh, no," said Jean, quite seriously, too.

## Ask Me!

By Miss Vee Dee



Two former "Greats" who return to films in "Black Sheep." Florence Turner and Rhea Mitchell, who played leads opposite William S. Hart. Standing behind the actresses is Director Allan Dwan, their friend through the years.

*Betty Jane S.* Do I ever meet Cary Grant at the Cocoanut Grove? That would be telling and I promised not to reveal any Cocoanut secrets. Cary doesn't give his age, but he was born on January 18 in Bristol, England. His family name is Leach; his grandfather, Percival Leach, was a successful English stage actor who spent his life-time in the theatre. Cary is 6 feet 1 inch tall, weighs 172 pounds, and has black wavy hair and dark brown eyes. He was married on February 9, 1934, to Virginia Cherrill. Sorry—now divorced. He has a fine baritone voice, and here's hoping the producers will give us a chance to hear him lift his voice in song or words to that effect. In "Ladies Should Listen," he played opposite Frances Drake. In "Wings in the Dark" with Myrna Loy and Henry Wilcoxson, the English actor who played with Claudette Colbert in "Cleopatra."

*Helen W. B.* You have such a coaxing way with your request that I cannot resist. Though I have broadcast recent information about your favorite, Lanny Ross, here goes for another blurb. He isn't in love with *Mary Lou* of the *Showboat Hour*—that's all in the script. He hasn't bought the ring yet as far as I know but they say there is a lovely lady in the offing. Lanny was born in Seattle, Washington, on January 19, 1906. He is 6 feet 1½ inches tall, weighs 165 pounds and has blue-grey eyes and medium brown hair. I'm safe in saying his chief pastime is singing.

*Mrs. M. A. L.* So you admire John Boles and his singing voice in far-off

Africa. John appeared in "Music in the Air" in which he sang several numbers. He co-starred with Loretta Young in "The White Parade" and appears with Dixie Lee in "Red Heads on Parade."

*Kay Tee.* Binnie Barnes is an English actress who created a very favorable impression in "There's Always Tomorrow" with Lois Wilson and Frank Morgan. Ronald Colman's latest release was made under the 20th Century-United Artists banner, "Clive of India." Loretta Young is his leading woman in the film. Ronnie's next picture will be "A Tale of Two Cities."

*Inez B.* It would be hard to believe that all the stars' pictures sent to the fans are personally autographed but it's grand to get the pictures even without the personal signatures, don't you think? Tom Brown is getting some good rôles these days and are we glad? He was born in New York City about 21 years ago. He has brown hair, blue eyes, is 5 feet 10 inches tall and weighs 150 pounds. Among his more recent pictures are: "Bachelor of Arts," "Judge Priest," in both of which he appeared with Anita Louise; "Anne of Green Gables;" "Black Sheep," and his next will be "Annapolis Farewell."

*Dolores F.* Where are the stars of by-gone days or yesteryear? Well, Thomas Meighan makes a picture now and then. His last was with Jackie Cooper and Jackie Searl in "Peck's Bad Boy," released during the past year. Clara K. Young hasn't made a film for some time. Estelle Taylor's last picture was "Street Scene."

"I'm flattered that they want me when they could have Joan Crawford, or Carole Lombard, or Mae West. And besides, it's such a little thing to do for anybody."

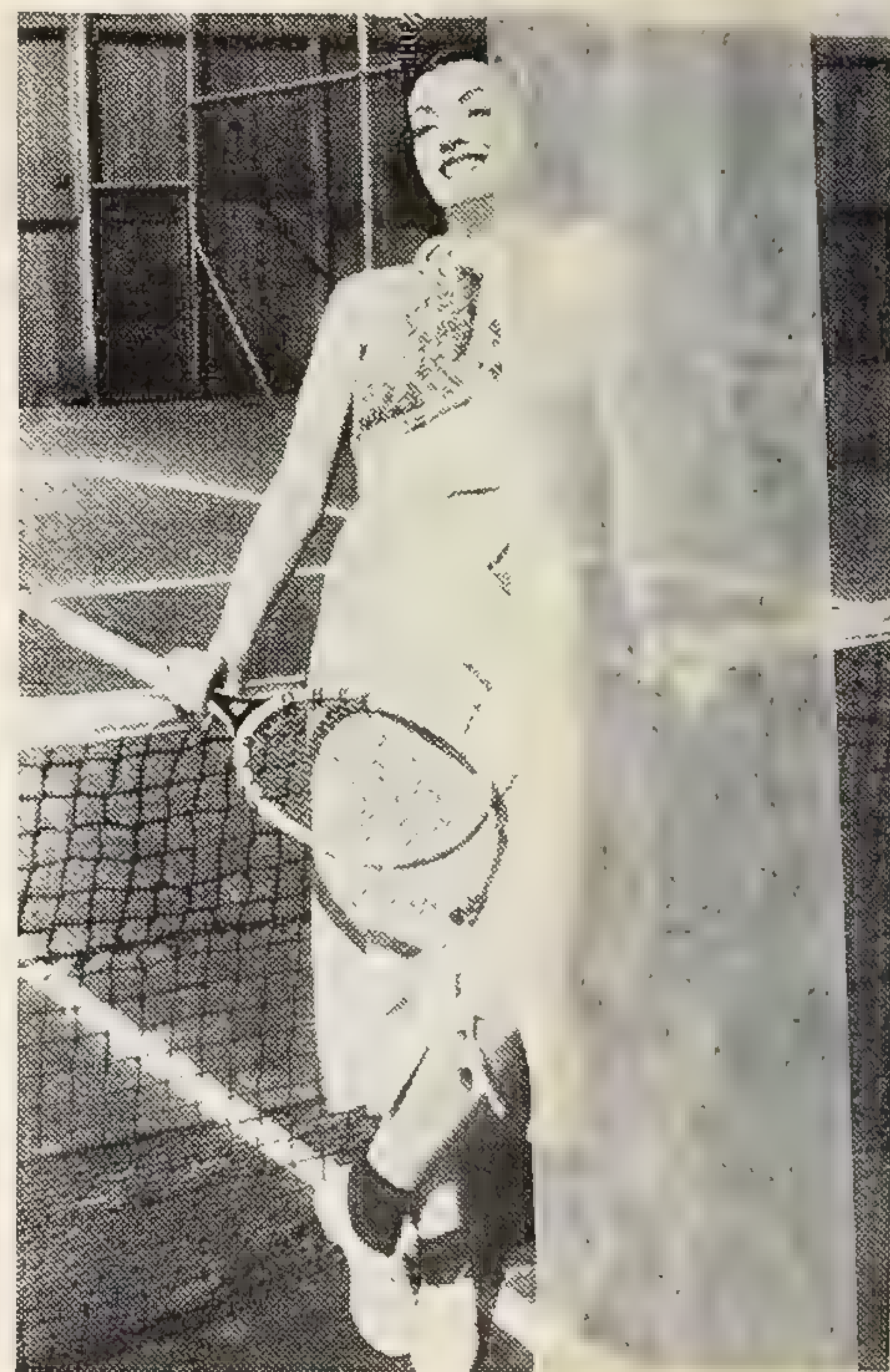
"So help me, Jean, you really haven't changed a bit," I mourned, "whatinheck am I going to do about 'The Evolution of a Platinum Blonde'?"

"Better wire Delight that nothing ever happens in the Grand Hotel," was Miss Harlow's contribution to my dilemma.

*Dorothy S.* Norma Shearer was born in Montreal, Canada, on August 10, 1904. She was married to Irving Thalberg on October 6, 1927, and their son, Irving Jr. was born August 24, 1930. Norma's first screen appearance was in 1920, in a small part in "The Stealers."

*Old Timers.* After breaking several pairs of glasses looking for the "Broken Coin" and "The Red Circle," two serials of 15 or 20 years ago, I've found every kind of coin and circle but the above. I have a number of films in which Pearl White appeared, so if you shuffle these around a bit you may be able to find the ones you want. One of Pearl's outstanding serials was "The Perils of Pauline," then came the "Elaine" series, followed by "The Iron Claw," "The Iron Ring," "Pearl of the Army," "Hazel Kirk," "May Blossoms," "New York Lights," "The Black Secret," "The White Moll," "The Thief" and "Plunder."

*Jean B.* After hearing Nelson Eddy on the air, it was a treat to see him on the screen in "Dancing Lady" with Joan Crawford, Clark Gable and Fred Astaire. Sorry I haven't a picture of Nelson to send you but why not write to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and ask for one? Nelson appeared in "Student Tour" and with Jeanette MacDonald in "Naughty Marietta," adapted from the Victor Herbert operetta.



Conchita Montenegro designed her tennis costume she's wearing—made of silk-wool sackcloth. Cool!



*That wonderful day on the river*



● How precious a simple snapshot can be . . . Don't take chances with pictures that mean so much. Your camera—any camera—is better when loaded with Kodak Verichrome Film. Verichrome gives you the true expression, the naturalness. Your snaps turn out just the way you've always wanted them. Always use Verichrome and be sure . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

**This day will never come again—  
save it with snapshots**





## "DOUBLE-QUICK" REDUCTION

During the  
**SUMMERTIME**



## REDUCE

**YOUR WAIST and HIPS  
3 INCHES in 10 DAYS**  
with the **PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE**  
...or it will cost you nothing!



"**I** REDUCED MY HIPS 9 INCHES,"  
...writes Miss Healy... "I reduced from 43  
inches to 34½ inches"... writes Miss Brian...  
"Massages like magic"... writes Miss Carroll  
..."The fat seems to have melted away"...  
says Mrs. McSorley.

■ So many of our customers are delighted  
with the wonderful results obtained with  
this Perforated Rubber Reducing Girdle  
and Uplift Brassiere that we want you to  
try them for 10 days at our expense!

### Massage-Like Action Reduces Quickly!

■ Worn next to the body with perfect  
safety, the tiny perforations permit the  
skin to breathe as its gentle massage-like  
action removes flabby, disfiguring fat with  
every movement... stimulating the body  
once more into energetic health!

### Don't Wait Any Longer... Act Today!

■ You can prove to yourself quickly and  
definitely in 10 days whether or not this very  
efficient girdle and brassiere will reduce  
your waist and hips **THREE INCHES!**  
You do not need to risk one penny... try  
them for 10 days... at no cost!

**SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!**

### PERFOLASTIC, Inc.

Dept. 738, 41 EAST 42nd ST., New York, N. Y.  
Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and  
illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift  
Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and  
particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Name \_\_\_\_\_

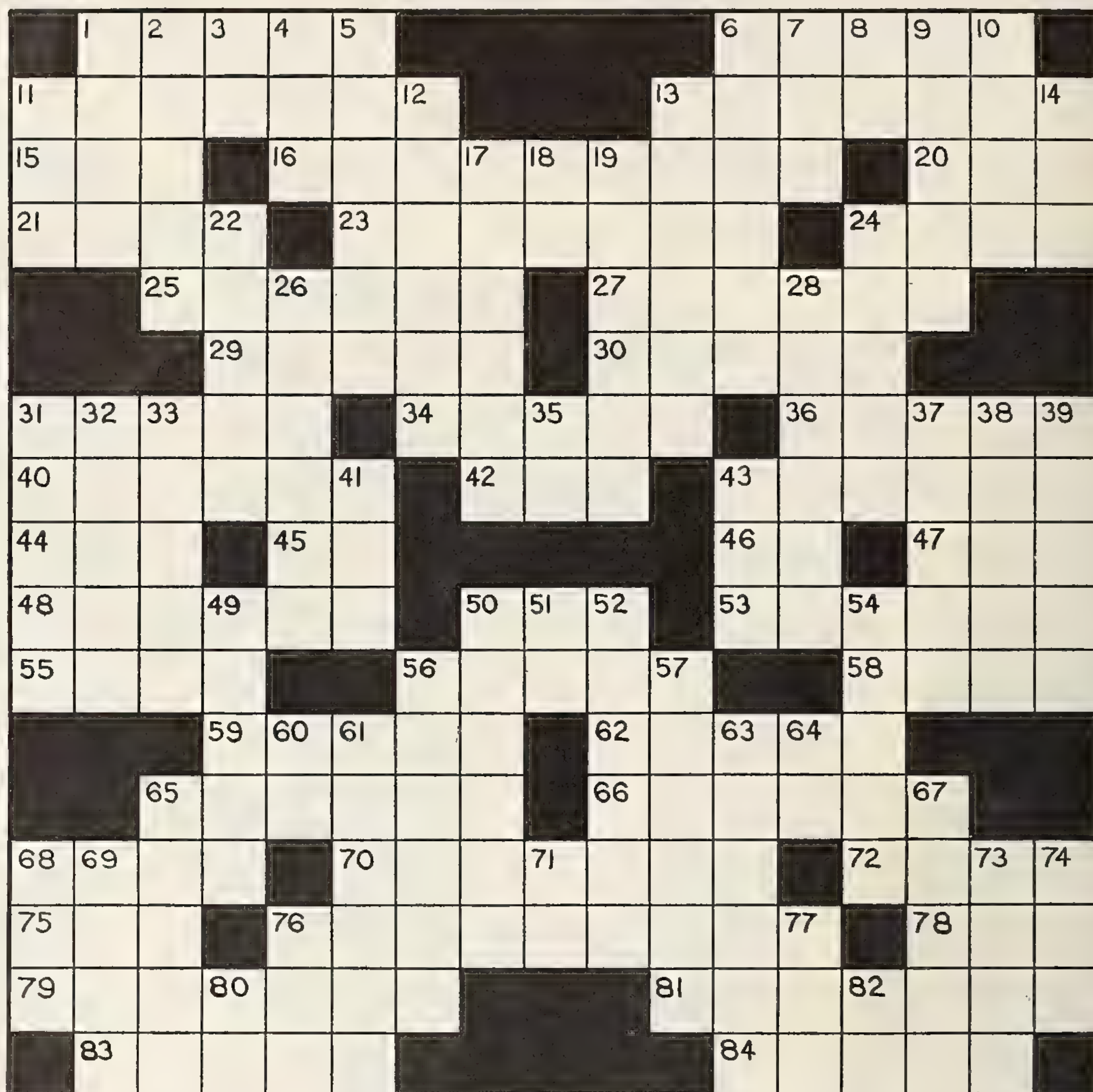
Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Postcard

## SCREENLAND'S Crossword Puzzle

By Alma Talley



### ACROSS

1. Co-star of "One More Spring"
6. A famous movie baby
11. Mrs. Cedric Gibbons
13. Movies, in England
15. Something actors do in dinner party scenes
16. Most stars are this by nationality
20. What the hero feels toward the villain
21. Enough (poetic)
23. To foretell
24. Famous volcano
25. Kind of rock (plural)
27. Slow-moving shelled creatures
29. She plays the Russian Princess in "Roberta"
30. Relates
31. The new British leading lady from Tasmania
34. When the movie is good you — it
36. Catalogues
40. The East
42. Sharp rock
43. To boil
44. Hurried
45. One
46. Bone
47. Part of to be
48. What an assistant director does
50. Drunkard
53. Put away for future use
55. Necessity
56. Small sardine-like fish
58. Employs
59. River bank
62. To change setting, as jewelry
65. Prevailing system of government
66. Less original, like some movie stories
68. Troubles
70. Barthelme, Arlen, Cromwell
72. Bones
75. The ex-Mrs. Harry Bannister
76. Babbie, in "The Little Minister"
78. What slap-stick comedians used to throw
79. Leakage
81. Section
83. Rowdy brawl (slang)
84. Leading lady in "Clive of India"

### DOWN

1. Star in "Forsaking All Others"
2. Contraltos
3. Word unknown to a yes-man
4. Historical period

5. The screen's "Little Colonel"
6. In direct line of decent
7. Printers' measures
8. Jeanette MacDonald sings this practicing her scales
9. Leaves out
10. What your sweater is made from
11. Mrs. Joel McCrea
12. Peaceful
13. Star of "Devil Dogs of the Air"
14. The background for a navy picture
17. Take offense
18. Exists
19. Bean from which medicine is made (ugh!)
22. During
24. Famous mimic (mostly of vaudeville)
26. Enclosures for sporting events
28. Sickest
31. Co-star of late Marie Dressler
32. Rub out
33. Wash lightly
35. Hepburn's rôle in "Little Women"
37. What all extras hope to become
38. There are this many Barrymores acting
39. What flowers grow from
41. High explosive (abbrev.)
43. Signal of ship in distress
49. What a star does between pictures
50. What talkies brought to the screen
51. Conjunction
52. Hot-tempered person
54. External
56. Non-Aryan, descendant of Shem
57. Stage and screen star (*Magnolia* in stage "Show Boat")
60. For example (abbrev.)
61. A shrew
63. Star of "Behold My Wife"
64. And, in a French version
65. Star, now dead, made famous in "The Big Parade"
67. To mature
68. Has been
69. Aces
71. Exclamation
73. Our favorite crooner ("Here Is My Heart")
74. The background for filming a picture (interior)
76. Crazy —
77. Conceited actors have lots of this
80. Liquid measure (abbrev.)
82. Greek letter



## Creating the Color Craze

Continued from page 19

the technicians—there is what I choose to call 'multiple production.' That is, the gifts of perhaps ten unexcelled geniuses in their respective arts are at the disposal of a fine star. Take Miss Shearer. Her flawless perfection is the expression of the finest hairdressers, make-up artists, masseurs, designers, authors, dialogue writers, interior designers, directors, cameramen and what-not. She is, coupled with her intrinsic personality, a masterpiece of co-operation, as are all the other fine stars. And women may appropriate much of this valuable research for themselves.

"Constance Bennett, Joan Crawford, Dolores Del Rio and the other more colorful leaders of fashion for their groups will gain in glamor; for, in color films—no matter in what film or who designs it—an interesting star of repute will look *more* beautiful, more fascinating. (One does not give a child black and white toys to play with, does one?) Women, everywhere, will learn their 'types' and discover a great deal about how to make the most of their own possibilities. Eye shadow, lip rouge, eyebrow pencilling, sun-tan make-up, and no make-up at all except vivid lipstick will be carefully studied and developed *personally* by women whose type runs parallel to a given star.

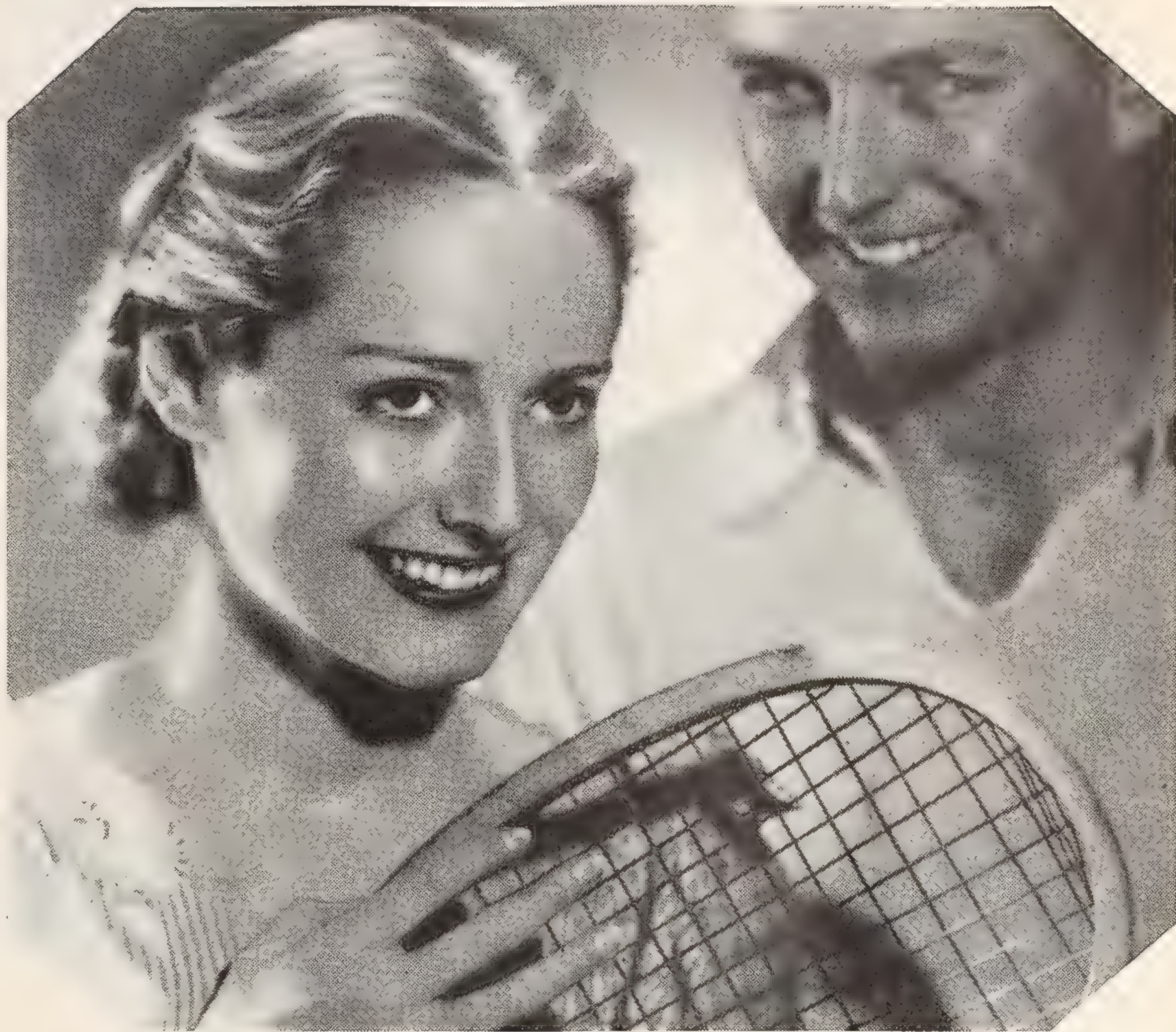
"How should a blonde dress, you ask, what colors should she effect? That I cannot tell you. Show me the blonde! A blonde might fall into the little kitten category whose personality is best expressed in pale blue; but she might also be a blonde who hides a bottle of anisette under the sofa when you come in, along with a volume of Proust. There can be no general rules for blondes and brunettes, as such. It is type, plus color, which confirm the definition of personality as 'being individual.'"

Marion Davies, whom Mr. Jones knows very well, will, he says, be "perfection" in the new color films with her lovely blonde pink-and-white beauty, her infallible regard for clothes and jewels. Just as the Joan Crawford-Letty Lynton dress created a vogue, and the Garbo pill-box hat reverberated to the farthest corners of the country, just so will the color schemes of Joan and Greta in future films create new ideas for women who pattern themselves on those stars whose coloring and personality they nearest approach.

What possibilities! Can't you just see new sensational gowns, jewels, flowers in Garbo Grey and Mauve Mae (West) to say nothing of Bennett Beige, Crawford Creme of Gardenia, and Hepburn Heliotrope? Already Mr. Jones has created *Becky Sharp* blue, a lovely live hue to match the glory of Miss Hopkins' very blue eyes. It is a fascinating color and, if my personality were Barriish and my eyes blue as the lovely Miriam's, off I would be for a new frock or negligée in this so-lovely color which is not so blue as delft and not so violet as periwinkle. I've seen it, for Mr. Jones treated me to some preview scenes from "Becky Sharp;" and—well, you *must* see it for yourself!

Just as costumes are going to be greatly affected by color films, so also will be the "settings" for those clothes. The dinner scene in "Becky Sharp" showed the most beautiful detail in design, texture, and of course, color. For instance, the Chippendale furniture, the Crown Derby china, the Waterford glass, and the lovely Sheffield silver took on new importance. Grand means and the means of the great n

## Does he ADMIRE YOUR HAIR in a "CLOSE-UP"?



*Don't let OILINESS, or wispy DRYNESS cool his ardor. Cultivate the beauty of your hair with the correct shampoo for its special type*

### OILY HAIR wants

this shampoo

Packer's *Pine Tar* Shampoo is made especially for oily hair. It is gently astringent . . . tends to tighten up flabby oil glands and regulate the flow of oil to your hair.

Such a nice, quick shampoo, too! Such snowy lather . . . so gentle . . . so easy to rinse! It is very simple to wash your hair with Packer's *Pine Tar* Shampoo often enough to keep it shining, soft and fluffy.

### DRY HAIR

should have this

Packer's *Olive Oil* Shampoo is a corrective beauty treatment for dry hair. It is made especially for this purpose. In addition to olive oil, it contains soothing, softening glycerine. Dry, flyaway hair responds gratefully . . . gains gloss and silkiness.

Packer's Shampoos are absolutely safe. They are made by the makers of Packer's *Tar Soap*—specialists in hair care for over 60 years.





jority who will see the picture, by *merely* seeing them women, nevertheless, will begin to realize the importance of striving for perfection; and, in time, just as clothing has been individualized by manufacturers, so will settings and furniture and glassware and china, and we will all become lovelier creatures, living in more gracious homes expressing impeccable taste and forming the just-right set-off for our personalities.

Brunettes vary as widely as blondes, so Mr. Jones says. "There is the tall, Grecian, statuesque type—a Junoesque creature—and there is the little, glowing brunette with the straight, shiny bob, who could no more wear what the other does than could a blonde. Therefore, I say, dress for your aura—your soul, that is.

"Let me take Garbo as an example of what I mean. When Garbo appears on the screen there is an entirely different 'feel' than when any other player comes on. Immediately one says: 'Here is a personality that is expressed in intelligence.' Garbo colors, therefore, are the image of Garbo which one receives when she enacts a rôle. What is that? Won't you agree that it is a remoteness, a coolness, a prophecy? One paints her mentally in subtle colors such as one might find in obscure Oriental paintings and tapestries, for the Oriental has known for hundreds of centuries the vagueness, the aloofness, the key to infinity, if you will, which the Occidental has yet to learn. At the Chinese rooms of museums one may discover what the East always has known and what the West has yet to learn. Study them.

"How would I dress Del Rio? In vivid, striking colors, for she is a vivid, striking personality with a dusky beauty. Diego Rivera should be better able to express her charm, for he would have a palette for her. In my belief she should have a Mexican color scheme influenced by American tonality."

And so, as you will see, it is wiser to select your own materials in the right textures and colors to fit *your* personality, and, as he says, have "Aunt Minnie run them up for you," than it is always to buy ready-made things that somewhere between tone and line over-ride or under-play your individuality.

"Women will begin to think, as they see a picture, of the right cut coupled with the



All ambitious beauties! These Warner starlets like school. Standing: June Travis, Nan Gray, June Martel. Seated: Maxine Doyle, Olivia de Havilland, Dorothy Dare.

right fabric. Let me tell a little story of a working woman with very little means. It seems she had some plaid material that was just right for her growing daughter. But it was considerably the worse for wear and she could not decide how to cut it so that the squares might fit. This consumed a great deal of her free time.

"One night her wealthy mistress offered her a ticket to hear Fritz Kreisler play. She was not much impressed, having had little experience with things cultural; but, being possessed of the ticket, she went. The music was soothing and gave her an opportunity to think in peace about just how

she should cut this plaid material, which was daily becoming more of a problem because of the fact that her daughter was rapidly shooting up.

"Finally Kreisler came to the end of his selection with a brilliant feat of ascending crescendo and then it all came to her. As with the notes, she would cut the plaid 'on the bias!'

"By which I mean to illustrate that doing things with materials will occur to the audiences who see color films. Paintings will be translated to fit clothes; and landscapes, seascapes, and the bright plumage of birds will suggest apt color effects. Films will not be just so much 'color,' as tonal expression. And in Hollywood they are in a position to make the most beautiful settings in the whole world, with such lovely women to work with—though all women may learn to be 'theatrical' in the sense of wearing things appropriate to the 'rôles' which they play in life itself!"

Mr. Jones wants to find a woman with two kinds of eyes—one blue and one brown. At the moment the only player who has such ambiguous oculars is said to be Colleen Moore—and perhaps, as sound made some of the silent stars bigger and better talking stars, color may mean big things for her. So, if you, too, are one of those fascinating creatures don't be disturbed. Take heart! For, as Robert Edmond Jones says, the new vogue consists not so much in expressing clothes in a few particular colors as enlarging and permitting expression in as many as possible. It is merely a pattern of color, an arrangement of colors, which makes the intriguing ensemble.

The finest thing which color might produce, in Mr. Jones' opinion, would be a version of Shakespeare's "Hamlet" with John Barrymore in the title rôle. It was Mrs. Jones, known to the theatrical world as Margaret Carrington, the singer, who taught and coached Barrymore in the stage version. Among other things she was responsible for the discovery of Margot.

The evangelical Jones repudiates a statement supposedly emanating from him that he never again intends to touch the theatre. He feels both stage and screen have now much to offer him—and, with "Becky Sharp," he will prove conclusively to you that, from him, they both have much to gain.

## For Beauty's Sake

Continued from page 52

real perfume, blended and aged in dilution, so you can spray or douse it all over you without being over-perfumed. It should always be applied direct to the skin. It gives you a personal fragrance that sifts through your clothes and stays with you right through the day.

Eau de Colognes are somewhat different, but also give you a grand feeling after the bath. A true eau de Cologne has a sweet and refreshing fragrance. At the same time, it has tonic qualities due to the blending of citrus oils—mainly bergamot, lemon, orange, neroly and some rosemary or lavender. The lasting qualities vary with different eau de Colognes, and one should remember this in making a selection.

Cooling drinks help you to look cool by feeling cool. The most cooling drinks are made with lemon or fresh lime. Letting cold water run on your wrists helps, too. The arteries are so close to the surface at your wrists that, by cooling the blood stream there, you get an effect that carries right through to the tips of your toes.

Of course I needn't tell you, (just re-

mind you), that you must be doubly careful to avoid unpleasant body odors in hot weather. A good perspiration check or under-arm deodorant will take care of most of you. Some may need a deodorant soap. Dusting powders are a big help to Summer daintiness, but be sure to select one with a fragrance that doesn't clash with the perfume you want to be the real expression of you.

Powder sprinkled into one's shoes has a way of saving stockings and preventing tired feet. If your feet become really painful from the heat, don't hesitate for a minute to use one of the medicated foot powders. They save a lot of discomfort and forehead lines!

Give very special care to your Summer face. It has a hard time when it's up against the sun! Tan is lovely on some faces, but don't forget it is drying. If you've gone in for tan in a big way, be lavish with your lubricants. You'll be glad you were when Fall comes around.

There are very few complexions that look their best without benefit of water. Soap and water cleansing always for the

oily or normal skin. Cleansing creams, yes, to take off the make-up, but a really good lather wash afterwards.

For dry skins, water soluble or liquifying cleansing creams are excellent. And you don't need to be afraid to douse your face with cold water after any cleansing cream. Cold water is one of the best astringents in the world, and it does things to refresh and brighten your eyes.

A very great aid toward perfect cleansing of the face is a little complexion brush, gentle but firm. It works the lather or cream into the pores, gets out impurities and removes the dead surface particles of skin that are no help to any complexion. You know, there are many layers of skin and the top one is the worst. Actually, we are constantly shedding our skin. The dead particles that remain on the surface, (unless we remove them), cloud the beauty of the skin underneath.

Use a lasting foundation and make-up that you've put on by daylight. Reflect cool beauty and you can be sure you'll be a refreshingly welcome sight to all who see you!



# Three Columbia Stars Reveal Hollywood's Beauty Secret

*Blonde, brunette, brownette, redhead!...  
here is a new make-up to emphasize the  
individual color attraction of your type.*

**W**HAT a thrill to see a new, a more beautiful, a more charming personality reflected in your own mirror. And this is what you may confidently expect with your own personalized color harmony in this new make-up created by Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius. For imagine how perfect it must be...each shade of face powder, rouge and lipstick actually created to flatter the beauty of famous screen star types.

## *Face Powder Creates a Satin-Smooth Make-Up*

As you may know, screen stars will entrust their beauty only to a face powder that adheres perfectly...so you may be sure Max Factor's Face Powder will create for you a satin-smooth make-up that will cling for hours. And the lifelike color harmony shade will actually enliven the beauty of your skin, creating an appealing loveliness that will delight you.

## *Rouge, Like Artist's Color Tones, Beautifies Naturally*

Actual lifelike color tones, that is the secret of Max Factor's color harmony Rouge...and you will discover the difference in the natural beauty it brings to your cheeks. Your correct shade harmonizes with your powder and complexion colorings...as you blend it, you'll note how creamy-smooth it is, like finest skin-texture.

## *Lip Make-Up that Lasts and Lasts*

Because it's moisture-proof, because it gives to the inner and outer surface of your lips the same alluring, beautiful color harmony tone...Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick is the one that keeps lips lovely for hours; yes, it is the lipstick that Hollywood knows will withstand every test.

**N**OW the luxury of color harmony make-up, created originally for the screen stars by Hollywood's make-up genius, is available to you at nominal prices...Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar...featured by all leading stores.



**MARIAN MARSH**  
In  
Columbia's  
"THE  
BLACK ROOM  
MYSTERY"  
using  
Max Factor's  
Face Powder



**FLORENCE RICE**  
in Columbia's  
"AWAKENING OF  
JIM BURKE"  
using  
Max Factor's Rouge



**TALA BIRELL**  
in Columbia's  
"AIR HAWKS"  
using  
Max Factor's Lipstick

## GENIUS CANNOT BE IMITATED . . .

*And it is Max Factor's name only, that assures you of true color harmony tones in Face Powder, Rouge and Lipstick. Remember... that the Award of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, and the Seal of Approval of Good Housekeeping Magazine, is recognition that must have been deserved.*

# Max Factor ★ Hollywood

SOCIETY MAKE-UP: Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick In Color Harmony

**FOR** personal make-up advice  
...and to test your own color  
harmony shades in powder and  
lipstick, mail this coupon.



**Mail for POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOR HARMONY**

MAX FACTOR, Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood:  
Send Purse-Size Box of Powder and Rouge Sampler in my color harmony shade;  
also Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. I enclose ten cents for postage  
and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 48-page  
Illustrated Instruction book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up"... FREE.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ 4-8-94  
STREET \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDE <input type="checkbox"/>
Fair <input type="checkbox"/>	Gray <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE <input type="checkbox"/>
Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE <input type="checkbox"/>
Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	LASHES (Color) <input type="checkbox"/>	REDHEAD <input type="checkbox"/>
Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	If Hair is Gray, check type above and here <input type="checkbox"/>
SKIN Dry <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE <input type="checkbox"/>	
Oily <input type="checkbox"/> Normal <input type="checkbox"/>		



## She Knew Clark Gable "When"

Continued from page



Salutes of the season by four of the screen's foremost! Virginia Weidler, David Holt, Baby LeRoy and Lois Kent, stage a noisy get-together.

those old stock days. Guess I still am pretty dumb as far as that's concerned!"

"Better be slower and surer, than to rush around wildly and blindly and get nowhere," I exclaimed, coming to the rescue. Clark shot me a grateful look. "An orchid to you for that one!" he grinned.

Soon the two of them were reminiscing again on all cylinders.

"Remember how your wife, (first wife, Josephine), came onto the scene one day?" smiled Betty.

"I DO!" Clark promptly answered. "It was the first day of our rehearsal and you and I were sitting in the usual little corner, waiting for our cue, when onto the stage she came—"

"Came in all her splendor," interrupted the girl. "She was all dressed in black and had a long—oh, an awfully long trailing gown—and in a very deep, extraordinarily dramatic voice and with exceedingly dramatic gestures, she delivered her lines. I had not seen this actress before—she had been newly hired and I learned afterward it had been unnecessary for her to be called in at previous rehearsals. So, I whispered in the well-turned Gable ear—well, what did I whisper?" she demanded, turning to the popular actor.

"Your exact words, I think, were 'Who in all this world of wonders is that Grande Dame?'" said Clark. "And I whispered back, 'Ssh, Betty, that is my wife!' which plainly flustered you; but you did, however, manage to ejaculate, 'Gosh—I didn't dream you had one of those—er—things!'"

"My reply was—'Oh, very much yes, and we had better be giving some attention to our lines and not whispering any more or we will hear from it pronto—both from the manager and the missus!' Incidentally, Josephine only stayed two weeks with our company."

"I don't suppose you remember the time you nearly swallowed your teeth, eh, Clark?" teased Betty. "Is that a dark secret in your life or shall I tell about it?"

"Go ahead and tell," smiled He-Man Gable with a shrug of broad shoulders. "I'm game."

So Betty told how Clark one day while right in the midst of his rôle, suddenly felt his "pet" bridgework loose and slipping around in his mouth! What could he do? Talk about your embarrassing moments—that was it, as far as Clark was concerned! He did just about all that he could do—he didn't want that bridgework

to hop right out onto the stage—so he clamped his jaws tightly together and proceeded to mutter his lines, as best he could, between clenched teeth.

"After the matinée," went on Betty, "he promptly headed for the dentist. Now, my mother happened to be a dental nurse of some reputation and knew dentistry from A to Z, so I took him to see her. He discovered his bridge could not be repaired immediately, and yet he had to have the missing teeth quickly replaced—so my clever mother fixed him up with some temporary teeth that he could wear that night. It was successfully done and no one ever knew the difference. That bridgework of Clark's is so perfectly done, it can hardly be detected even by a dentist today."

"I had no time for social activities at that period of my life," reflected Clark. "It was ten o'clock morning rehearsals, then a matinée performance, followed by the evening performance, and then study until 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning. Little was the sleep that I got—only 5 or 6 hours of it. I reckon my only 'social' hour was spent around the corner from the theatre each night after the show, when we would gather for a 'hamburger-and-cup-of-coffee.'"

"One thing I recall quite vividly," declared Betty. "During our second season—when I became ingénue—you came back to the company, too, and with the help of the leading lady, a Miss Brooke, you began presenting me with the contents of my new make-up box. I believe you gave me the largest box of cold cream I ever saw."

"Yes, I remember that," recalled Clark. "You were such a pert little kid we were glad to help you out and mighty glad to see you getting ahead."

"That make-up box was my proudest possession," she continued. "I still have it, of course."

"Got my old one, too," returned Clark.

"Betcha you haven't still got that little green roadster you sported?" Betty wondered with a smile.

"Nope. That went to Heaven—via junk heap! I picked it up, you know, for a song, and it was some song while it lasted. It was a Willys Knight and I was really lucky to have any car to ride around in, considering my previous hard-luck experiences. In that green tub we'd have many a nice ride to your home, wouldn't we, Betty?"

"Absolutely! I recall one evening it was raining awfully hard when we left the

show-house. My mother usually came after me and that night proved no exception. The three of us piled into the car and—away we traveled. I was scared stiff for fear we might skid on the wet roads; but Clark would only laugh, 'Oh, there's no danger at all!' Well, we reached home safely and quickly and I was so relieved that I blurted forth childishly: 'Thanks, old boy, for not giving me an accident! Some day I am going to buy you a great big stick of peppermint candy—that kind you like so well—for all your niceness to me!' That was his favorite candy of all," she told me. "He was crazy over those red-and-white striped peppermint candies."

"Still am!" Clark grinned. "And I'm still waiting for that great big stick of it you promised me on that wet, disagreeable night, Betty!"

"You'll get it one of these days," she promised with a laugh. "Even though you have got enough now to purchase for yourself a couple of peppermint candy factories if you wished!"

"Say, Clark," she went on after a moment. "Wasn't that funny when you thought you were shot?"

"Funny!" he cried. "Yes, I guess it was all of that, but it didn't seem so at the moment—it was quite a dismal time for me, that was!" Clark wrinkled up his brow. "Let's see," he began, "I was to stroll out onto the stage, speak a tense line, draw a small pistol from my hip pocket, and then fling my arms out and shout: 'Aha, FIVE-LEGGED COW FOUND IN IDAHO!'"

"Some part, eh? Well, I got started okay or thought I did, anyway, until I threw back my hand and reached for my gun—and then and there, right directly behind me, came a report which sounded to my poor ears just like a cannon going off! I gave a gasp and for one brief moment wondered—yes, seriously wondered if I was so bad that the stage manager had suddenly gone crazy and was trying to murder me right before the eyes of everyone before I could further spoil his durned old show!"

"What had really happened was this—that darned old pistol had somehow caught to the lining of my pocket, my hip pocket, and the cartridge had exploded. I had actually shot myself in the seat of the pants! The audience realized what had happened before I did and they rocked with laughter. As a dramatic player, I was becoming quite a remarkable comedian, though all unconsciously!"

"Well, you slayed 'em that night, Clark, if you never did before!" laughed Betty.

"Oh, I had lots of fun in my stock days," continued the screen's hero of today. "I was there in Houston for 37 weeks, I believe it was, saving enough to tackle stage fame in New York. I've played, too, in the Dakotas, Idaho, Wyoming, Montana, Oregon—nearly everywhere, I guess—sometimes in ten other times in opera houses. Sometimes I would get \$2.65 per week—sometimes as much as \$40; but I never worried much, for I was an actor! When a company would suddenly go 'bust,' I'd hop a freight and presently find myself in some other new place where there was a stock company, and eventually land a small part."

"I recall one time we went completely broke up in Butte, Montana. And, of course, it would have to be just before Thanksgiving! Well, we dined on hamburgers and thought it as good as any turkey we'd ever tasted—well, almost! All because, possibly, it was seasoned with





# How Mary Carlton, at forty, Discovered The secret of Health and Youth

*Despairing of ever feeling well again,  
life began for Mary Carlton the night  
she wrote for the "treatment of kings."*

MARY Carlton stretched out listlessly in the canvas lawn chair. She wished that John hadn't telephoned her to meet him at the club. She didn't want to play golf. She didn't want to do anything. She was tired. She wished that John would be a little more considerate about expecting her to come running out to the club, when he knew that she wasn't herself—hadn't been for a long time.

Mary closed her eyes. She hadn't been sleeping well, lately. Perhaps she'd be able to sleep a little now. She felt limp, unhappy. She hoped her head wouldn't begin to ache. What was the matter with her, anyway?

She heard voices . . . a minute later, the sound of three people settling down on the other side of the box-hedge, against which her chair had been placed.

Mary heard, "I'm sorry for her, of course. But I'm sorrier for him and the youngsters." The speaker was Martha Allen. Mary recognized the tones, instantly.

"What is it, hypochondria or just plain laziness?" That was Billy Reynolds.

"I don't think it's laziness. Lazy women grow fat, but don't age ten years the way she has in the last two." Anne Reynolds, Mary told herself, and realized that these were her best friends, hers and John's, and that she was eavesdropping shamelessly.

She thought that she had better call to them and make her presence known. She half-opened her lips to speak, and, then, the breath went right out of her, and she felt herself grow numb—sickeningly numb with astonishment and hurt. For, incredible as it might seem, it was she, Mary Carlton, whom they were analyzing so cruelly.

Quite distinctly, she heard Martha Allen say, "There's John Carlton, now, coming this way. John's such a swell person. Really, it makes me furious when I think of the kind of life Mary's leading him—lying about the house like a forlorn lump—forever worrying about her health—too tired to go anywhere with him or to do anything he wants to do. It's a shame when you think of the pal she used to be."

So that was what they thought of her. Mary could have wept with resentment and despair. It was so unjust—so heartless. How could they know what she was going through? Why shouldn't she worry about her health? Even if she hadn't been able to discover what was the matter, she knew that there was something the matter. Surely John understood that. But, did he? What if, like their friends, he didn't?

Suddenly, she knew how she could find out what John really thought. It would take all her strength and nerve, but she would do it. She forced herself to relax, to close her eyes and compose her features as if in a sound sleep. She heard John greet Martha and the Reynolds, heard him ask, "Where's Mary?"

She was lying perfectly still, breathing evenly, when they moved around the hedge

and discovered her. At John's exclamation, she opened her eyes, startled, and managed a yawn. She kissed John, and noticed the relief on the faces of the others when she greeted them, quite naturally.

"Tired, dear?" asked John, "If so, we can go home. I'm not so keen about playing, anyway."

John would never guess just how much Mary wanted to go home, at that moment. But somewhere in her she found the strength to shake her head, to say, "Don't be silly. I've just had a nap. I feel like playing. I feel like winning, today."

She thought John looked at her queerly. She smiled at him and slipped her arm through his. "Come on, old slow-poke," she urged, "let's get our clubs." They played three holes. Mary was aware that John was watching her intently all the time. She must appear to be having a good time, she told herself, desperately, otherwise the test would be worthless. And then John was saying casually, "Let's call it a day, Mary dear, I want to go home."

"Sure?" she bluffed.

He put his arm about her, protectively. "Sure," he said, and Mary knew that John did understand.

But the price she paid for the knowledge was heavy. Her whole body ached, and she felt weak and ill. John had to help her into the house. She felt like an invalid, when John and the children, fussing about her solicitously, made her lie down.

The radio was playing, but when they offered to turn it off, she told them to leave it on. She was glad of the distraction.



Guy Bates Post

Morton Downey

It was after dinner, when John had taken the children to the movies, that Mary Carlton heard the program that brought about such a miraculous change in her life. Morton Downey was singing, and at the end of one of his songs, Guy Bates Post began to talk about the famous health resort, Carlsbad in Czechoslovakia.

At first Mary listened idly, but when Post started to tell how, for six hundred years, people had gone to Carlsbad to find new health by drinking the curative waters of the celebrated Carlsbad Sprudel Spring, she found herself listening with rapt attention. Nature, Post explained, had put into those waters, not one or two, but nineteen health-restoring minerals. "Your body, to work perfectly," he said, "must eliminate its waste. When it fails to eliminate regularly and thoroughly, things begin to go wrong. The most frequent results are serious digestive disorders—hyperacidity, chronic indigestion, with their accompanying evils—sleeplessness, chronic headaches, complexion troubles, and often rheumatism, neuritis and arthritis.

"When any of these things happen to you," Post said, "don't make the most tragic of all mistakes; don't rely on preparations that only bring temporary relief. If headaches are constantly torturing you, if sleeplessness is destroying your peace of mind, sapping your strength; if you can no longer enjoy your food . . . it is time to take the Carlsbad Treatment, to get at the causes of your ailment and correct them."

"He has described my trouble exactly," thought Mary. "But how could I ever afford to go to Carlsbad? It's out of the question," she told herself gloomily. "It would cost hundreds of dollars." And, then, suddenly, she experienced the queer feeling that Post knew what she had been thinking and was talking directly to her, answering her very thought. For he was saying—

"Today, you no longer have to travel all the way to Carlsbad to take the world-famous treatment. For science has found a way to evaporate from the waters of Carlsbad all of the nineteen health-restoring minerals in exactly the same proportion as they occur in the waters of the Spring itself. Thus evaporated, the minerals form a salt, and are called Carlsbad Sprudel Salt. And with this salt, you can actually take the Carlsbad Treatment in your own home—enjoy its wonderful curative benefits—at a cost of just about three cents a day.

"And, now, friends," he ended, "I have a special message for you from Carlsbad. You may start on the Treatment free. If you'll just write Carlsbad, New York City, they will send you a supply of the health-giving minerals, without charge, together with the book, 'Carlsbad Brought To You,' which explains in detail the treatment for your ailment. So, write to Carlsbad, tonight."

For perhaps a half-hour, Mary went over in her mind what Guy Bates Post had said. She had heard of Carlsbad, the famous Spa, but she had never dreamed that one could take the treatment at home. It cost so little, too. Why, it would be criminal to go on being sick, miserable, when you could get well again for only three cents a day.

Mary had written and posted her letter by the time John and the children returned.

THE story of Mary Carlton is a true story. For obvious reasons the names given here are not the right ones. Today, Mary Carlton is a happy woman, in splendid health, after taking the Carlsbad Treatment. If you suffer from any one of the following ailments—Hyperacidity, Chronic Indigestion, Sleeplessness, Chronic Headaches, Complexion Troubles, Colitis, Auto-intoxication, Liver Sluggishness, Rheumatism, Gout, Neuritis or Arthritis—do as Mary Carlton did; write to Carlsbad and start on the Treatment, free. Correct the causes of your ailment, and you'll be well again. Get the book which explains the Carlsbad Treatment; and also get your free supply of Carlsbad Sprudel Salt—enough for three days—by simply filling in the coupon below, and sending it, today. Don't delay; your health and happiness are in this coupon. Send it, now.



free

CARLSBAD, 9 East 40th Street, New York, N. Y.  
Please send me the "Three Day Carlsbad Treatment," and the book  
"Carlsbad Brought To You." I understand that both are free.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

S-8



# No takers



**M**EN say of her, "Good looking. Good company. Nice Girl. But please excuse me."

Why?

There is just one reason. She's careless about herself! She has never learned that soap and water cannot protect her from that ugly odor of underarm perspiration which makes people avoid her.

She has nobody to blame but herself. For it's so easy, these days, to keep the underarms fresh, free from odor all day long. With Mum!

It takes just half a minute to use Mum. And you can use it any time — before dressing or afterwards. Mum is harmless to clothing, you know.

It's soothing to the skin, too. You can use it right after shaving the underarms.

The daily Mum habit will prevent every trace of underarm odor without preventing perspiration itself. Get into the habit — it pays socially. Bristol-Myers, Inc., 75 West St., New York.

## MUM



**TAKES THE ODOR OUT  
OF PERSPIRATION**



**ON SANITARY NAPKINS.** Make sure that you can never offend in this way. Use Mum!

charity. You see, it was this way: the show came to an abrupt end the night before Thanksgiving Day. An old lady in the company suddenly fell ill, so we took up a collection among ourselves to send her to her daughter in Detroit. When that had been done we checked our finances and discovered that there was just \$2.40 left between the bunch of us. We had to eat, naturally, so we went to a little hot-dog stand and I made a deal with the boss to feed all twelve of us for the \$2.40. It wasn't so bad as long as it lasted, only the eats didn't last long enough! It might have been worse, though—suppose there had been only 10 cents or so left between us!

"I guess most of the folks wired home collect for money the next day. But I—well, I did what was becoming quite a little habit—jumped an outgoing freight train!

"During my travels I played everything from *Romeo* one night to *Simon Legree* the next! In Portland, I joined a 'co-

operative' company where everybody shared the profits and I had visions of becoming a wealthy gent. Said visions, however, soon joined the big heap of other dead-and-buried visions of mine. One week, I did fourteen shows and got exactly \$1.30 for a sum total! The company was bound to go onto the rocks and it did, quickly. I then got a job in the classified advertising department of the *Portland Oregonian*. Later, I got another theatre job and when that ended, worked as a collector for the telephone company, thereby saving enough to get out of town and start for Los Angeles.

"I wouldn't trade those gone-by days of experience for anything, even if I could—and I always delight in wading back through 'memory lane' with anyone who 'knew me when'—and I especially like doing so when that person happens to be a charming young lady like my old friend, Betty Collier, or, to use her stage name, Beckie Kinard, here!"

## Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 7

and they served an entire Chinese dinner, bringing their own china, chopsticks and everything. It was the most delicious meal I've ever eaten! I wasn't very expert with the chopsticks, but I'm learning."

Ann's small patio table was spread with a softly plaided cloth in yellow and green; the dishes were of Laguna pottery, great flat plates, with cups and saucers, each one a different color, from green to henna, blue to yellow, so that the table looked like a crocus bed in bloom.

Ann leaned back in her rustic chair below the Madonna and child in its wall niche and looked at the rough walls of her house.

"When Leslie and I were wandering around Europe, we used to look at the houses we saw with the idea: 'Would we want one like that? Always we came to the conclusion that we wouldn't, until we reached the south of Spain. There we didn't care for the city houses, but the Andalusian farmhouses appealed to us tremendously. We loved the irregularity of the roof-tops, where the owners had built on here and there during the centuries the family had owned the house. The houses seemed ideal to us, but we never really expected to have one.

"Do you know," she raised her blue eyes wonderingly, "two years ago when we landed in California again, Leslie and I had just a hundred dollars between us? And now here we have this!"

She waved a hand to the house, standing in its walled gardens, the pool beyond the lawns, with its attendant dressing-rooms, the garages with the guest-houses, the walnut grove spreading tidy rows into the distance.

"We couldn't get the huge adobe bricks that they have in Spain, so we had to use the smaller ones they make here. These brick give character to a wall, we think, and the shadows are so lovely."

The house is white, with a light blue trim near the ground; the window sashes are yellow, and the roof is a warm red. The roof tiles are put on irregularly, to give the correct "feel" to the house. Every beam in the house is supported by steel that locks into the walls. The house is built to last, as its brother homes in Southern Spain have lasted. Some of the windows are of metal frame and glass in imitation of the ironwork used in Andalusian homes.

"It's so difficult to get really good iron-work here," mourns Ann, "that's why we haven't the gates we want yet. We have

Monterey wooden gates now, but they are temporary. One of these days we'll find iron ones, even if we have to go abroad for them!"

No trees were cut down to make room for the house.

"I'd have built the house around them, if there had been any here," Ann assured me. "But it happened that this was a clearing. We put in one tree, that olive tree beside the fountain. You've noticed our fountain? It's a copy on a small scale of the famous one in San Fernando Mission Gardens."

There, not the distance of a somersault from the house, is the fountain, two children holding up a huge fish between them.

"When we built the house and made the patio, we carefully walled in any trees that grew near," explained Ann. "That was to protect them so that cars couldn't hurt their roots or they be injured in any way. We've planted flowers around them now. Oh, don't you adore gardening? Leslie and I planted every flower on the place." Our idea of relaxation is to get up early and work in the garden until we're hot and tired, then jump into the pool for a swim and eat our breakfast outdoors.

"The other day, our delightful Chinese served a different fruit course for breakfast. I must tell you about it. It's called Log Cabin Salad."

### Log Cabin Salad

Peel and cut lengthwise four bananas. Place in orange juice for half an hour in the icebox, then put bananas on individual serving plates, log cabin fashion, and fill the centers with hulled, cleaned strawberries, also chilled in the icebox. Serve with French dressing, or whipped cream.

This time of year the young Fentons live outdoors, but their farmhouse is a unique sort of place, not large—it contains five rooms only, for the guest houses are separate and built across the patio.

The fireplace in the living room is a corner fireplace copied from a Spanish one more than five hundred years old. The furniture is all either genuine antique or excellent copies of famous pieces. For example, a table in the living room is a beautiful Italian original, worn smooth with age, while the hand carved desk is a copy of a Borgia poison chest. The poison chest is set next to the built-in bar which is the something of something, isn't it?



## Radio Parade

Continued from page 57

the tracks—just at the time the radio people reached him from New York with their proposition.

So Al came back to Broadway to remain, reluctantly, while Ruby Keeler and the Jolson heir-by-adoption went back to Hollywood. The air show featuring Al, incidentally, was scheduled to move to Hollywood before it did; but that was changed or at least postponed, when Warners threatened to bring Ruby on East to appear in the Annapolis picture opposite Dick Powell. Which goes to show you that it isn't geography that attracts and holds Al in any one place.

It is this department's notion that so far as the bulk of the radio shows are concerned you're better off getting it through a loud-speaker far out of sight of the doings themselves, than by attending a studio exhibition. But that doesn't go for Al Jolson. The old magic of his dynamic presence is there in everything Al does, and up to now, the films themselves have only rarely captured the magnetism he puts in every gesture. Why, even a Jolson rehearsal makes a good show—despite the fact that you usually find Al looking at his wrist watch and wondering if he can make the third race at Belmont.

The first two Jolson shows of his present series served to launch on the way to radio eminence a new blues singer named Benay Venuta—a name evolved from her given name of Benvenuta, which is the feminine for Benvenuto, bestowed by proud parents as a gesture to the first famous Cellini, because her mother's family bore that proud name. Al Jolson is credited with having put Benay on his first program. Be that as it may or may not be true, he certainly gave this statuesque blonde warbler of torrid tunes a great boost in his announcements of her numbers.

And is Miss Venuta a Jolson booster now! Dunt esk—it gets to be a long story as studded with praise as a keynote speech at a political convention. Benay is the girl whom the Columbia publicity people decided to broadcast literally, with a stunt that had Miss Venuta riding the skyways from Los Angeles, where she opened the network with the first appearance of the day, to Cincinnati, where she rushed to a mike and sang a tune, then hopped to New York to sing again on the final program of the day. Just why the broadcasters, who can throw a voice from here to the ends of the earth without spending any carfare for their artists, should have broadcast Miss Venuta in the flesh is something only a publicity department can explain.

Anyway, Benay found it a thrilling experience, in anticipation, at least. You'll be hearing much more of this new star if Columbia and Miss Venuta can help it. The girl is out to go places. She has, she says, been a victim of the itch to be in show business since she was a mere child, living in San Francisco with her family. She prevailed upon her mother to move to Los Angeles, and, determined to get on the stage, Benay talked herself into a job in the chorus of Grauman's Theatre—doing a walk-on in a mob in the Grauman prologue for "The Big Parade."

Later came radio, an engagement with a San Francisco station, and when that job blew up, Benay decided to go East. Things didn't go so well—night club engagements in the Middle West, but chiefly the discouraging word from those who marveled at her voice, that she was too large. Benay is about five feet seven inches without her French-heeled shoes on. But that was not



the main objection. So the gal did something about her poundage. Lost fifty pounds, and here she is—a tall, trim and very dashing person who can sing blues the way the radio people like them—and on her way.

While some of the radio fledglings come East, many of the radio stars head West from New York, and you screen fans are going to see a lot of your air favorites in the pictures this fall.

Jack Benny, with his troupe, including Frank Parker, Mary Livingstone, Don Bestor, etc., have been in Hollywood turning out their picture at the M-G-M studios.

There's something about pictures—could it be the money they offer these stars?—that makes the radio people go back on their word that their last film is going to be their last. Benny was pretty much discouraged about the results of his film made last Summer, but there he is back in Hollywood!

Fred Allen only a short time ago was telling us that he was turning down the movie offers because he needed a rest this summer. Yet Fred is due for United Artists' "Sing, Governor, Sing!" along with Phil Baker, Paul Whiteman and his band, Rubinooff and others of the radio realm.

Paramount's "Big Broadcast of 1935" will bring you radio people of high names in the halls of broadcasting, including Amos and Andy, Ethel Merman, Jessica Dragonette, Ray Noble and his orchestra, in addition, of course, to such doublers-in-



More glamor! Here's lovely Wera Engels, European star, now under long-term contract to M-G-M.

brass of both microphones and cameras as Bing Crosby, and Burns and Allen.

Nearly every company on the coast had a radio picture on the fire, but several dropped out from sheer exhaustion trying to sign up more stars than the other.

Universal so far contents itself with cap-

turing the very beautiful Dorothy Page, who has been hiding some of the fairest features ever assembled into one face behind a microphone in Chicago. Universal also has among its promising young leading men, young Mr. John King, a singer who was taken to the coast by Ben Bernie, and whom Bernie helped to land a place in pictures.

Rudy Vallee, of course, ("Sweet Music" turned the screen corner for Rudy after two strikes had been called on him), goes back to Warners to star in another elaborate feature. Warners also have a contract that calls for the services of James Melton in one feature—options attached, of course—but no definite plans have been set for Melton at this writing.

Lionel Stander, one of the stooges on the Allen shows up to the time Hecht and MacArthur put him in "The Scoundrel," appears to be a fixture in the films. Frances Langford, who went out to sing on the Dick Powell air shows, remains in Hollywood for radio, with picture work promising to become even more important to her.

There are others from radio heading for Hollywood—Ray Heatherton, and Everett Marshall, the latter already in the sunny studio clime, for example. But there are too many changes taking place for us to go on record as promising you that you'll see their pictures on the screen in the near future. Too many things can happen in Hollywood.

## Fields in Clover

Continued from page 51

quite figure out how the guy was taking it. He was giving no evidence of being bowled over, to be sure, but that might be just professional wariness.

The picture came to an end, the lights flashed on. Bill turned to his friend, who was eyeing him more in pained reproach than in anger. "Where's the custard pie?" he moaned. "Where's the love interest? Where's the water down the back?"

To cut an unhappy story short, the picture was shelved. "We were too good friends to agree on anything," Fields explains it. "We're as good friends now, and thank God, we don't have to agree."

Once more he took up his quest for work, trying to crash the movies in the most dignified possible manner and getting nowhere. He was ninety-eight miles from Hollywood one night, dining at a Santa Barbara hotel, when he found himself enveloped in a small, delectable whirlwind named Marilyn Miller. "Bill!" she squealed. "You're just the man I've been looking for. I'm doing a picture for Warner Brothers. Will you play my father?"

Bill rose and bowed his courtliest. "Madam," he replied, trying to make the huskiness of his voice sound like a gag, "though you may not be aware of it, you happen at the moment to be playing my fairy godmother."

The picture was "Her Majesty, Love." He got the job, but it was followed by more gruelling weeks of inaction, of waiting for phone calls that didn't come, of hope not only deferred but dying.

His guardian angel must have favored restaurants. In the Brown Derby one night Al Kaufman stopped at his table. "I evidently hadn't ordered enough food," says Fields, "or I looked half starved or something, because he told me to come down to Paramount, he thought he could use me."

"Down there Bill Le Baron took me in

hand. I'd known him in New York, so I took the liberty of bawling on his shoulder and telling him what I thought was wrong with my movie career, to date and inclusive. After all, I was no tenderfoot. I'd been entertaining people for thirty years. I knew what I could and couldn't do. I begged him to let me have my head and, Lord bless him, he did. So I turned in the best performance that was in me, and left the rest to Providence—with a little naggin' from me on the side. Anyway, I knew if I failed this time, I'd have no one but Bill Fields to blame."

Bill Fields and Providence both came through. "If I Had a Million" brought the fan letters pouring in; and Hollywood, so long a wall of stone, became Fields' oyster. He was signed to a three-picture contract with Paramount—a contract which stipulated that he should have a hand in the writing of his own pictures. "On account of rumors goin' the rounds," he informed me darkly, "that they were castin' me for the lead in 'Little Lord Fauntleroy.'"

"Twittin' aside," he continued, "you've got to fight for your own way in this game. And if you haven't the fight in you to fight for your own way, you're a gone coon. Only I don't want that to sound like a squawk, because I'm not squawkin'. Paramount took me on when my stock wasn't worth a plugged nickel. Bill Le Baron's a prince. And the rest of 'em are as kindly and reasonable a lot of guys as you'd meet anywhere. I like 'em, I'm grateful to them, and I feel at home here. But the fact remains that nobody knows you the way you know yourself—especially when you're an old warhorse like me, who's had his hoof on the pulse of audiences for years, and knows anyway what won't make 'em laugh, even when he's not so damn sure what will."

The telephone rang. "So they signed me for another year," he flung over his

shoulder as he went to answer it. "And now they're signin' me for another or a couple or four. And that, my poppet, is how your granddaddy met Napoleon at the battle of Waterloo and knocked him for a loop." He picked up the receiver and greeted his caller with a pleasant: "Hello, I'm goin' to kill you."

The world looks good to Bill Fields today. He works hard but he works at what he loves, and no man could ask more than that. Once on the set, he's in his natural element. Rehearsing a scene, he never says the same thing twice, but *ad libs* at will—a procedure generally frowned upon, but not with Fields—for they know that his rare instinct for the right word in the right place will lift many a scene out of the doldrums into high hilarity. His fellow-workers have trained themselves to rigid self-control, for the asides that slip endlessly from the corner of his mouth—except during actual takes—are more highly diverting than anything you'll ever hear him utter on the screen. His energy seems inexhaustible. Other actors rest between scenes. Fields makes for his dressing-room to work on the next sequence, exchanging amicable insults with the cameraman en route, waltzing a grip round the room, twirling a prop in fantastic parabolas, bellying for "Roderigo," who appears like a silent genie out of nowhere, bearing a hat or a script or a tall cool glass. And constantly from directors and writers and gagmen, it's: "What do you think of this, Bill?" and "We need a new line for that, Bill," and "The action here seems to sag a bit. How can we fix it up, Bill?" Bill is the hub and the moving spirit and the final court of appeal, and functions nobly in all three capacities.

Out in the San Fernando valley, he has built himself a sanctuary where, short of death and destruction, it's practically impossible to get him on the phone. He chose



that spot because, he insists, "the sun lingers longer there than in any other part of the valley. "Bill's such a big shot now," gibe his boon companions, "that the sun never sets at his house."

When he's not on a picture, he spends his mornings ambling about the grounds, armed with golf club and pruning shears, dividing his time between roses and practice shots and pondering a scene in his next picture. His stenographer arrives and he dictates the results of his pondering, then he shoos her away to go out and play tennis with whoever may show up. The afternoon is devoted to golf. "Then I go home and see how many cocktails I can drink before dinner, and the evening," he warned me sternly, "is my own." As a matter of fact, I happen to know that he spends many of his evenings with nothing more baneful than a book. No, he doesn't curl up with it, but he does read it—for his own good pleasure and edification.

And that, my poppets, is the story of how Fields became God's gift to Paramount and Paramount's gift to you. That's how it happens that you can sit in a darkened theatre today, waiting with gleeful expectancy for the first glimpse of his jocund countenance, his casual strut, for the first airy gesture and stentorian speech. He has only to appear, to start the snickers going. He has only to lift a hand or twitch a facial muscle to be greeted by irrepressible chortles and guffaws. He has only to launch upon one of his preposterous and interminable pieces of business, and the house is rocked by such a storm of mirth that full twenty lines of dialogue are lost somewhere in the shuffle. He's master of suggestion and king of the belly-laugh. It was a grand day for Paramount and for him when Al Kaufman stopped beside his table at the Brown Derby that night and offered him a job. And it was equally a grand day for the millions who, shortly thereafter, took up the chant "*We want Fields!*" and have been chanting it more vociferously, more fervently, more affectionately ever since.

## Find Miss Glory

### RULES OF THE CONTEST

1. Fill out coupon on Page 43, entering opposite the feature listed the name of the star you would select to supply that feature to make up the Composite Girl, and entering your name and address as provided on the blank. Then write not more than 200 words, telling why you selected the stars named by you; in other words, simply state why you think the nine stars you have nominated should be represented in the Composite Girl. Finally, you invent, or write, a title descriptive of Dawn Glory, the name of the Composite Girl. (More detailed information on this final step will be found on Page 43.) In selecting the nine screen beauties to make up the Composite Girl, you are not restricted to any particular stars. Use your own imagination as to how you could make a photograph of the most beautiful girl the screen could produce by blending in one picture the features of nine of Hollywoods most entrancing women.

2. This contest will close at midnight, July 24, 1935.

3. In event of ties duplicate prizes will be awarded.

4. Judges are: Mervyn LeRoy, famous Warner Bros. director; Charles Sheldon, noted artist; Delight Evans, Editor of SCREENLAND. Judges' selections of winners will be final.

5. Mail entries to: Marion Davies Contest, SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.



*Like a* **SHOWER** *on a* **HOT DAY**

—the cooling mild menthol in KOOL sets you up. Light one and refresh that hot, parched throat. There's just enough mild menthol to give the smoke a pleasant coolness, but the fine tobacco flavor is fully preserved. Cork

tips save lips. And a B & W coupon in each pack worth saving for a choice of mighty attractive premiums. (Offer good in U.S.A. only; write for illustrated premium booklet.) Ever tried KOOL? It's time to—and a good time, too!

### SAVE COUPONS for HANDSOME MERCHANDISE

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.





## B R I G H T

## EYE IDEAS



by  
Jane  
Heath

## SUMMER EYE-OPENERS

PROBABLY your face is a picture in your mirror at home—but how does it look on the beach in the sun? You have only to look at your friends to know! *You can't trust nature unadorned!* Sunlight makes eyes, especially, look pale, small and "squinted up." But that's easy to remedy! Slip your eyelashes into KURLASH! (It costs only \$1.) A few seconds' pressure curls them into lovely fringed eye frames which catch entrancing shadows making eyes look far larger and brighter.



Sum Shades

So much color and sparkle in the sunlight! What can you do to keep your eyes from looking faded and "washed out" in contrast? This: apply a tiny bit of green or blue SHALETTE (\$1) on the upper lids to reflect the colors of the landscape! So subtly, it restores the lovely color, depth, size of your eyes!



and Shadow

Beauty on the beach is simply the art of looking natural. Certainly eyelashes that disappear in the sun must be darkened! Liquid LASH TINT (it's waterproof) does the trick so convincingly! Use it more heavily in the evening. Black—brown—or blue. \$1.

Kurlash

Jane Heath will gladly give you personal advice on eye beauty if you write her a note care of Dept. C-8, The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y., or at The Kurlash Company of Canada, Toronto, 3.

## Beau Brummell No. 1

Continued from page 15

and Stuart Erwin and Robert Montgomery were whooping it up, Stu looking more than a little disheveled, Bob with collar and tie askew. Jimmy, despite the excitement, was still an example of sartorial perfection. There wasn't a hair out of place, not a wrinkle in his coat.

Jimmy's love to dress up hooks up strongly with his career. If he hadn't loved his two-toned buttoned shoes, his iron hats, and his canes; if there hadn't been a specially tailored overcoat on which he spent his last dime, Jimmy might not be where he is today. He was a "dude" when he was a young sport down New York's West Side, and he still is.

As a matter of fact hand in hand with Jim's development of character as man and actor, his boyish yearnings to be perfectly dressed at all times also has developed.

Feeling strongly that something should be done to "expose" the tough Mr. Cagney as a Beau Brummell, I have gone carefully into his dress up record, both past and present. I find that the clothes complex started with Mr. Cagney years and years ago. He yearned after a swanky beaver hat belonging to his grandpappy when he was still a stripling in rompers bouncing on his ma's knee. Jimmy himself admitted this to me: "I used to cry for that hat. My mother discovered that the way to keep me quiet when she was busy about the house was to give me this lovely, soft beaver topper of my grandpa's. I would yank it down over my ears and coo and gurgle. I have been told I couldn't have acted more ecstatically happy than if I'd been banging my father's gold watch to pieces!"

The next time he attracted attention as an example of sartorial elegance was when he appeared resplendent upon the street one Sunday morning attired in a checkered, three-button coat and short pants. He was exactly twelve years old, and the things that the kids in the block had to say about that outfit would make your ears ring and your hair stand on end. However, young Mr. Cagney continued to parade undisturbed in these little numbers, for the simple reason that he "knocked the blocks off" a couple of the gang for kidding him. He liked those suits, and he wore 'em.

But a high-water mark in his early career of dressing up occurred when he was chosen for the leading rôle in a play called "The Faun," presented by the Lennox Hill Settlement club. Mr. Cagney was chosen for this important chore not because he could act—he had never before acted in his life—but because of his long red hair which he then wore pompadour fashion and which apparently fitted him for the rôle in the eyes of the Lennox Hill "casting director"—I think it was the director's wife—better than any of his pals.

They curled this hair, draped a light and airy costume about him, and told him to act like a faun. He was a sensation. He leaped and gyrated about the stage, tossing his mane of curly red hair in such a manner that he stole the show right away from the leading lady who had counted on it giving her big honors. She was pretty mad. And Jimmy—well, he decided 'way down in his heart, by gosh, he could act! Although he did nothing more about it—for a time.

And now we come to that psychological turning point which arrives in anybody's life. Jimmy was a student at Columbia, studying architecture. His father died, and there was an imperative need for cash in the Cagney exchequer; so James went



Hollywood's idea—ours, too—of a good-looking young team. Above, James Blakeley and Ida Lupino.

to work at Wanamaker's, wrapping bundles.

Up to this time, his spare coins had come from jerking sodas and waiting tables at noon and on Saturday. He had managed to buy all his clothes this way, but now a good-sized chunk of money going home every week gave him only a very slim allowance for clothes.

He got so he needed an overcoat badly, and he didn't want to buy just any old thing. One day a friend told him about a beautiful polo coat at the "Will Call" desk which had never been called for by its owner. It was to be sold for a fraction of its original cost. Jimmy rushed over to the department, saw the coat, and *knew* he had to have it.

He sprinted all the way home and all the way back at his luncheon hour to get \$25 out of the savings bank, which was the coat's purchase price, about a fifth of its original cost. It was a custom-made job, and young Mr. Cagney was pretty well pleased with himself.

A coat like that and wrapping bundles at Wanamaker's?

Not long afterward, he was walking down Broadway, dressed up fit to kill, when somebody slapped him on the shoulder. It was a former Wanamaker clerk who was now a vaudeville actor. Would Jimmy, asked this friend gazing jealously at the coat, like to join the act for \$18 a week? Mr. Cagney hesitated, but not long. He became a hooper in a cheap vaudeville act—Jimmy who, as a lad, had had to be dragged to dances. And when he came home from a road tour—well!

He was a regular symphony in brown, a picture of young dandy elegance. He had a brown suit, a brown overcoat, light brown shoes with cloth uppers, brown socks, a brown derby, and a sensational light brown tie. A newspaper pal, who knew him in those days, told me:

"He also had a funny, mincing little walk which he had acquired in the act, and when



he used to go down the street all dolled up and with this funny walk, the gang razzed the daylight out of him. We soon cured him of the walk, but not of his passion for clothes. He bought a frock coat for more formal wear, a cane, and he developed a passion for top hats."

Sometime along in here when he was appearing in the chorus of the show, "Pitter Patter," he met the girl he was to make his wife, Frances, (Billy), Vernon Willard. Small, with a big crop of curly ringlets, she walked right into Jimmy's heart. She was in the chorus, too. They were married before anybody knew what was happening, but they, very evidently, knew what they were doing and all that was going on when they told it to a preacher, because they are still married.

She found out about his clothes complex early in their married life. They had been separated for a few weeks, Jimmy playing in Philadelphia and she somewhere in New York. Her show closed, and she hopped the first rattler for Philadelphia and went hotfooting it to his theatre prepared for an ecstatic welcome. What he said was "Where did you get that hat?" What she said is not recorded—and they had only been married a few months. But I don't believe Mr. Cagney criticized her hats again for some time to come.

Mr. Cagney's propensity for always having a sharp crease in his pants proved exceedingly embarrassing to him on the occasion he was cast for the rôle of the hooper in a road company of "Broadway." He appeared for rehearsal decked out in striped trousers, a cut-away, spats, wing collar, and looking immaculate. The director threw up his hands in horror—the hooper was supposed to be a shabby little fellow. And so Jimmy pulled off his hat, stamped on it, pressed the crease out of his suit and in general messed himself up. But he lost the rôle.

There was another time on Broadway when with his cue, there appeared no Jimmy on the stage. The chorus sang its number over and over again, stalling for time, but no Cagney. Finally a frantic stage manager found the missing actor on his knees in his dressing-room hunting for a lost collar button. It would never do, Jimmy tried to explain, as he was dragged protesting on the stage collar-buttonless, to go on without it!

I told you he got dressed up in at least one scene in every picture. No matter how hard-boiled the rôle, there's some occasion for him to wear good clothes at least once.

In "The Public Enemy," he was one of the nattiest gangsters that ever shot a machine gun. In "Smart Money" he wore spats. In "Jimmy the Gent" he wore bad clothes well, and if it hadn't been for that prison, close-crop hair-cut, you wouldn't have laughed at him as a would-be society figure. He would have looked all right.

In "Here Comes the Navy" he had a crack at tails. And did you notice how well he carried off his evening togs in "Footlight Parade"? And could you tell how much personal enjoyment he was getting out of "Lady Killer" when he was supposed to wear good things. In "Devil Dogs of the Air" his uniforms fitted perfectly. In "G-Men," a story of the Department of Justice, he is quietly, but very nicely turned out.

Which, I think, is an amazingly interesting side-light on this red-headed dynamo who is, nine out of ten times, cast as a mug.

And so the next time your bald-pated friend preens before the mirror or your new heart breaks out in a flaming red tie and a checkered suit, don't be too harsh with him. He probably loves to dress up, and remember—the toughest guy in pic-

is really a dude at heart!



## You're truly safe with "CERTAIN-SAFE" MODESS!

Say goodbye to your old, haunting fear of "accidents." You can!

For just one word—to your druggist or to a saleswoman at your favorite department store—will bring you the dependable protection you've always longed for. And that word is..MODESS.

Modess is the one and only sanitary napkin that is "Certain-Safe." Get a

box. Take out one of the soft, snowy napkins and look at it. See...

- the specially-treated material on edges and back that protects you against striking through.
- the extra-long gauze tabs that give a firmer pinning area and protect you against tearing away.

**MODESS STAYS SOFT—STAYS SAFE**



## THE APPLIED RESEARCH SOCIETY

... is using this space to correct a popular error about **ASTROLOGY**

Astrology is no more related to "Fortune Telling" than is a Doctor's advice to **eat certain foods and avoid certain infections.**

—Or the caution of a Beach Guard that you should **keep inside the ropes** at high water. Both **tell and caution**, but do not **COMPEL**.

Just so Astrology **tells**, but does not **compel**; it cautions, restrains or indicates action **on certain Dates** and about certain things.

These favorable and unfavorable **Dates** are not matters of chance, but determined by mathematical progression of Star positions from the exact time of your own Birth.

That the advice is good and the Dates are accurate can easily be accepted, because of Astrology's **absolute accuracy** upon intimate personal matters, **known only to you.**

© 1935 A. R. S.

**Applied Research Society forecasts guide the lives and guard the acts of countless Men and Women in Business, Banking, Education and the Theatrical and Medical Professions.**

### Read letter from Doctor S. H. J.:

"I was certainly amazed at the accuracy and deep knowledge you have displayed in casting this Horoscope.

I have had work of this kind done many times, in India, Germany and the United States, and I can truthfully say that the work done by you has been the most accurate.

I am sending you the enclosed remittance to cast a Horoscope for a young lady who was born on the 17th. 10 A. M."

These Forecasts are very detailed (about 20,000 words) and cover full 12 months from date it is sent to you.

Being based upon your Birth Date, we must be informed *where, what year, month and date* you were born.

YOUR Forecast will be sent, sealed, for one dollar (bill or check) which will be refunded if you are not fully satisfied and return the Manuscript.

Or, if you simply enclose a 3c stamp for postage on reply, the Society will advise of certain Dates important to you.

**APPLIED RESEARCH SOCIETY**

83 Prospect Street • Marblehead, Mass.



Barbara Gould's home treatment set—to help you look your loveliest.

**T**O KEEP your Summer beauty intact, wherever you are, Barbara Gould has a dandy little home treatment set containing all the necessities. It will fit snugly into your travelling bag if you're vacation-bound, and be a credit to your dressing-table if you're not. Nice for business girls to tuck into a desk drawer, too. Lift the lid of the buff-colored box, Pandora, and you'll find trial sizes of: cleansing cream, a finishing cream to start your make-up right, tissue cream to supply that needed lubrication, a circulation cream that does wonders for lazy complexions, and a mildly astringent skin refresher to give you a quick clean-up when you don't want to use cream. Oh, yes, and there are little cotton wads just the handy size to help you with your beauty treatment.

**W**ANT to look natural, though made-up? Try Tangee's new face powder. It's made with the same color principle as Tangee lipstick, which means it takes on its shade according to your own skin tones. You might even call it an "invisible powder," because it does all a powder's duties without admitting it's there! It's perfectly swell for late Summer complexions. If you've gone from white to rosy red or deep bronze or any one of the in-between shades with which the sun endows us, you can be sure Tangee powder won't let you down. You owe it to your ideal of natural beauty to try Tangee lipstick, too. I wager it will do things for you. Being a good lubricant, it keeps your lips soft and smooth at the same time it gives them color. And it will

# Femi-nifties

## Tips to the Beauty-Wise

probably take another Tangee user to know you're wearing lipstick at all!

**O**NE of the grandest helps we've found for before and after permanent waves is Admiración soapless shampoo. It contains tonic oils that dissolve every bit of dirt and grease from your hair and scalp, and then dissolve themselves completely in the rinsing water. And how it chases dandruff! Chemical tests have shown that Admiración actually strengthens the hair. We've found out for ourselves that it puts one's hair in excellent condition to take a good permanent and does a lot to add to its attractiveness afterwards. You'll love the way each shampoo leaves your hair delightfully clean, lustrous, and easy to manage. We do. Take our tip, though, if you're a wife or sister. Keep your Admiración under lock and key or you'll find your men-folk using it up! You have a choice—Olive Oil for dry hair or Pine Tar for oily.

**L**EGS that sun yourself on the beach—legs that shine through sheer chiffon—legs that dance stockingless in open-toed sandals, we're talking to you! Some of the prettiest of you can, (and others should), thank X-Bazin for the immaculate smoothness that makes your owners proud to show you off. X-Bazin is a cream depilatory that comes in a large tube. It is easy to apply and we're told that even with regular use over a long period of time, it won't cause the stubbly re-growth that is the chief objection to removing unwanted hair with a razor. It's used for arms and under-arms, too.

**A** GREAT hot weather favorite is Colonielle indelible lipstick. It serves a double purpose—to give

your lips a luscious colorful shine when you want to look seductive, or a soft dull finish when you want to look natural. The dull finish is achieved by applying the lipstick, and then patting your lips with tissue. Presto! The shine disappears, but the indelible color remains to stay with you through whatever the day may hold, even a dip in the ocean. Colonielle lipstick comes in four flattering shades—medium, vivid, cerise and cherry red. The case is a stunning silver and black affair, conservative but smart.



Tangee face powder takes on the color tones of your skin.



Shampoo your hair to lustrous beauty—with Admiración.



Lovely legs in six letters—the answer is X-Bazin.



## Telling What's Ahead for the Stars

Continued from page 13

"Mae West, on the other hand, is the home-maker type of woman, and I predict a marriage within two years. At present there is surrounding her fate star some mysterious conditions, but these will clear up and she will lead a happy married life. Her star is the home star in spite of her type of acting. I predicted her career in pictures while we were on the New York stage. At that time Mae thought of it only as a pretty picture from a dream.

"Jean Harlow, whose beauty has drawn a path of tragic events, will never find permanent happiness in marriage. Her stars are marked, and though she will continue to shine forth from the screen in all her platinum loveliness for some time to come, there will lie beneath this glory a tragic life. Her marriage to William Powell," says Norvell, "would mean disaster. But she is destined to marry someone nearer her own age, and to be happy for a while. She must take whatever joy she can from passing ecstasy."

Ann Harding will not retire from the screen for three years despite her avowals, Norvell says. She will marry again and be very happy.

Jimmy Cagney will retire in three years and go into another profession, probably medicine. "He would make a fine doctor," Norvell says, "with his splendid and sensitive intelligence.

"Of all the younger players, Ann Sothorn is slated to go farthest.

"Tom Brown and Anita Louise, Hollywood's most charming couple, will never marry, because their destinies lie apart in the stars. But they will have brilliant careers, especially the lovely Anita, who is destined to reach great heights, being born under the same sign as Ruth Chatterton."

"Of all the male players on the screen, John Beal, who recently made such a great success in 'The Little Minister' and 'Laddie,' has, according to the planets, the greatest possibilities for future stardom. He was born under the same ruling star that created such sensational players as Norma Shearer, Myrna Loy, and Bill Powell. John Beal is the type who appeals mostly to the maternal instinct in women. He is the tender, sensitive, poetic type, a dreamer who will make his dreams come true." When he first came to pictures to play opposite Helen Hayes in "Another Language," Norvell predicted that he would return to the stage, and then come back to pictures to become a greater success than ever.

Among the newer players on the screen, whose stars show progression and continued success, are Joe Morrison and Fred MacMurray, Norvell says.

Loretta Young, despite her publicity, does not yearn for the patter of baby feet. She is a careerist, and will always sacrifice love for work. She, too, will reach great stardom. But no rose-covered cottage in the suburbs for Loretta. Sorry!

"Owing to the fact that Gary Cooper and Sandra Shaw are living in two separate worlds—he, in the rather Bohemian, unconventional atmosphere of pictures, and she in the more circumspect atmosphere of social life—they can never really come together on anything, and it will be difficult to make a success of their marriage. She will also resent his independence and terrific success, always having been herself the center of the limelight," according to Norvell.

"The responsibilities of the home and the

## SOMETHING SPECIAL IN Chocolate Ice Cream!



### EAGLE BRAND CHOCOLATE ICE CREAM (Freezer method)

2 squares unsweetened chocolate  
1 1/3 cups (1 can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk  
1 cup cold water  
2 cups thin cream

Melt chocolate in top of double boiler. Add Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, and stir over boiling water for five minutes until mixture thickens. Gradually add water and thin cream. Blend thoroughly. Cool and freeze in two-

quart freezer. Remove dasher. Pack in ice and salt for one hour or more after freezing. Makes 1 1/4 quarts.  
● No freezer ever turned out creamier, smoother, richer-tasting ice cream than this. Yet this is easily made, economical.  
● But remember—Evaporated Milk won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use Sweetened Condensed Milk. Just remember the name Eagle Brand.



### FREE! World's most amazing Cook Book!

Rotogravure picture-book (60 photographs) showing astonishing new short-cuts. 130 recipes, including: Lemon Pie Filling without cooking! Foolproof 5-minute Chocolate Frosting! Caramel Pudding that makes itself! 2-ingredient Macaroons! Magic Mayonnaise! Ice Creams (freezer and automatic)! Candies! Refrigerator Cakes! Sauces! Custards! Cookies! Address: The Borden Co., Dept. SU-85, 350 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

(Print name and address plainly)

This coupon may be pasted on a penny postcard.

*Borden  
Quality*

### FREE! A TRIAL BOTTLE OF GLOPLEX THE NEW SUN TAN OIL

Send today for this marvelous new creation that combines the best features of all the old sun tan oils. You'll be amazed at the way it will bring you a soft, even, tan without any burning. Just send ten cents to cover cost of packaging and mailing. Or send twenty-five cents for the larger size.

GLOPLEX PRODUCTS  
306 Washington Bldg. Stamford, Conn.



### PHOTOS ENLARGED 37¢ and oil colored each

Beautiful oil colored 5x7 enlargements for only 37¢. 8x10 colored 42¢. Beautiful 5x7 oil colored and framed enlargement for only 79¢ reproduced from any size photo, snapshot, or negative, originals returned. SEND NO MONEY simply send photos with your name and address and in about a week you will receive your colored enlargement. Pay postman plus postage or add three cents and we pay postage. Send your photos today. National Portrait Co., Dept. H, Box 100, Kelayres, Penna.

### SONGS FOR TALKING PICTURES BIG ROYALTIES

paid by Music Publishers and Talking Picture Producers. Free booklet describes most complete song service ever offered. Hit writers will revise, arrange, compose music to your lyrics or lyrics to your music, secure U. S. copyright, broadcast your song over the radio. Our sales department submits to Music publishers and Hollywood Picture Studios. WRITE TODAY for FREE BOOKLET. UNIVERSAL SONG SERVICE, 604 Meyer Bldg., Western Avenue and Sierra Vista, Hollywood, California



### Be an ARTIST

MAKE \$50 TO \$100 A WEEK!

Our simple, proven methods make it fun to learn Commercial Art, Cartooning and Designing quickly, AT HOME, in spare time. New low rate. Big new book, "ART for Pleasure and Profit," sent free. State age. WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF ART Studio 178 1115—15th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.



recent additions to Bing Crosby's family would in themselves serve as a balance-wheel to the vagabond attitude Bing has always had toward life. This should check his impulsive nature, but unless he is very careful, within the next two years he and Dixie are apt to disagree and nearly come to the parting of the ways. But they are born in signs which are sympathetic to each other, and there should be a certain degree of understanding between them. A sense of loyalty and duty would restrain Bing Crosby from making any drastic changes in his matrimonial life, especially if we consider Dixie Lee's sacrifices in the past for Bing. Crosby is born under the sign of Taurus. This is an earth sign, and inclines people of that time to carelessness in physical details. Bing must be especially careful of this if he wishes to safeguard his future on the screen," Norvell explains.

Shirley Temple is an Aries child. This is the happiest star for Hollywood, being the ruler of such players as Pickford, Crawford, Chaplin, and Swanson.

"The most beloved child in the world will continue on a very fortunate path all her life. Her beauty will increase as she grows up, and never leave her. Her health, with proper care, will always be excellent. Shirley's many talents can be fully developed, if she wishes, especially her musical ability.

"Although little Miss Temple may leave the screen as she grows older for appearances on the stage, she will return when she is a young lady in the manner of Madge Evans, and once again win great acclaim."

The only thing that interfered with Grace Moore's success in her early pictures, Norvell states, was the fact that her star was not on the ascendant at that time. During the past two years, she has been under the most prosperous aspects of Jupiter, the money planet. She will continue being successful, not only in pictures, but on the operatic stage and radio.

One of the most notable successes in the near future, according to Norvell, will be Elisabeth Bergner, who was such a success in "Catherine the Great." "Although she is concentrating on stage work, she will accept a movie contract sometime next year, and her rise to stardom will be so rapid that her future success will equal that of Greta Garbo. Her planets give her somewhat the same appeal as that which has made of Garbo an outstanding star and personality."

Norvell thinks pictures are ready for something distinctive and different in the



Spencer Tracy goes tender—as what he-man wouldn't?—in this scene with pretty Claire Trevor.

line of entertainment. They will become, he says, more daring in subject matter during the next year, and will venture outside the limited, conventional themes that have made of pictures a routinized entertainment.

I asked Mr. Norvell if it were possible for anyone to outwit his destiny as revealed by the stars.

"Well," he answered, "some people fly in the face of their stars and seem to achieve success. Take John Barrymore. He was never meant to be a married man, yet his marriage to Dolores was happy for both of them, for a long time. Now, however, their stars seem to be actively destroying their happiness. John and Dolores were born under signs that really should not be together. They could have made a success of their marriage, except that John comes under the temperamental sign of Uranus which rules Aquarius, and this causes him to lack tolerance. It makes him desire freedom, and he wants to tear loose from the home ties. He resents the responsibility of children, and of routine matrimony. There will be no reconciliation between them, but another marriage faces Barrymore in the future—and another marriage for Dolores.

Norma Shearer's commendable efforts on behalf of furthering her career should prove an inspiration to all women who wonder if they can mix marriage and a

career. "Norma Shearer was born under the sign of Leo, ruler of Hollywood. The powerful Sun, center of all creation, gives her the dynamic energy and determination, which have carried her to the present glorious position in the film firmament. In the near future she will have to make a choice between marriage and a career." Norvell is inclined to think that she will choose marriage. She will undoubtedly confine herself to but a few pictures in the future, but she will realize the wisdom of devoting more time to her home and less to a screen career that has already showered upon her the richest awards possible of attainment.

"Marion Davies' recent move to Warner Brothers studio, from an astrological viewpoint, is a very wise one, and will bring her added success in the future. Under the confusing and fiery vibrations of the former studio, her temperament could no longer flourish. In her new environment, Marion Davies should reach new heights in her career, and finally come into her complete heritage as an actress and comedienne.

"Janet Gaynor has reached a crucial period in her career, owing to the fact that her ruling planet, Venus, has been going through a very bad affliction for some time. She is definitely limited to a certain type of rôle, and should continue in romantic teams such as the one that skyrocketed her to fame with Charles Farrell. She is not, however, finished in pictures, but will be forced to develop a more distinctive personality and emotion to continue longer in public favor."

Of the younger married set in pictures, according to the stars as interpreted by Norvell, the union of Frances Dee and Joel McCrea should be successful, especially if Frances eventually subjugates her career to the home.

"Joel McCrea is the type of man who does not like to be dominated. As Frances Dee becomes more of a wife, Joel McCrea will become more of an actor, and will surprise even those people who admire him greatly now."

Norvell is extremely handsome, and the girls here in Hollywood like him. And does Norvell like the girls? Well, he had a luncheon date with one of the extra girls one day, and a messenger came from Greta Garbo, saying that the Great One would give an hour of her invaluable time to read her stars. It is hard to believe, I know, and many will scoff at the mention of it, but it's true—Norvell kept his appointment with the extra girl!

## The Inside Career Story of William Powell

Continued from page 23

troupe were on a boat bound for Cuba.

"On board ship, I looked around for somebody interesting to play with," Powell remembers. "I suppose Barthelmess did the same. We found nobody to suit our tastes, so we commenced walking the deck alone. I suddenly rounded a corner and bumped into a raccoon coat. I looked again, and saw it was Dick. We both grunted, mumbled an embarrassed word or two—and then started our walk together. Around and around that promenade we walked. We must have gone around a dozen times before either of us spoke.

"Without warning, Dick blurted, 'You drink?' I answered, 'I do.' Whereupon we went into his stateroom—and we remained there for most of the trip. We found that we had many things in common to talk about. More important, our voices harmonized in song—at least to our own

satisfaction. We became pals." This friendship still exists, after thirteen years.

"Under the Red Robe" was Powell's next important cinematic step. This was the one and only silent picture in which John Charles Thomas, the noted baritone, appeared. It stands out in Bill's memory because Powell was the victim of an automobile crash, en route to work one evening, that nearly cost the star his life. He was knocked unconscious in the accident. He was riding to work, when he saw his car was about to crash. He ducked his head, but:

"The next thing I knew, I was aware of a terrific pain about the vicinity of my nose. I tried to raise my hand to investigate, and discovered that I couldn't move my hands. Bit by bit, I recovered consciousness, opened my eyes, and looked around. I was in a hospital. Doctors and

nurses were working over me. I had gone through the windshield of the car. My nose was broken until it practically hung on my face. My upper lip was cut entirely through; my teeth could be seen through the gap. My head was a mass of cuts and gashes.

"A plastic surgeon managed to sew me back together. How he did it, I'll never know, because I was in horrible shape. I still have scars—one here, and this one, (Bill pointed them out), and this mark on my chin. I occupied a cot in that hospital for weeks. You'll know what kind of a crash it was when I tell you that the wrecked car, a brand-new Packard, was sold for only fifteen dollars."

"Romola," featuring Lillian and Dorothy Gish, followed "Under the Red Robe." It was during this picture that Powell formed another friendship that has existed through



the years—a friendship with Ronald Colman. Today, Powell, Colman, Barthelmess, and Warner Baxter are a quartet of the warmest pals in Hollywood.

During the production of "Romola," Powell staged a trick that almost made a nervous wreck out of director Henry King for days. A scene called for an actor named Charles Lane to thrust Powell under water, and hold him there. Powell tipped Lane to release him while he was under the surface, so he could swim to some nearby weeds. Lane, meanwhile, was to keep up the pretense of holding Bill below the surface.

Action began, Lane ducked Powell into the water, and the scene and trickery proceeded. The scene finished, and director King shouted for Lane to release Powell. But Lane put on a great act, ground his teeth, and apparently struggled to hold Bill below the surface. King grew more and more excited. He shouted that "Powell's been under there five minutes." Meanwhile, Bill again swam under water to Lane's feet, and the latter actor pulled him up. Whereupon Powell waded ashore as if nothing had happened. For months after that, director King told people that Powell remained under water for five minutes, which he believed was a world's record.

"Too Many Kisses" and "Dangerous Money" followed in rapid succession. These, like his other pictures, were produced in New York, or on location out of New York.

Then Powell went to Hollywood, where he made two pictures for an independent company. Hollywood amazed him, because his first two pictures there were made in eight and nine days respectively, while those he made in New York required weeks to make. "Romola" was in production for

thirty-nine weeks and four days.

"Aloma of the South Seas" and "The Runaway" were marked by no important episodes, but immediately following them, Powell signed his first motion picture contract with Paramount. That led to his first Western picture, "Desert Gold."

"I was supposed to ride a horse," Powell recalls, "but all I knew about horses was a little English saddle riding I picked up for a previous picture. We went on location to a Western town near Hollywood, and the first day of work, I was not called until noon. Meanwhile, the remainder of the company had already departed for the scene of activity. So at noon I swung myself aboard a horse that had been assigned to me. Luckily the horse knew the way, along a narrow mountain trail down which he half walked, half slid. But we got to our destination, and I worked all afternoon astride the horse. Imagine how I felt after a few hours of that! At sundown, we all turned homeward. Then somebody must have mentioned *oats*, because my horse suddenly lit out. Faster and faster he ran. My feet flew out of the stirrups, I was hanging on to my make-up case with one hand and trying to draw the reins with the other. Then a bandana which I had tied around my neck flew up and covered my eyes. What a cowboy I must have looked! I don't know how I kept my seat, but I did. By working the muscles of my face, I at last uncovered one eye. I saw a canyon that apparently ended in sheer wall, and I managed to turn the horse into this *impasse*. He reached the wall, and reared up on his hind legs. That's where I got off.

"In our mad race, we had pushed relentlessly through cactus patches, and my legs were filled with stickers. Several cowboys of the troupe caught up with us

in the little canyon, and they crudely withdrew as many of the cactus burrs as possible. But not until we returned to town, where a nurse spent an hour pulling those stickers with a pair of pincers, did I get any actual relief. That nurse must have pulled eight million cactus points out of my legs!"

Despite this experience, Bill remained a Western heavy for some time, although he was occasionally permitted to enact dastardly villains in other pictures. Several unimportant pictures led to—"Beau Geste."

"Beau Geste" reunited Ronald Colman and Powell for the first time since they had made "Romola" together. The company of actors and workers, several hundred strong, went to the Arizona desert on location. Camp was established and operated just like an army camp.

"The one difference from an army camp was that the food concession had been sold to an outsider," Powell says. "It proved to be a losing proposition, and food became worse and worse. There were other bad conditions, such as insects, flies, and malaria—but the food was worse. It got so bad that Ronnie and several other principals of the cast and I, after hard days of work—and I never worked harder in my life than on that picture—would leave camp and go thirty-two miles to Yuma, Arizona, for dinner, and then ride thirty-two miles back again. Mind you, that was no pleasant automobile drive of thirty-two miles. We had to ride three miles on horseback, climb to a plateau on foot, and then ride three miles over a rudely constructed board road before we reached a highway, which itself was none too good.

"There were some pretty strange pranksters on that location, too. It seemed to be a general idea that it was funny to drop scorpions, side-winders, (small, desert

**JOHNNIE GOES PLACES!**

Johnnie Goes to the Boat Races,  
June 1935

Call for  
**PHILIP MORRIS**

**America's Finest 15 Cent Cigarette**



NOW I CAN WEAR  
THE SMARTEST SHOES WITH  
PERFECT EASE!



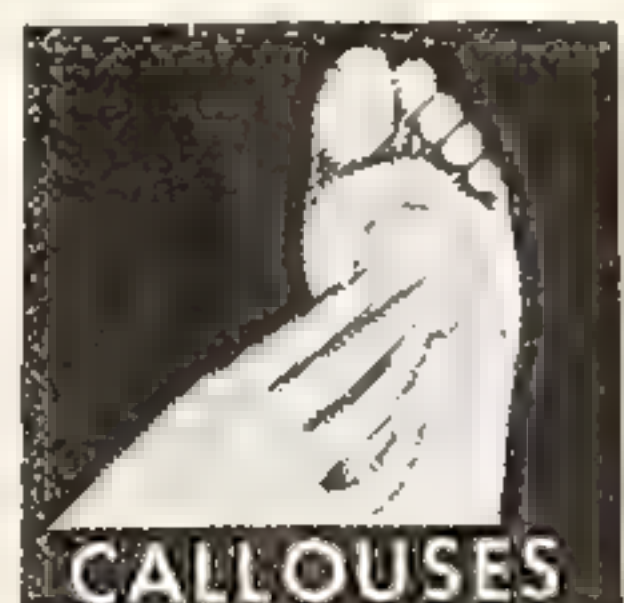
## SAFE, INSTANT RELIEF CORNS, CALLOUSES, BUNIONS

You'll be foot-happy from the moment you start using Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. The soothing, healing medication in them stops pain of corns, callouses, bunions and tender toes instantly. They shield the sore spot from shoe friction and pressure; make new or tight shoes easy on your feet; prevent corns, sore toes and blisters; quiet irritated nerves.

### Removes Corns, Callouses

To quickly, safely loosen and remove corns or callouses, use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads with the separate Medicated Disks now included in every box. Otherwise use the pads only to take off shoe pressure. Get this famous double-acting treatment today at your drug, shoe or department store.

STANDARD WHITE, now 25¢  
New DE LUXE flesh color 35¢



# Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

## Alviene SCHOOL OF THE Theatre

(40th Yr.) Stage, Talkie, Radio. GRADUATES: Lee Tracy, Fred Astaire, Una Merkel, Zita Johann, etc. Drama, Dance, Musical Comedy, Teaching, Directing, Personal Development, Stock Theatre Training (Appearances). For Catalog, write Sec'y LAND, 66 W. 85 St., N. Y.



## Freckles

Secretly and Quickly Removed!

YOU can banish those annoying, embarrassing freckles quickly and surely in the privacy of your own room. Your friends will wonder how you did it. Stillman's Freckle Cream removes them while you sleep. Leaves the skin soft and smooth. 50¢ the complexion fresh and clear. A Jar

### Stillman's FRECKLE CREAM

Mail this Coupon to Box 21  
THE STILLMAN CO., Aurora, Illinois  
and receive a FREE Booklet about Freckles.

Name .....

Address .....

rattlesnake), and other poisonous pests into tents and even beds."

Several actors were "made" by "Beau Geste." It was the greatest picture of its era, and because of his fine work, Powell was regarded with more respect by his studio. Therefore, when he suddenly decided that he would like to "humanize" his villains on the screen by giving them a sense of humor, his employers agreed with his idea.

Thus it came about that Powell, cast to play a heavy in "She's a Sheik," with Bebe Daniels, turned several scenes into riotous comedy—and gave evidence that he was one of the most capable comedians on the screen. Here's how that came about:

"Having decided to make audiences laugh at my villain, as well as sneer at him, I found myself cast in the rôle of an Arabian sheik in 'She's a Sheik,'" Powell recalls. "I scoured my brain for ideas, and abruptly one came. All my life I had wondered what sheiks wore under those baggy robes that are the habitual garb. Now it occurred to me that if I was curious, so might other people be. So I turned my rapier duel with Bebe into a comedy. She first caught hold of the sash that all sheiks wear. She pulled it, and that caused me to spin around and around. Dizzy, after the twirling, I staggered, and half fell. At which Bebe slashed at me with her sword, slit my costume, and then caught the torn pieces on the point of her sword and lifted them over my head. And there I was, an Arabian sheik demoted of his outer glory, and clad underneath in the weirdest things my mind could imagine. It was ridiculous, of course, but audiences howled. You see, people like to see a villain defeated or made ridiculous."

So successful was Bill's plan to "humanize his villains" that he practically defeated his own purpose. His villains, humanized, were such vivid picture stealers that many stars protested against them. Several stars refused to allow Powell to appear in their pictures, if he planned to continue his "humanizing" process.

More or less in self-defense, as well as because he had proven himself a capable actor, Paramount seized upon Powell and lifted him out of heavy rôles. They turned him into a hero, in a series of *Philo Vance* detective stories. "The Canary Murder Case," "The Greene Murder Case," "The Benson Murder Case," and others soon established Powell as a definite star. It also brought him hundreds of letters from people all over the world, asking his advice, as a detective. Powell began to read detective stories, and he learned much from real detectives employed as technical assistants on the set. He even went so far as to employ a secretary to answer his fan mail, and, when feasible, to give advice as coming from a detective.

Powell worked in the first all-talking picture, "Interference." He played the heavy, the same rôle that was played on the English stage by Herbert Marshall. As the stage play made Marshall, so did the screen play establish Powell immediately as a "voice actor."

"Interference" was originally scheduled to be half talkie, half silent. The first half was the silent half. But when the picture had been completed and previewed, the producers decided it should be all talkie. Meanwhile, Louise Brooks, a member of the cast, had gone to Europe. So Margaret Livingston was employed to "dub" her voice in the first half. When it was necessary for Miss Brooks to appear in a scene Miss Livingston did that, too, but always with her back to the camera. Their voices were practically the same; few spectators caught the difference.

"Street of Chance" was Powell's next

important picture. It was one of two that Powell regards as his best performances, (the other is "The Thin Man"). Bill and some friends were vacationing at Lake Arrowhead, when he received the script for "Street of Chance" by special delivery. He read it, and then joined the other members of his party. "Here is the perfect script," he cried.

The picture turned out to be one of Powell's biggest money-makers. It also marked the inauguration of "rehearsals" for talking pictures. The director, John Cromwell, was from the New York stage, and he shared with Powell the belief that the entire company should rehearse at least a week before a picture went into production. Since then, the practice has become common.

A series of sound pictures followed, and as sound grew more popular, so did



Charlie Ruggles goes to the dogs for solace in this very touching scene from "No More Ladies."

Powell, with his distinctive voice backed by years of stage training, grew in popularity. "The Four Feathers," "Pointed Heels," "Shadow of the Law," and "For the Defense" were among Bill's outstanding pictures. To name all of his pictures would prove tiresome, because year after year, Powell worked in from ten to fifteen productions. Few actors have worked as long and consistently as he.

After "For the Defense," Powell's stock skyrocketed. About this time, Warner Brothers studio made its historic raid on Paramount, taking away Powell, Ruth Chatterton, and Kay Francis.

For Warner Brothers, Powell starred in several pictures, and co-starred in others. "The Road to Singapore" was his first, and that was followed by "High Pressure," "The Jewel Robbery," and a picture that he regards as one of his finest romantic vehicles, "One Way Passage," in which he co-starred with Kay Francis. This was followed by "Lawyer Man"—and that marked the finish of his good Warner pictures. The others that followed, he says, were not so good. They were "Private Detective 62," "The Kennel Murder Case," "Fashion Follies of 1934" and "The Key."

The last-named picture completed his contract, and for the first time since 1923, Powell found himself a free-lance. As such, he went to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for two pictures, "Manhattan Melodrama," with Clark Gable and Myrna Loy, and "Thin Man," with Myrna Loy. The rest is recent history. Powell has topped his previous popularity. He has one of the most



lucrative contracts in Hollywood. He has never been happier than now, he says.

He has also added some new pictures to his long list of screen achievements. They are "Evelyn Prentice," "Reckless," "Star of Midnight," (for which he was loaned to RKO Studios), and his most recent production, "Masquerade."

"The thing that I miss most nowadays is the fun that we used to have during the filming of silent pictures," Powell says. "Now the business of making movies is deadly serious. No more visiting from set to set. No more joking and kidding between scenes."

"People think actors have easy lives, but let me explain why this business of acting for motion pictures is so gruelling on the nerves. Every time an actor steps in front of a camera, it is like a fast runner kneeling on the starting line for a hundred-yard dash. Runner and actor are on nervous edge. The starting signal sounds, and they're off. To the actor, his work is like that runner's dash. He starts at top speed, and he tries to win by giving his best. He finishes the scene, and he is exultant. He has won! Then the director says, 'Let's shoot it again, and get that dialogue out a little faster.' Well, that is just like calling the runner of the hundred-yard dash back and saying, 'You'll have to run again. One of the other runners slipped

in starting.' So down kneels the runner to do his best again. In front of the camera steps the actor to do *his* best. The signal, the race, the finish. Again exultance—until from the sound booth comes a voice, 'N. G. Sound of feet shuffling. Do it again.'

"Well, this keeps up all day, not one time or five, but a hundred times. Yes, easily fifty times a day does an actor step before a camera, with nerves keyed up, to start a scene. Each time takes just so much toll of his nervous system. When that goes on for day after day, it leaves an actor in a condition bordering on nervous collapse."

"If an actor had a chance to rest at night, he might be able to recuperate from the nervous strain. But at night he must study his script and memorize his dialogue for next day. At best, memorizing is uphill work. It is laborious. It is with me, at any rate. Time and again, I've been on such nervous tension that for days I've been unable to hold food on my stomach. But those things the outside world seldom hears about."

Thus concludes the screen biography to date of William Powell, who was movie-born a villain, but reformed about mid-career to become a gentleman, a humorist, and one of motion picture's cleverest character heroes.

## Sewing Circle for Hollywood Wives

Continued from page 25

friends. I was one of the original members, including Bebe Daniels, Pauline Gallagher, Arline Judge, Carmen Pantages Considine and Mrs. Frank Capra. At that time, Bebe and Pauline were expecting 'young hopefuls' and so without realizing we were starting anything in particular we got in the habit of getting together every Tuesday for lunch, bridge, and knitting. At first, the idea was to keep the membership very small—no more than two tables of bridge—but the first thing you know we found we were all plugging for the admission of various 'good scouts.' Every hostess was allowed to invite two guests to each meeting; and from there, like Topsy, we 'just grew'!

"In a way, our Sewing Circle is just like any other Sewing Circle in any other town. You can see what went on this afternoon: shop talk, husband talk, dress talk, baby talk. But it wouldn't be a really first-class Hollywood organization if we didn't do things just a little differently."

"For instance, we've held our meetings in some of the darndest places. Last summer when it was Bebe Daniels' turn to play hostess she routed us all out of bed at six in the morning, chartered a boat, and took us on a fishing trip. That *was* a meeting! We came back looking like the Club of the Peeled Onions from that jaunt. Rhea Gable and Christine Cortez made the biggest 'catches'—and I hear there was quite an argument later between Clark and Ric as to which respective wife came home with the larger mounds!

"Another time Pauline Gallagher played hostess in the gown shop she and Bebe own in Westwood. Believe me, we didn't do much sewing or bridge-playing *that* afternoon! We spent the entire day trying on zippy little models and when a cash customer would come in the shop downstairs Arline or Leila Hyams or I would model the clothes for them. There were a couple of tourists whose eyes almost popped out of their heads when Bebe

played saleslady and insisted on showing the good women her 'waltzing models.' That was the cue for one of us to waltz into the shop in some smart model, parade before the ladies—and waltz right out again. Heaven knows what they thought! Probably that we had lost our minds and our contracts at the same time."

"On another occasion we held forth in the town's smartest speakeasy—or what would be a speakeasy back in the prohibition days. I suppose it is just a smart night club now. We're probably the only Sewing Club in the world that ever held forth in broad daylight in a smart midnight rendezvous. It was a great day for taking down the newest cocktail recipes and the latest snacks in *hors d'oeuvres*. The chef was summoned in right after lunch and the girls proceeded to pump him for hours on the subject of new ideas for party menus."

"We're far more competitive about food in the club than we are about what we wear. Someone or anyone can show up in the latest Hattie Carnegie model and even the gals in slacks won't bat an eyelash. But we do turn green with envy when someone steals a march and has some delicious new dish for luncheon. The only other important thing is to keep it non-fattening. This isn't the easiest culinary idea in the world, either."

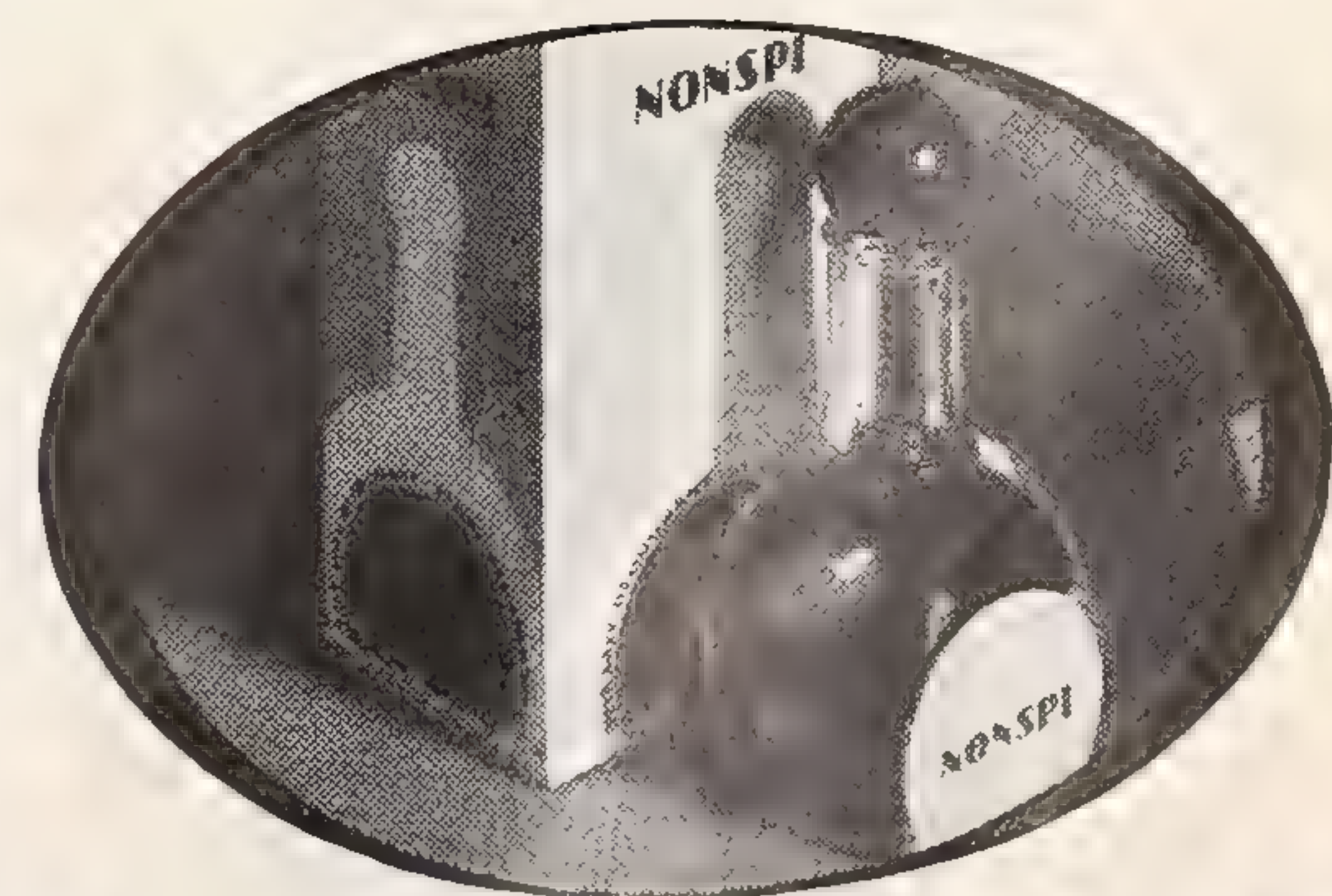
"So far I don't believe we are looked upon as an official organization. That is, we haven't been called upon to 'throw our weight' or 'put the stamp of our approval' upon any movement. What charity we do is strictly on our own. We just discover a worthy case and pitch in and do something about it. Somehow I hope we stay that way, without benefit of presidents or politics. It's twice as much fun!"

It is that! I know—I was lucky enough to be invited to the newest thing under the Hollywood sun, the local Sewing Club Chapter in meeting assembled and going full force!



### Prevent underarm odor and perspiration this safe way

● Nonspi is the safe way to prevent underarm perspiration. It is approved by physicians. Even women with sensitive skins use it without irritation. It now comes in a bottle with a siphon-principle top, easier, more sanitary and more economical to apply. And Nonspi itself is also improved so that it covers a larger surface area, and spreads quicker and easier. One application protects you two to five days. 35c and 60c a bottle at all drug and department stores.



# NONSPI

THE SAFE ANTI-PERSPIRANT FOR FASTIDIOUS WOMEN  
THE NONSPI COMPANY—NEW YORK



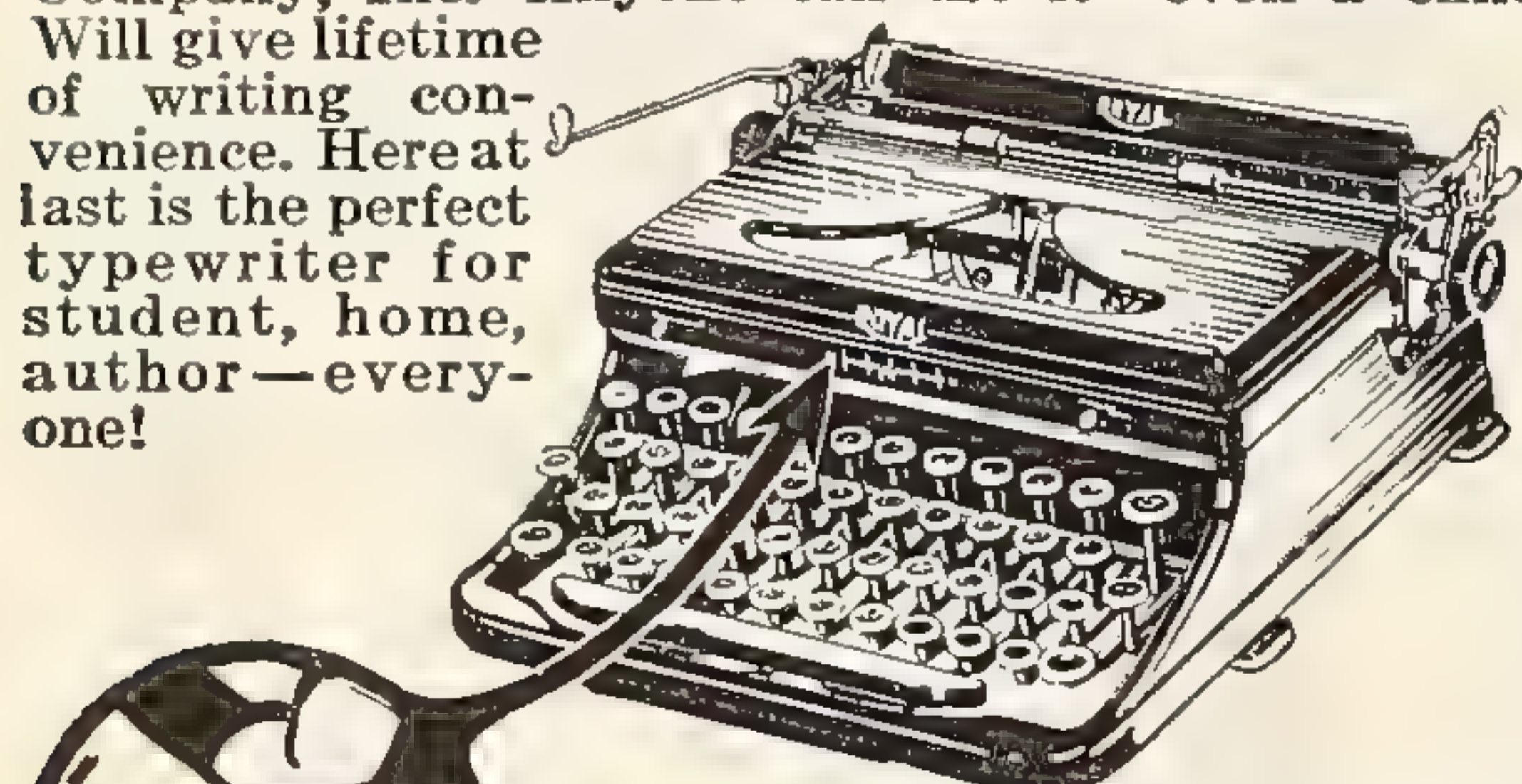
# BARGAIN!

Unusual opportunity to purchase latest model Royal Portable. New sales plan places this amazing new writing machine easily within reach of every reader of this magazine. Act quickly. Use coupon below.

BRAND-NEW GENUINE

## ROYAL PORTABLE WITH TOUCH CONTROL

Made and guaranteed by the Royal Typewriter Company, Inc. Anyone can use it—even a child. Will give lifetime of writing convenience. Here at last is the perfect typewriter for student, home, author—everyone!



**TOUCH CONTROL**... the most revolutionary improvement ever presented on a typewriter. Key-tension is instantly personalized to your own exact finger pressure.

## PAY AS YOU USE IT!

Small down payment. Monthly terms easily arranged to suit your purse—only a few cents a day.

**FREE!**



**FREE!**



New system of touch typing. Prepared by experts. Quickly mastered.

Handsomely designed case. Typewriter easily removed for luggage.

## SPECIAL FREE TRIAL

Try the New Royal Portable at home. If not entirely pleased, it may be returned without question.

## SEND NO MONEY!

Royal Typewriter Company, Inc., Dept. S-8  
2 Park Avenue, New York City  
Please send me complete details concerning special FREE TRIAL OFFER on the New Royal Portable Typewriter with TOUCH CONTROL.

NAME.....  
STREET.....  
CITY.....STATE.....

**APPROVED WAY TO TINT**  
**GRAY HAIR**  
...and Look 10 Years Younger

Quickly and safely you can tint those streaks of gray to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. A small brush and BROWNATONE does it. Used and approved for over twenty-three years. Guaranteed harmless. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Economical and lasting—will not wash out. Imparts rich, beautiful color with amazing speed. Easy to prove by applying a little of this famous tint to a lock of your own hair. BROWNATONE is only 50c—at all drug or toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

**REMOVES HAIR**  
**X-BAZIN**  
CREAM  
SIMPLY APPLY—WASH OFF  
A HUNDRED YEAR OLD FRENCH FORMULA  
GIANT TUBE 50¢ SMALLER TUBE 10¢  
DRUG • DEPT. STORES • TEN CENT STORES  
**SAFELY • QUICKLY • SURELY**

## Here's Hollywood!

Continued from page 56

**WILL ROGERS** has a delightful sense of modesty. It came to light in full force one recent day when he was seen loading a sack of maple sugar in the back of his car.

"What you got, Mistuh Rog-ahs?" asked Stepin Fetchit. Will grinned and replied, "Just a sack of sugar. My fan in Vermont sent it to me!"

## CAN IT BE LOVE DEPT:

Before you can say *Richard Barthelmess*, or at least before this item is in print, Nancy Carroll will likely be Mrs. Paul Van Avery Smith, (he's a wealthy business man). They're planning a quiet marriage, and even now are said to be furnishing the home in which they'll live after their "I do's" have been said.

Claudette Colbert is being seen more and more often with her doctor-friend, but still denies plans to divorce Norman Foster for the present. Meanwhile, Norman has been doing all right with Sally Blane.

Betty Furness continues to be one of the most-often-rumored-in-love lassies in town. Cary Grant, Gordon Westcott, Arthur Lake, Sherman Rogers, and a few others are seen here and there in her company. Prince Mdivani, (of the marrying Mdivanis), is rushing Pepi Lederer, Marion Davies' niece.

And lookie, lookie, lookie, here come Ann Sothorn and Roger Pryor! Just when the ashes of their romance looked colder than Connie Bennett's stare, too. The Anita Louise-Tom Brown romance, too, after a brief pause, is proceeding calmly. Ditto that Mary Carlisle-James Blakeley thing, which cooled temporarily when it looked as if he might reach first base with Barbara Hutton—but he struck out instead.

Charles "Buddy" Rogers has taken up Mary Pickford's religion (Christian Science), and it looks more serious than ever. A few fans are said to have written Buddy and Mary to protest against their marriage, (because she is the older of the two), but the majority have scoffed at what they term this "old-fashioned idea." They have said to the pair, "If you're in love, go ahead. It's *your* life and *your* happiness at stake."

**VERY** funny, Evelyn Venable's reason for being a vegetarian. "I like vegetables," she wrote to a friend. "I also like my meals first hand. I don't need to eat the cow that first ate the vegetables. No, thanks; I eat the vegetables, and not the cow."

**SOME** new friendships worthy of attention have sprung up in Hollywood. Carole Lombard and Gloria Swanson have become tennis pals. They play almost daily with Alice Marble, one of the country's finest racquet wielders. Incidentally, they play on William Powell's court.

Another unexpected friendship is that between Anna Sten and Marlene Dietrich, often reported enemies. They're together at least a few times every week. This friendship began when they attended the Russian Easter services.

**MARY BRIAN** is the first screen actress, insofar as the records would indicate, who has suffered an attack of "writer's cramp." That affliction, you may already know, is caused by gripping a pen or pencil too long between one's fingers. It is a common ailment among authors.

Mary suffered her attack during her personal appearance tour. She has only herself to blame, because she advertised on stage and radio that she would sign autographs for all who wanted them—and thousands did.

A mid-West physician finally put a ban on autographs, because, he told her, she might permanently paralyze the muscles of her writing hand.

**BETTY FURNESS** delights in telling friends about her latest "visit to New York." Granted a vacation, Betty boarded a plane late one afternoon. The following morning, she arrived in New York. That night she received a telephone call to rush back to Hollywood for a picture. The next morning she boarded a plane en route to the West Coast.

"The trip East was rough, so I was too ill to eat dinner in New York," Betty says. "I didn't eat breakfast next day, because I don't like to eat before I fly." So I didn't even eat a meal in the East."

**AT THIS** writing, Shirley Temple's parents are in a stew. The reason: Some fans in Australia have written to tell Shirley they are sending her a kangaroo.

When fans sent little Miss Temple a calf, her parents solved that problem by boarding the bovine with a dairy. But no dairy farm will undertake to raise a kangaroo, and Mrs. Temple is afraid that if she gives it to a zoo, the Australian donors will be angry. Will somebody with a kangaroo in their past kindly send the Temple family a few words of advice?



When charming Virginia Bruce "tank she go home" from the studio, she steps into her coupé and goes.



## Hollywood Figure

Continued from page 53

taking your swing from right to left. This exercise is particularly good for the waist.

### Exercise #2:

Kneel on right knee, left knee bent and left foot set firmly on the floor. With left hand folded on top of closed right fist, stretch arms out and up to left; pull back hands to right side and then stretch them upward as high as you can go. Do this rhythmically, as a lumberjack does his sawing. It will probably help you if you can do it to music, good four-four time. Reverse and kneel on left knee, taking your swing from upper right to lower left.

This exercise helps reduce hips and builds up shoulders and chest.

### Exercise #3:

Stand erect with left foot one step forward, right foot set at right angles to left one, (with toe pointed to side). Your right leg is held straight and your left knee slightly bent, as if you were about to fence. Clasp your hands together, as you have done in previous exercises, and stretch them upward toward the left. Pull them down now with a swing toward the floor to the right, as a lumberjack pulls his saw. As you come back with the swing, your left leg will be straight and your right knee bent. Reverse and step forward with right foot, left toe pointing at right angles. This is excellent for reducing the abdomen.

### Exercise #4:

Stand with feet well apart, fists together as before. This time pretend you have an axe in your hand. Do you know how to chop wood? Well, act as if you were chopping up some firewood for the camp. Bring the axe up high over the right shoulder and then hit your log low; then bring the axe up over the left shoulder and hit the log again. Then swing from farther to the right, then from farther to the left. Make your chopping a circle. You'll feel a pull in the back muscles.

This will keep the back straight and limber and take away those disfiguring humps so many girls develop at the back of the neck.

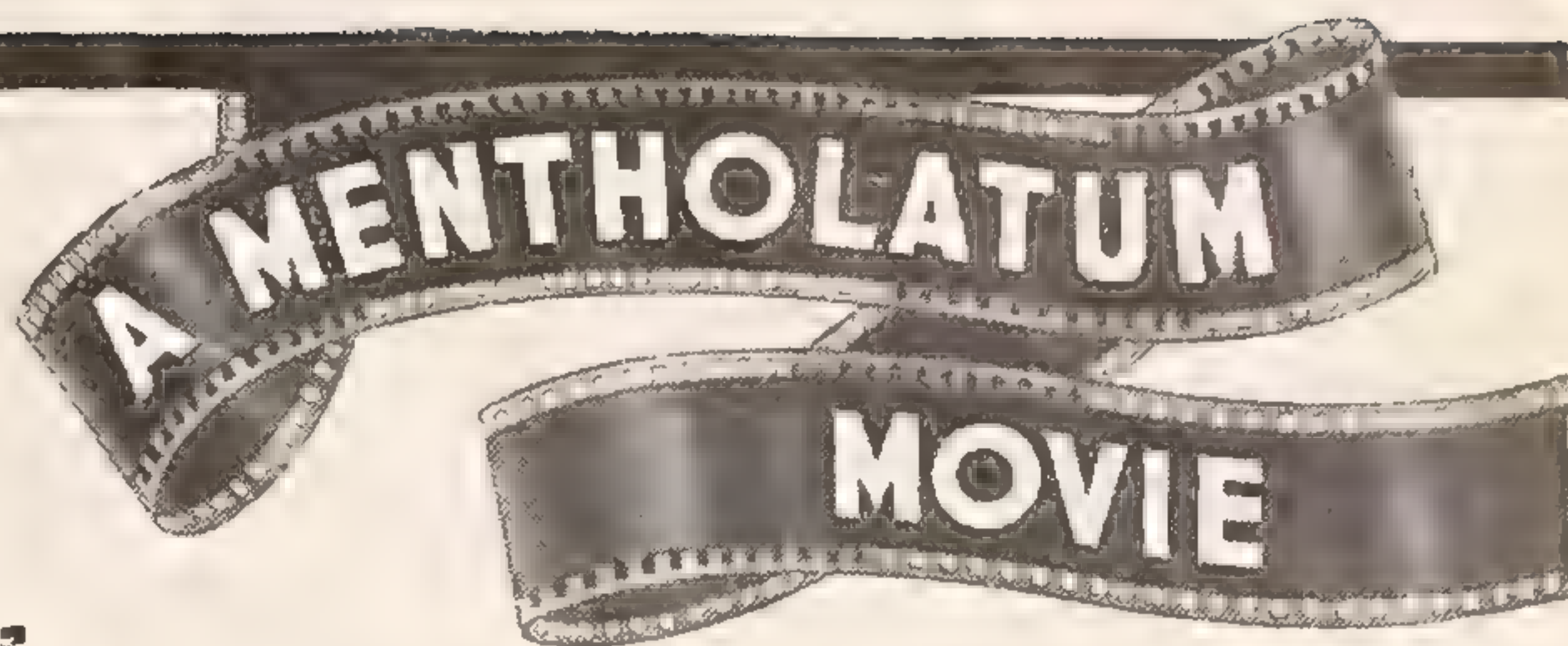
I can't take all you girls who write to me or who read these articles off to a lumber camp and set you to work. If I could I'll bet I'd turn out a fine looking band of girls at the end of six weeks! But if you'll keep faithfully at this routine, you can do a great deal for yourself. You never saw a lumberjack who hadn't a slim waist and trim hips. It's these points that seem to bother most of you, so here's first aid.

Remember to start in with only three or four swings for each exercise. *Don't rush it.* Make your swings slow and deliberate, as a lumberjack swings his rhythmic axe and saw.

You can't hurt yourself at this routine, so don't be afraid of that. If you can take exercise at all, you can take these, if you do them properly.

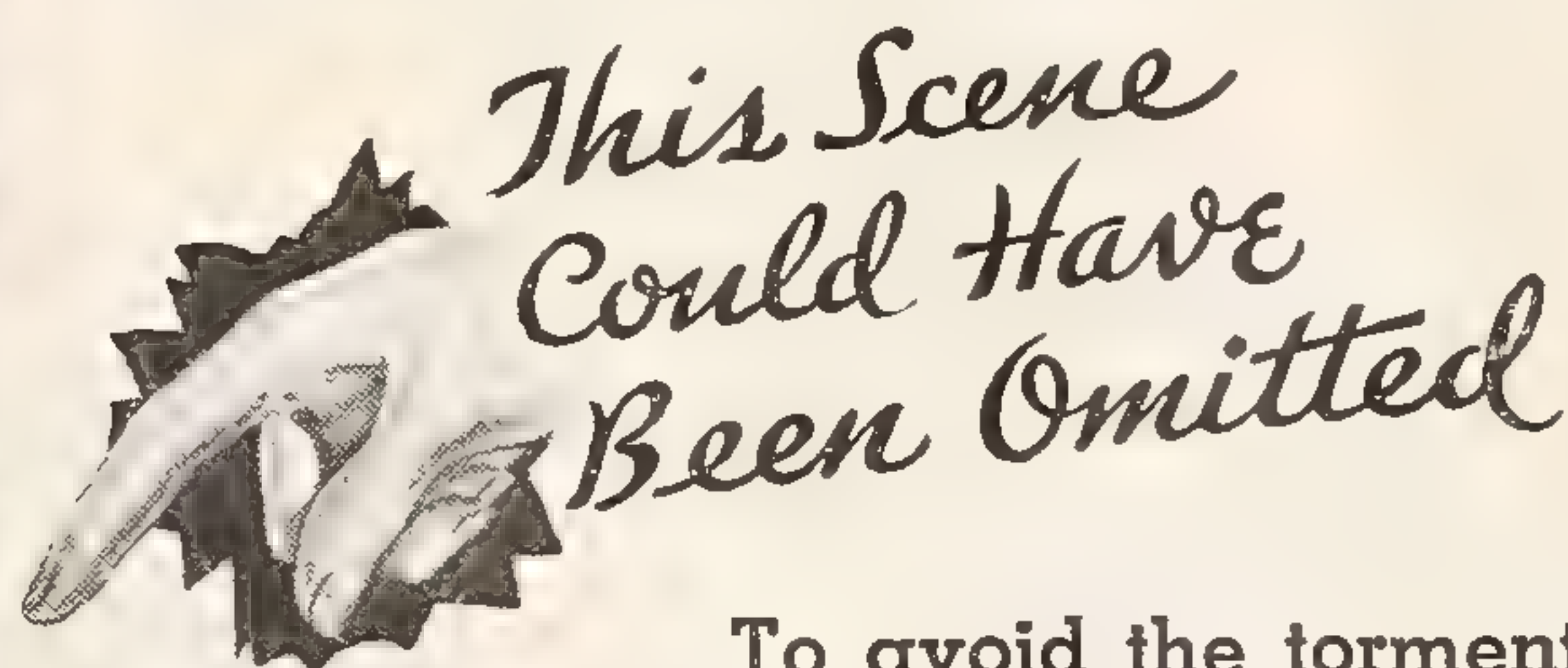
I know that a majority of you—if I can judge from your letters and the statistics gathered by health authorities—are underweight rather than overweight. That is because Americans are a nervous race and tend to overtax their strength. There are more "skinnies" than "fatties" in our population. We get things done, but we use up too much energy doing it. This is true of the stars just as it is true of the rest of you.

Carole Lombard, who is now nearest to the ideal average, was for a time much too thin. She went in for milk as her most easily digested food, and for massage to help her relax. Relaxing, I must repeat for the fifteenth time, is the greatest aid



## "She Spent all Day on the Beach!"

This moving picture tells of a lady who spent a happy day at the beach. But when night came she found that the villain, named Sunburn, had caused her much trouble. If she had called upon the hero, Mentholum, the unhappy scene at the bottom of the film would have been entirely omitted.

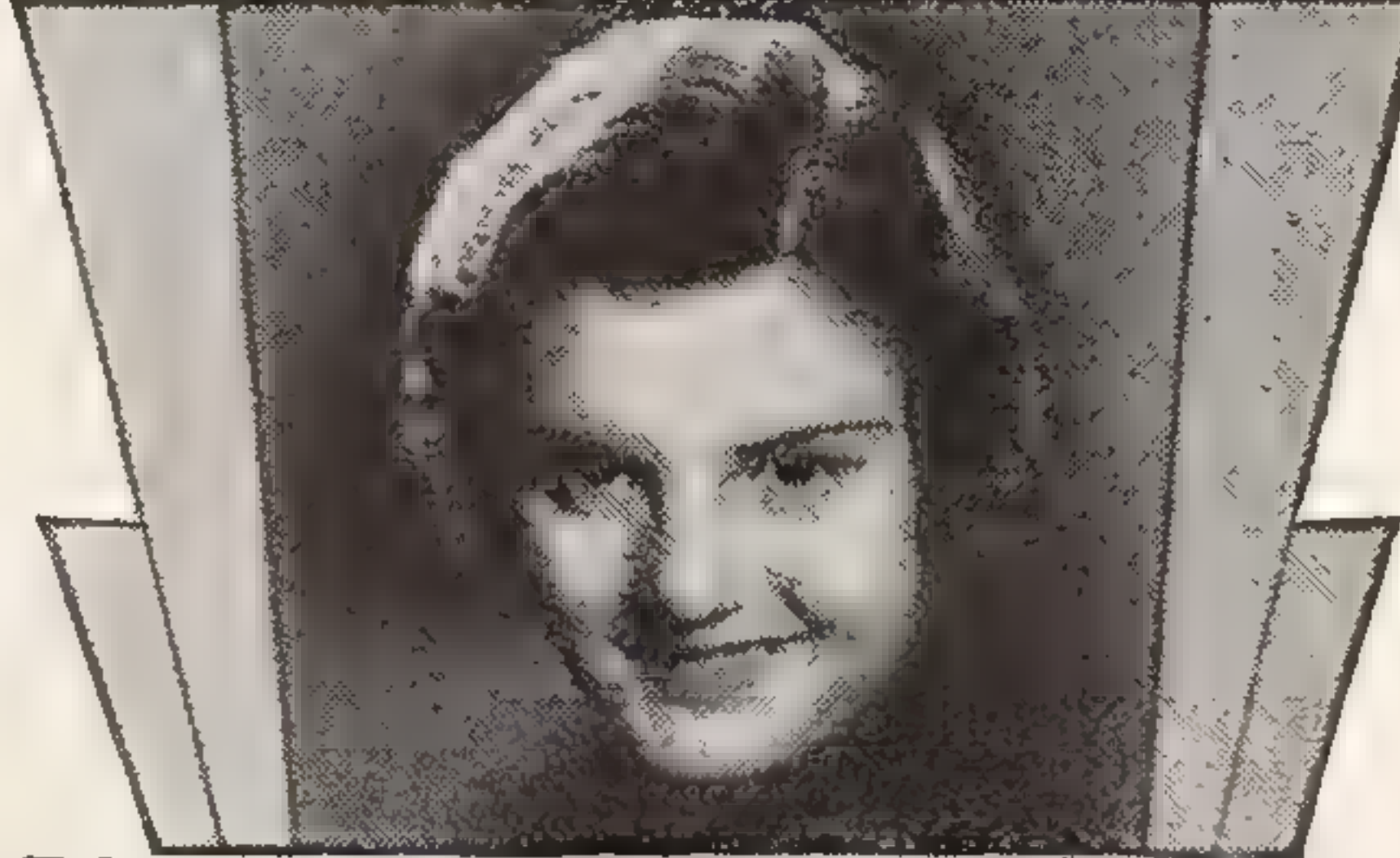


To avoid the torments of sunburn, apply Mentholum liberally. It cools and soothes, and banishes the pain and smarting. Its medicinal ingredients also promote rapid healing.

for **SUNBURN** use  
**MENTHOLATUM**

Gives  
**COMFORT**  
DAILY

## Mercolized Wax



### Keeps Skin Young

Absorb blemishes and discolorations using Mercolized Wax daily as directed. Invisible particles of aged skin are freed and all defects such as blackheads, tan, freckles and large pores disappear. Skin is then beautifully clear, velvety and so soft—face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. At all leading druggists. **Phelactine removes hairy growths—takes them out—easily, quickly and gently.** Leaves the skin hair free.

### —Powdered Saxolite—

Reduces wrinkles and other age-signs. Simply dissolve one ounce Saxolite in half-pint witch hazel and use daily as face lotion.

## Have FULL ROUND ALLURING CURVES



You can add 3 to 6 inches with Beautipon Cream treatment, which has given thousands a beautiful form. **YOUR MONEY BACK** if your form is not increased after applying Beautipon Cream Treatment for 14 days! Full 30 days' treatment, \$1.00 sent in plain wrapper. The ultra-rapid, positive **GUARANTEED** way to have the bewitching, magnetic, feminine charm you've always longed for.

### Read what others say:

"I can scarcely express my delight with the results. Since I started using Beautipon Cream I have increased my chest-line 5 inches! Your Beautipon Cream works like magic and I am thrilled to own a form so feminine and shapely." B. T.

"Your treatment is simply splendid. I am filling out and getting larger and rounder." B. T.

"I have put 3 inches on my chest measurement and increased 10 lbs. in weight." G.

### Free! "Fascinating Loveliness" Free!

The world famous Beauty Expert's Course, "Fascinating Loveliness" for which thousands have paid \$1.00 will be sent **FREE** if you send \$1.00 for Beautipon Cream Treatment NOW. **OFFER LIMITED, SEND \$1.00 TODAY.** Add 25c for foreign countries.

**DAISY STEBBING**

Suite 93

Forest Hills, N. Y.

You, too, can have a full rounded form



## Why a corn hurts

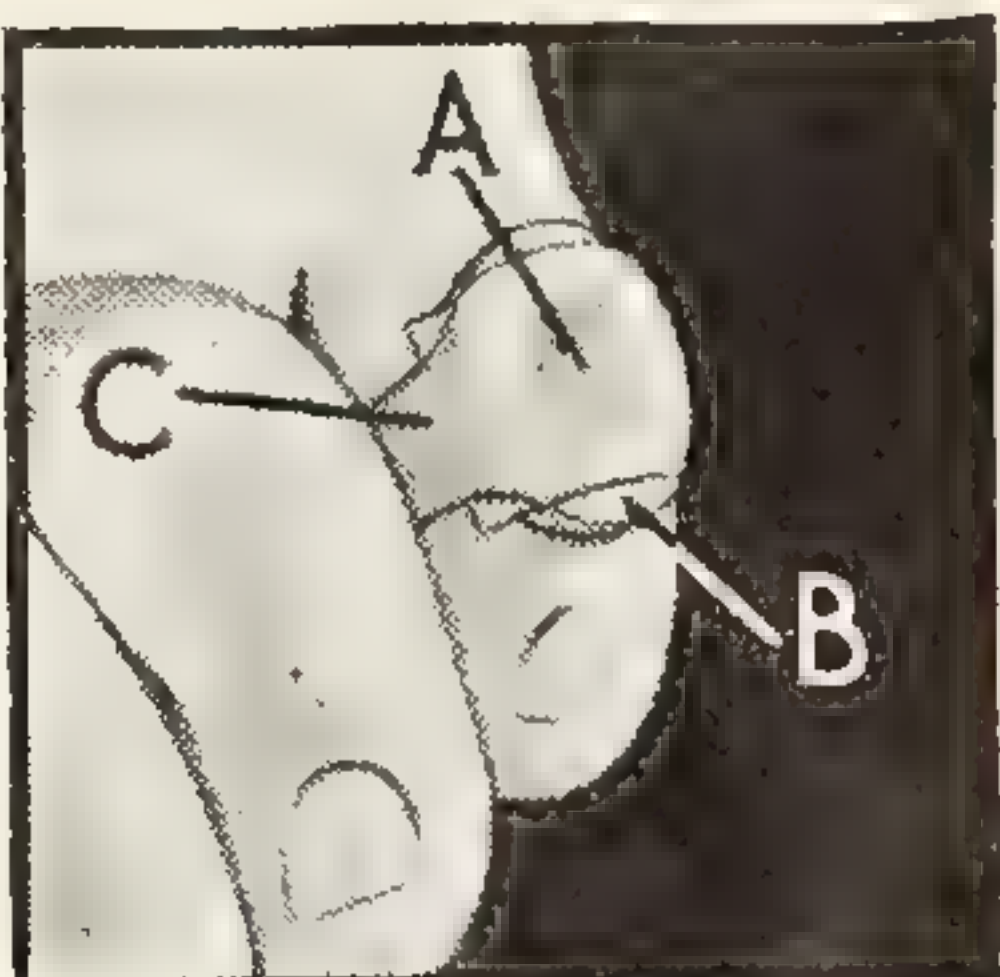


A corn is shaped like a cone, with the small end pointing into the toe. This inverted cone, under pressure from the shoe, presses against sensitive nerves, which carry pain sensations to the brain and central nervous system.

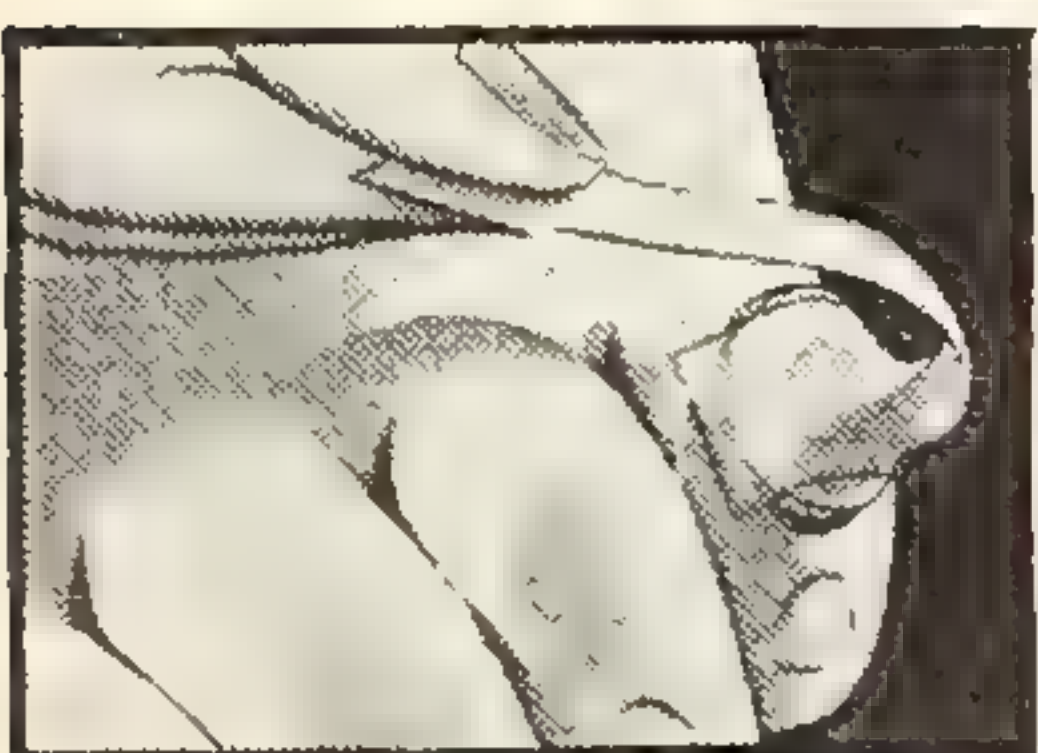
That is why a corn ruins nerves and disposition—seems to "hurt all over."

## How to stop the pain

Blue-Jay stops the pain instantly, by removing pressure from the corn. The pad is soft for greatest possible comfort... yet snug-fitting enough to be unnoticed under smart shoes. Center the gentle Blue-Jay medication directly over the corn itself. The pad is held securely in place with the special Wet-Pruf adhesive strip (waterproof, soft kid-like finish, does not cling to stocking).



## How to remove the corn



After the Blue-Jay has been on for 3 days, remove the pad, soak the foot in warm water, and you lift the corn right out. It is gone,

never to pain you again. The Blue-Jay medication is absolutely safe... mild and gentle in its action of slowly undermining the corn.

Try Blue-Jay today. At drug and department stores—25c.

**BLUE-JAY**  
BAUER & BLACK SCIENTIFIC  
CORN PLASTER



### U. S. Government Jobs Start \$1260 to \$2100 a Year

MEN—WOMEN 18 to 50. Common Education usually sufficient. Many early examinations expected. Qualify now. Write immediately for free 32-page book, with list of many positions and telling how to get them.

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE, Dept. T313, Rochester, N. Y.

### POEMS Set to Music Published

Send Poems to

**McNEIL**

Bachelor of Music

1582 West 27th St.

Los Angeles, Calif.

**Betty Lou**  
**TROPIC TAN**  
FACE POWDER  
*Loveliness for your Summertime Complexion*

Purse Size at all  
F.W. WOOLWORTH STORES  
Regular Size  
ONE DOLLAR **10¢**  
Betty Lou Allan 500-5TH AVE. N.Y.C.

to attain and maintain a perfect figure. Claudette Colbert, when she was chosen for the rôle of "Cleopatra," was told by DeMille that she must add ten pounds to her weight. She did it. How?

With milk, ice-cream, and regular rest periods. While she was working, Claudette refused all invitations; during her luncheon hour, she took her meal in her dressing-room, where she could lie down before and afterwards; and every minute that she was not actually needed on the set, she taught herself to rest and relax. Milk, you know, is relaxing, especially if you take it just before you rest. Claudette formed the habit of eating vanilla ice-cream once a day at least while she was gaining weight, and still keeps it up. You need not confine yourself to vanilla ice-cream. Any flavor will do.

The chief thing responsible for Claudette's steady gain was that she trained herself to relax.

You can do this, too. If you have very little time to rest, try the "spread eagle" method. Lie down flat, without a pillow, arms and feet spread out, head tipped back, eyes closed. Without moving a muscle or a nerve count up to 500.

When Miriam Hopkins was working at Paramount Studios, she insisted on having a dressing-room on the set. Every minute she wasn't in an actual scene she went to this set dressing-room and rested on her day-bed. Whenever she was extra-weary, she called for someone to massage her feet. This was done as you probably saw Claudette having it done in "Imitation of Life."

Hollywood has one advantage over other places. Here, if you tell your hostess you can't come to her party, or you must leave early, "because I have to work," she instantly excuses you. There is no "just this once," or "but I've planned to have you" about it. Work is the most important thing in town. Try to train your neighborhood to understand this, too.

If you want to build up a vigorous, healthy body, you must remember that worry can defeat you, if you give in to it. "I can't stop worrying" is all nonsense. You can if you'll try. Your mind will hold only one idea at a time. Make up your mind that while you are resting the idea shall be a constructive one, a peaceful, restful one, not a destructive, terrifying thought.

Take a deep breath and say to yourself: "I can control myself" or "I am the master of my fate" if you like that better. Deep breathing will definitely help you to control your nerves. Abdominal breathing—which expands the lower lungs—is the kind for you.

Bring your problems of overweight or under-weight, diet, and exercise to James Davies. He has helped many noted screen stars to keep fit and lovely, and he is here to help you, too. Don't expect an answer by mail, because Mr. Davies is too busy to conduct a correspondence; but he will be glad to answer representative questions in SCREENLAND. Address James Davies, SCREENLAND Magazine, 45 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.

### James Davies' Answers to Questions Arlene of S. C.:

You are only about 4 lbs. over-weight, and from the measurements you give me, evidently all of that excess poundage lies in the hips—these should be reduced 5 or 6 inches. Do the hip-roll faithfully every day half a dozen times, (in case you have forgotten how—Lie flat on the floor, arms crossed on chest, roll three times to the

## Seductive Slimness Remove that Ugly FAT

Feminine attractiveness demands fascinating, youthful lines of a graceful, slim figure—with slender, firm, rounded contours, instead of unbecoming flesh. Hundreds of women have reduced with my famous Slimcream Method—and reduced just where they wanted, safely, quickly, surely. I, myself, reduced my chestline by 4½ inches and my weight 28 lbs. in 28 days.

J. A. writes, "I was 37 inches (across the chest). Here is the miracle your Slimcream has worked for me. I have actually taken 5 inches off. I am overjoyed."

The Slimcream treatment is so entirely effective, so easy to use, and so beneficial that I unhesitatingly offer to return your money if you have not reduced your figure both in pounds and inches in 14 days. What could be fairer than that!

Decide NOW to achieve the figure of your heart's desire. Send \$1.00 today for the full 30-day treatment.

**FREE** Send \$1.00 for my Slimcream treatment NOW, and I will send you entirely free, my world-famous, regular \$1.00 beauty treatment, with a gold mine of priceless beauty secrets. This offer is limited, so SEND TODAY. Add 25c for foreign countries.

DAISY STEBBING, Dept. SL-22, Forest Hills, New York.

I enclose \$1. Please send immediately postpaid in plain package your Guaranteed Slimcream treatment. I understand that if I have not reduced both in pounds and inches in 14 days, you will cheerfully refund my money. Send also the special free Beauty Treatment.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

Photo of myself after losing 28 lbs. and reducing 4½ inches.

## HAY FEVER

ASTHMA and SUMMER COLDS are unnecessary. Complete relief only \$1.00 Postpaid. Nothing else to buy. Over 40,000 HOLFORD'S WONDER INHALERS sold last year alone. Mail \$1.00 today for full season's relief to THE DANDEE CO., 252 HENNEPIN AVENUE, MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA, or write for Free Booklet.

**NERVOUS? WORRIED? UNHAPPY?**  
**ARE YOU?** What's wrong with you? Do symptoms of Constipation, Indigestion, Dizzy Spells, Sweating and Sleeplessness keep you irritable, exhausted and gloomy? Are you Bashful? Despondent? *There's Help for You!* Medicines, tonics or Drugs probably will not relieve your weak, sick nerves. My wonderful book "Watch Your Nerves" explains a new method that will help you regain lost vitality and healthy nerves. Send 25c for this amazing book. **ROBERT HOLMES, 178 Fuller Bldg., Jersey City, N. J.**

**REDUCE**  
**Without Drugs—Without Exercises**  
**EAT EVERYTHING**  
A grand discovery for those overweight. Amazingly simple—simply amazing. Makes you feel well and happy over astonishing loss of weight. **FREE BOOKLET** from:  
**EAT-ALL REDUCING SYSTEM**  
11 West 42nd St., N. Y. City

**SINUS—HAY FEVER**  
**ASTHMA - BRONCHITIS - CATARRH**  
A famous New York physician of thirty years experience, former chief, for fourteen years, of Ear, Nose, Throat Clinic of a noted New York City Hospital, retires from active practice to introduce his scientific home treatment aimed to eradicate the root of these diseases. No narcotics. Write for **FREE** book and symptom chart and a money back guarantee. D. Friedman, M.D., Department SS, 6425 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

**VOICE**  
**100% Improvement Guaranteed**  
We build, strengthen the vocal organs—not with singing lessons—but by fundamentally sound and scientifically correct silent exercises... and absolutely guarantee to improve any singing or speaking voice at least 100%. Write for wonderful voice book—sent free. Learn WHY you can now have the voice you want. No literature sent to anyone under 17 unless signed by parent.  
**PERFECT VOICE INSTITUTE, Studio C-131**  
64 E. Lake St., Chicago



right and three times to the left). The following is also an excellent exercise: Clasp your hands back of your head and rotate the body forward and downward from right to left and from left to right.

*Miss MacD., Edinburgh, Scotland:*

Your hip measurement is 5 inches too much. Try exercises above and in this article.

*B. F. B., Dallas, Texas:*

What you really need is to build yourself up all over. Try taking hot milk or ovaltine between meals and before going to bed. Follow the "lumberjack routine" in this issue of SCREENLAND. For thin wrists and arms, try this: Close fists, tense arms, and do complete circular movement of wrists. For thin calves: Put a book on the floor, hands on hips. Place toes on book, heels on floor. Balance up and down a dozen times.

*C. S. Welwyn Garden, Herts, England:*

Try cupping massage for reducing legs. Here is good exercise: Stand with right foot in front of left, toe of left foot behind heel of right. Raise right leg, knee stiff,

until foot is about 18 inches from floor. Give high jump upward, and at same time bring left leg up and beat it against calf of right. In landing bend knees and ankles so that you come down softly. Repeat with right leg.

*Mrs. M. M., Buffalo, N. Y.:*

If you have heart trouble, *by no means* do any exercise unless your physician recommends it.

*B. L. M., Lowell, Mass.:*

You are slightly under-weight and can afford to do body-building exercises. For bust-development try the rod exercise. Stand with feet well apart, holding the rod in both hands well toward the ends. Bend forward, swinging rod down. Straighten and swing rod up above head. Swing arms backward lowering rod behind you. Raise right arm, lower left, raise left, lower right. Bring rod back above head and swing down to first position. Repeat.

*A. M. C., Texas:*

Try above exercise for bust development. Try hip reducing exercises in this issue.

## Page Miss Glory

Continued from page 45

off to and it had been more fun being Loretta, going to the movies when her day's work was over, than being Dawn Glory adored by the world and yet shut away from it.

It happened so quickly that when it was over it was almost like something she had dreamed, looking up and seeing Bingo

standing there just inside the door. Involuntarily her hand flew to her heart as though she could quiet that quick beat, her eyes for all their happiness stung with sudden tears and that queer choke in her throat so she could not speak.

There was no need of words. The room was full of that silent thing that lay between them, that made Bingo blush and stammer like any school boy, that brought the ready scowl to Click's face.

Bingo had never been one for poetry, but now her name on his lips became a litany; and Click, stung to action at the danger of losing his gold mine, beckoned to Gladys and she took the girl's arm and drew her into the bedroom.

Bingo came out of his dream then.

"I want to see her," he protested. "She's my sweetheart, isn't she?"

"I tell you," Click's mouth clamped down over the words. "Dawn Glory can't have a sweetheart. She's the whole nation's sweetheart."

Somehow he managed to force the boy from the suite and then, his mouth grim, he went to Loretta.

"Now, listen! You're Dawn Glory. No one can make a date with you. You're a goddess."

"You mean I can't have any fun?" Loretta wailed.

"You're going to have everything most girls dream about and never get," Click tried to be patient. "Silks, satins, furs, jewels—that's fun. Isn't it?"

"B-but w-what about Mr. N-nelson?" She listened disconsolately as Click grandly threw a few cars and yachts into the grand total of her assets and then echoed forlornly, "Gosh, if I can't get to see Mr. Nelson I had more fun when I was a chambermaid!"

"But you're famous, Dawn, famous!" Click threw out his hands in exasperation. "You've got to be protected. The world's at your feet. Say," his voice became almost gentle as her ready tears fell again, "how would you like to take a little auto ride with Ed?"

"With Ed?" Loretta wailed. Then she brightened. "Well, I guess he's better than nothing," she sighed.

If anyone had ever told Gladys she would ever be jealous of the frumpy little chambermaid who had driven them all crazy



Frances Drake shows how easy it is to be smart, in this tailored summer suit of beige doeskin.

**SEE HOW I  
LOOK SINCE  
I GAINED  
12 POUNDS**



*Posed by professional models*

**Compare Her  
Measurements  
With Yours**

---

**H'GHT. 5 FT. 4 In.**  
**W'GHT. 120 Lbs.**  
**BUST . 35 In.**  
**WAIST . 26 In.**  
**HIPS . 36 In.**  
**THIGH . 21 In.**  
**CALF . 14 In.**  
**ANKLE . 8½ In.**

## It's a shame to be SKINNY

**When This Special Quick Way Adds 5 to 15 Pounds Fast**

**T**HOUSANDS who were "skinny" and friendless have gained solid, attractive flesh this new quick way—in just a few weeks!

Doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health. But now, with this new yeast discovery in little tablets, you can get far greater results—regain health, also put on solid pounds—and in a far shorter time.

Not only are thousands quickly gaining beauty-bringing pounds, but also clear skin, freedom from indigestion, new pep.

### Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from specially cultured *brewers' ale yeast* imported from Europe—the richest yeast known—which by a new scientific process is now concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful.

But that is not all! This super-rich yeast is ironized with 3 kinds of strengthening iron.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast tablets, watch flat chest develop, skinny limbs round out attractively, constipation go, skin clear to beauty—you're an entirely new person.

### Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money will be instantly and gladly refunded.

### Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health *right away*, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out seal on box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body," by a well-known authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 263, Atlanta, Ga.





**Eyes BURNING AND TIRED?**  
Dust—wind—sun glare—reading—tire your eyes. For relief, cleanse them daily with Murine. Soothing. Refreshing. Used safely for nearly 40 years.

**MURINE**  
FOR YOUR EYES

*Lovely to look at.*  
INVITES A CARESS

STAR-SHEEN Liquid Hair RINSE and TINT will make "Him" admire your hair because only STAR-SHEEN gives your hair those shimmering glints that "will be remembered." STAR-SHEEN counteracts dullness, brittleness and promotes softness. Try STAR-SHEEN



CONSTANCE CUMMINGS  
Star of "Accent on Youth"

note the difference. SEND 10c FOR FULL SIZE BOTTLE.  
Check Shade: [ ] Platinum [ ] Henna [ ] Black  
[ ] Blonde [ ] Dark, or [ ] Golden Brown.

**8 RINSES for 10¢ STAR-SHEEN**  
P.O. BOX 131 HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.  
**SOLD AT ALL 10¢ STORES**

**"HUSH"**  
FOR  
BODY ODORS  
AT ALL 10¢ STORES



## SUMMER RASH

ITCHING STOPPED QUICKLY

Even the most stubborn itching of insect bites, athlete's foot, eczema, and many other skin afflictions quickly yields to cooling, antiseptic, liquid D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION. Its gentle oils soothe the irritated and inflamed skin. Clear, greaseless and stainless—dries fast. Stops itching instantly. A 35c trial bottle, at drug stores, proves it—or money back.

**D.D.D. Prescription**

**Hot Aching FEET**



**Quickly Relieved and Refreshed**  
Aching, sore or swollen feet are quickly relieved by Dr. Scholl's Foot Balm. This invigorating, healing, medicated balm drives out inflammation; eases sore muscles and joints; soothes irritated nerves; reduces swelling; quiets painful corns, callouses and bunions. Try it and you'll never be without it. Get a jar today at your drug, shoe or dept. store, 35¢. For free booklet on Foot Care, write Dr. Scholl's, Inc., 299 W. Schiller St., Chicago, Ill.

**Dr. Scholl's FOOT BALM**

with her solicitude she would have laughed derisively. And yet she *was* jealous, horribly, sickeningly jealous. She had always taken Ed so much for granted when there was no competition, but now the minutes dragged into an eternity.

"Five o'clock! And they're not back yet." She flung an exasperated look at the impassive Click.

"Now, Gladys," Click consoled. "Suppose we had a gold mine that was making us all rich. We'd take awful good care of it, wouldn't we? You know we can't take a chance on the reporters catching her alone. She'd spill everything."

"What about Bingo Nelson?" Gladys refused to be placated. "He's anxious for the job."

"Bingo Nelson!" Click stared at her as if he had suddenly encountered a new variety of moron. "He'd marry her the minute he got her alone. Then goodbye to our meal ticket. Who ever heard of a married goddess? Two weeks after the event she wouldn't be worth a lead quarter to us. I wish I could get him shanghied!"

He had spoken idly, but as soon as they were said the words took on reality. Why not? It would save them the continual watch on the girl and Bingo was as elusive as an eel slipping in and out of the suite trying to see her.

"Nelson will be here in half an hour," he told the two underworld characters he sent for. He laughed as he took Gladys' arm. It was the first relaxed moment he had known since Dawn Glory first made newspaper headlines.

Gladys tapped her foot impatiently as Click telephoned Bingo that he could see Dawn if he came right over. Her thoughts were still somewhere in the park with Ed and Loretta in a car together. Suddenly she had an idea.

"Wait for me just a minute," she gasped to Click and was gone.

"Say, do you want a tip from me?" she demanded of the would-be kidnappers. "Take the girl instead of Nelson. I'll make it worth your while. I'll double the ante."

It would take every cent of her part of the Dawn Glory racket loot, all the money she had been planning on trousseau things and cute gadgets for an apartment. But it was worth it. Every cent of it, and she was smiling when he rejoined Click in the lobby.

The drive in the park hadn't been much fun after all. For a little while Loretta had tried to make-believe Ed was Bingo, and Ed had tried to make-believe Loretta was Gladys; but make-believe isn't much fun when the air is soft with spring and the cherry trees made a bridal arbor in the park.

When they came home at last Ed couldn't wait to find Gladys and the precious Miss Glory seemed safe enough with the doors of the suite locked, so with a last warning that she be good and stay where she was, Ed was gone.

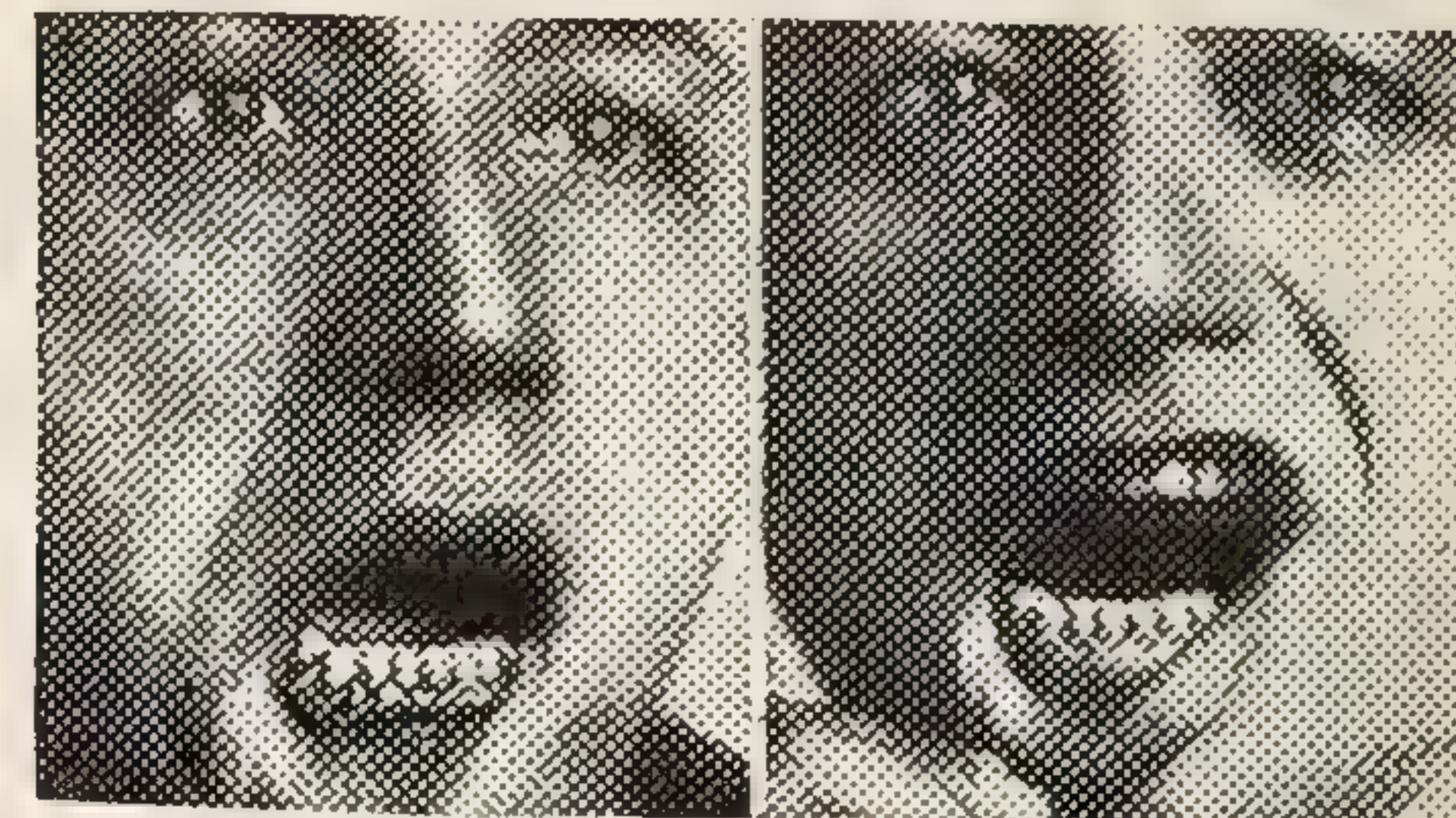
Music drifted in through the open window from the roof garden above. Somehow it was easier to make-believe alone than it had been with Ed; easier somehow to imagine Bingo's voice and his smile and his eyes. And then suddenly there was no more make-believe, for there was the sound of a key turning in the lock and when she turned around Bingo was coming into the room.

"I've been waiting to see you so long," he was close to her now, bewilderingly close, and she could hardly speak for the rapture closing around her.

"So've I—been waiting to see you." There was so much to say in that first moment, so much each of them had longed for, had dreamed about.

"The only time I ever felt like this was when I did 247 loops without a stop,"

## Heals Pyorrhea Trench Mouth For Thousands!



BEFORE AFTER

Picture shows Mr. Rochin before and after using P. T. M. FORMULA. He says: "I used P. T. M. for four weeks and all signs of pyorrhea have absolutely disappeared, leaving my teeth and gums in a firm, healthy condition—thanks to your wonderful remedy. My dentist could hardly believe such a change possible. I surely hope that the thousands suffering from Pyorrhea and Trench Mouth learn, as I did, that at last there is relief from these dreaded conditions."—Paul Rochin, Los Angeles, Cal. **DON'T LOSE YOUR TEETH! TRY P. T. M. FORMULA**, a painless economical home treatment with money-back guarantee. P. T. M. has healed Pyorrhea, Trench Mouth, sore, tender, bleeding gums for thousands of sufferers. It is new in principle, and has proven sensationally effective for thousands of users. If you have Pyorrhea or Trench Mouth—if your gums are sore or bleed when brushed—if your teeth are loose or pus pockets have formed—TRY P. T. M. You be the judge—nothing to lose, your health to gain. Your money back if you are not entirely satisfied with successful results in your own case. Write NOW for full information. P. T. M. Formula Products, Inc., Dept. T-33, 4016 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.

## Free For Asthma and Hay Fever

If you suffer with attacks of Asthma so terrible you choke and gasp for breath, if Hay Fever keeps you sneezing and snuffing while your eyes water and nose discharges continuously, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for a **free trial** of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered for a life-time and tried everything you could learn of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address **Frontier Asthma Co., 377-W, Frontier Bldg., 462 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y.**

**CASH** for EASY HOMEWORK

**LADIES—ADDRESS ENVELOPES—**  
at home. Spare time. \$5.00 — \$15.00 weekly. Experience unnecessary. Dignified work. Send stamp for particulars. **HAWKINS**  
Dept. HR Box 75  
Hammond, Indiana

**WANTED!**  
**ORIGINAL POEMS, SONGS**  
for immediate consideration  
**M. M. M. PUBLISHERS**  
Dept. SU Studio Bldg.  
PORTLAND, ORE.

**GRAY HAIR**  
**FADED**

Women, girls, men with gray, faded, streaked hair. Shampoo and color your hair at the same time with new French discovery "SHAMPO-KOLOR," takes few minutes. Leaves hair soft, glossy, natural. Permits permanent wave and curl. Free Booklet, Monsieur L. F. Vallin, Dept. 20, 254 W. 31 St., New York

**5¢ EACH** **BLUE BOOKS**

Send for free catalogue. Address: **HALLOWELL CO., Catalogue Dept.,** SIBARD, KANSAS





Henry Armetta, who gives us so many laughs in pictures, gives acting tips to Dorothy Page, newcomer from radio, who is soon to make her film debut.

Bingo protested fervently as his arms went around her. "Over East St. Louis."

"I'll bet that was a funny feeling, too," Loretta sighed blissfully. Then she felt his lips on hers and for a moment there was only that breathless silence closing around them, enveloping them in a lover's world of their own.

"Hey, Bingo!" They drew guiltily apart as Ed's voice crashed through their happiness. "You ought to be ashamed sneaking in like this when our backs were turned."

"What're you talking about?" Bingo demanded in outraged innocence. "Click sent me up here himself."

"And we're engaged to be married," Loretta flung out triumphantly.

"Look here!" Ed begged frantically. "You can't do anything like this."

But Loretta had had enough. "I can't?" she stormed. "I *will*! I'm sick and tired of being kept a prisoner here just so someone won't find out I'm not really Dawn Glory!"

She struggled as Ed clapped a silencing hand over her mouth, but somehow she managed to get away from him and fling out triumphantly, "My name is Loretta Dalrymple and I want Bingo to know it."

"I used to work here," she turned to Bingo, her eyes entreating him to understand. "I was only a chambermaid until Click put me on being Dawn Glory. Do you mind? It doesn't make any difference, does it?"

It didn't make any difference. Nothing could make any difference with her eyes shining like that, her mouth pleading. And it was only the quick knock on the door that prevented Bingo from taking her in his arms again.

"Trunk was ordered here." The man in the oversized porter's uniform wheeled it into the room before Ed could protest. With one hand he slammed the door behind him. With the other he covered them with a gun.

"Keep your yaps shut or it will be just too bad!" he ordered. "Now, Miss Glory, get into the trunk!"

Before anyone of them really realized what was happening he pushed Loretta into the trunk and closed the lid.

"Take off your pants," he muttered tersely to the others, and with a gun waiting for an opportunity to bark out at them Bingo and Ed did what they were told.

In another hour newsboys were shouting extras at every corner, radios blared the

news of the kidnapping, and Dawn Glory's name ran in high gear across illuminated news ribbons. Dawn's name was on everybody's lips, and the whole world was thrilling to the excitement of the kidnapping.

But it was of Loretta Bingo was thinking. Loretta—somehow it made her even dearer knowing she wasn't the glamorous Miss Glory after all, but just a girl from a small town. He had come from a small town, too. It made the whole fantastic thing seem true for the first time.

He must find her. In the excitement he had forgotten he was still wearing the dainty fur trimmed pajamas he had found in her closet as he swung out on the fire-escape outside her window. Below him police cars were swinging along in the mad search and crowds stood gaping up at the hotel.

And then almost when he had given up all hope he saw her in the empty suite a few stories below. Loretta saw him peering in at the window and turned coyly to her captor.

"I—I must have left my handkerchief in the trunk." She looked helplessly at the man playing solitaire and with a gesture almost courtly he got up.

"Allow me!" he said gallantly as he opened the lid and bent over the trunk.

It was all over in a moment, Bingo making that one cat-like spring into the room and pushing the obliging kidnapper into the trunk. They had to hurry, but first there was that sudden, shaken kiss, in which Dawn Glory was submerged once and for all into a girl in love.

The moon came shyly over the trees in the park as the Giant Nemo Yeast advertising plane soared over the Park Regis.

"Bingo Nelson speaking," blared the loud speaker. "I've got Dawn Glory and she's going to be my wife."

And then Dawn's voice. "I'm not going to be a symbol any longer! I'm just going to be a bride with a loving husband and a loving home and some loving kiddies."

Consternation reigned in Click's suite. With a whoop the reporters who had camped on his doorstep since Dawn Glory's birth rushed out to broadcast the news to their papers.

Close, close to the stars and the moon flew the plane, and Bingo pulled Loretta closer and it was as if he had pulled the stars and all heaven with her when he took her in his arms.

THE END

## WHY BE FAT?



Delighted women everywhere are telling their friends how easy it is to have an alluring figure the RE-DUCE-OIDS way.

## ★She LOST 50 Pounds without Diet or Exercise

● There's no need to envy other women with their captivating figures, while you sit in the background ashamed and uncomfortable. Here is the easy, safe way that has transformed the overweight bodies of thousands of delighted women into lovely figures admired by everyone, after other methods had failed.

\*Mrs. Jennie Schafer, 1029 Jackson St., Kansas City, Mo., writes "I reduced 50 pounds with RE-DUCE-OIDS. Every other method failed, but RE-DUCE-OIDS succeeded! After I lost this fat, my doctor pronounced me in better health than for years, and I felt better in every way."

**EASY-TO-USE—SAFE—EFFECTIVE** when used according to directions. Doctors prescribe the ingredients which science combines for you in RE-DUCE-OIDS, in easy-to-use, tasteless capsule form. Hundreds of letters tell of permanently reducing as much as 70 pounds... and report feeling better while and after taking RE-DUCE-OIDS. No weakening diets, no reducing baths, no exercises!

### FAT GOES—OR NO COST TO YOU!

● If you are not entirely satisfied with the wonderful "slimming" results you obtain from RE-DUCE-OIDS, you get your money back. Your word and the used package is all we require, you risk no money! So start now, before fat gets one more day's headway. . . . Your druggist or department store has RE-DUCE-OIDS, or can get it quickly. If your dealer is out, send \$2.00 for 1 package, or \$5.00 for 3 packages, to Scientific Laboratories of America, Inc., 746 Sansome St., San Francisco, Calif.—or C.O.D. Plain wrapper.

**FREE** Send no money for this valuable book — "HOW TO REDUCE." Free and Postpaid, plain envelope.

In Easy-to-Use Capsule Form

**RE-DUCE-OIDS**  
TRADE MARK REG.



### GOODBYE, FAT!

Scientific Laboratories of America, Inc. Dept. S358  
746 Sansome Street, San Francisco, Calif.

Send me the FREE Book "HOW TO REDUCE." If you wish RE-DUCE-OIDS check number of packages here:

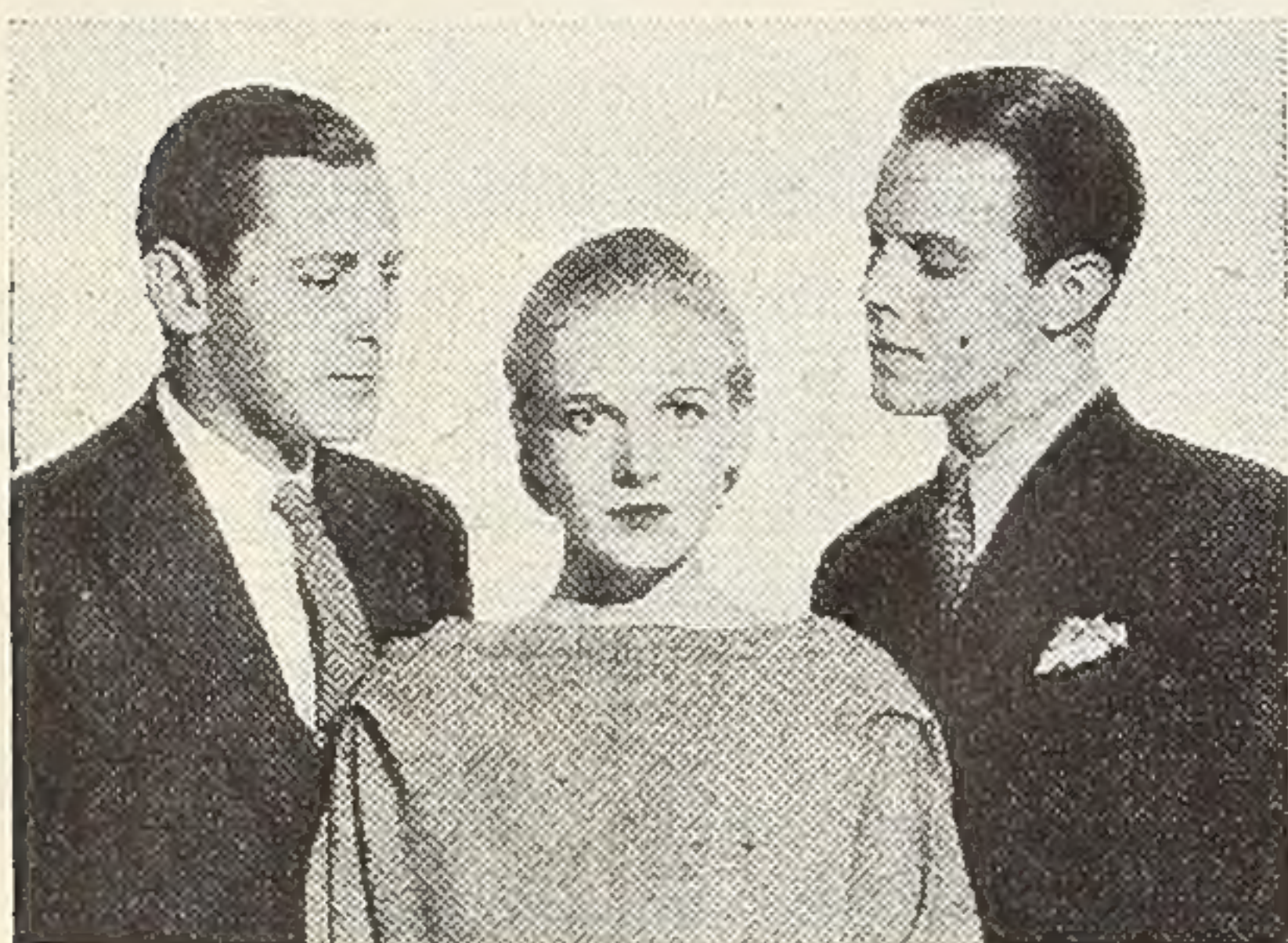
Name.....  
Address.....  
City.....State.....





Goin' To  
Town  
Paramount

Several shades below Mae West's previous best, but not lacking in laughs created by the typical Westian wise-cracks with rough edges. Mae appears as a dance-hall girl who inherits the fortune of a rich miner and then proceeds to crash society, which leads to melodrama when her social enemies try to "frame" her with Ivan Lebedeff. Paul Cavanaugh is the wealthy and titled Englishman Mae captivates.



The  
Flame  
Within  
M-G-M

A rather unpleasant subject, dealing with psychiatry, that is very well handled. A story of mental ills, it is somewhat depressing, but with Ann Harding as the psychiatrist, and Herbert Marshall and Maureen O'Sullivan in prominent rôles, the picture naturally is one that will hold your interest. Miss Harding is excellent; and Maureen, as a suicidal neurotic, does brilliant work. At least it's quite different.



The Girl  
from  
10th  
Avenue  
Warners

Fine acting talent severely handicapped by a trite "society drama" about a Little Miss Nobody who catches a society man on the rebound and fights to hold him when his ex-flame tries to win him back. Bette Davis makes the story capture and hold interest as the girl of the title. But Ian Hunter, new English star, and Colin Clive—the latter as the husband—are too heavily burdened to succeed. Pretty good.



Age of  
Indecision  
M-G-M

In a top-notch cast, including Paul Lukas, Madge Evans, Helen Vinson, May Robson and Ralph Forbes, little David Jack Holt comes out best. It's a routine, but very well done, story about a publisher whose wife deserts him and later tries to obtain custody of their little son—an effort in which she fails when the boy declares for his father, who is then free to marry his secretary. Appealing because of the players.

## TAGGING the TALKIES

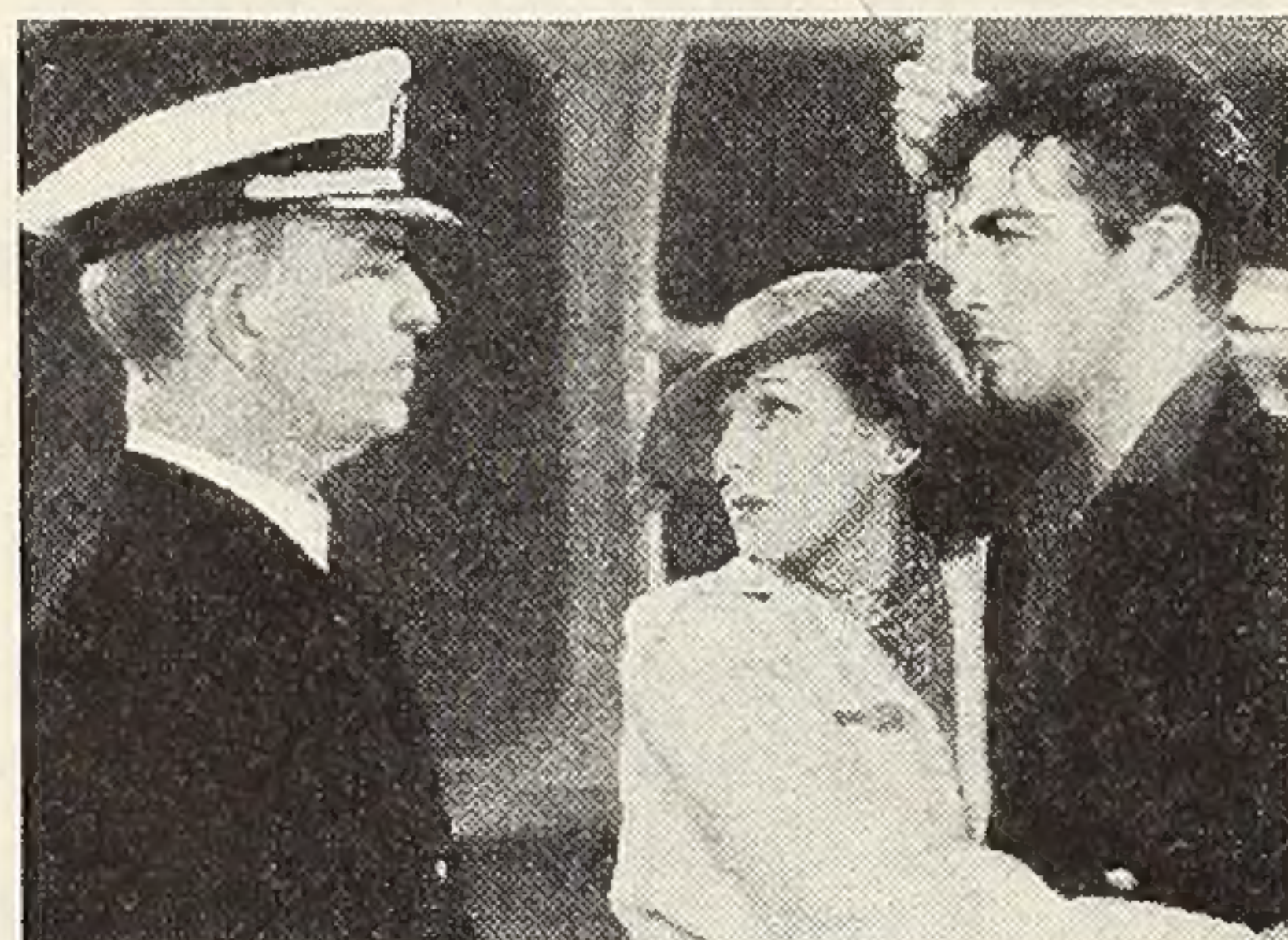
Delight Evans' Reviews  
on Pages 46-47

Let 'Em  
Have It  
United  
Artists



If the cycle of enemies-to-public-enemies films is on, it's because such films as this are turned out. A very punchy melodrama showing how the Government trains its agents for war on crime, and also how criminals ply their cunning and craft. Richard Arlen as a Government man, and Bruce Cabot, as the criminal, are the tops in a very fine cast, which includes Virginia Bruce and Alice Brady. Excitement here.

Murder  
in the  
Fleet  
M-G-M



Still another murder mystery, but this time with a novel background—Uncle Sam's battleships. Robert Taylor and Jean Parker provide the romance, with Taylor also running down the insane inventor, Jean Hersholt, who is about to blow up the ship's powder magazine. Thrilling situation, this. Ted Healy and Nat Pendleton inject many good laughs, with Una Merkel helping the humor along.

The  
Nitwits  
RKO-Radio



If you're in the mood for wild and woolly comedy, by all means see this dizzy offering from Wheeler and Woolsey. It's one of the best this team has turned out. A plot of sorts concerns a murder mystery, but it never gets important enough to interfere with the comedy. Betty Grable, Fred Keating, Evelyn Brent, Hale Hamilton and Arthur Aylesworth make a fine supporting cast. A couple of catchy tunes help.

Alias  
Mary  
Dow  
Universal



Sally Eilers walks away with this nice little story of a waitress lifted to society and wealth—and the reactions she experiences in her new world. As you'll find out anyway, the heroine poses as the long-lost daughter of a wealthy couple, whose lives are made happy by the harmless deception. Ray Milland is charming as the chap who falls in love with Sally. Henry O'Neill and Katherine Alexander are good.

The Glass  
Key  
Paramount



George Raft, playing a tight-lipped and hard-boiled hero with a heart of gold, regains his own niche in the hall of screen fame in this murder story in which suspicion points to a politician. Raft solves the murder. Edward Arnold as the political boss does a fine job and Guinn Williams as the killer turns in a surprisingly striking performance. You are going to like Raft in this, his best in a long, long time.

Black  
Sheep  
Fox



The story of a professional gambler trying to save his son from the clutches of a vamp-like young charmer. It is both unusual and interesting. Edmund Lowe is the gambler, and Tom Brown the son, with Claire Trevor and Adrienne Ames in the important feminine rôles. Lowe gives a swell performance, his best in some time. Miss Trevor as the feminine heavy is also in fine form. A mystery angle adds zest.

The  
Healer  
Monogram



An excellent cast and fine direction lift this out of the usual groove although the story, about a doctor devoting his life to curing paralytic children, is hardly a strong number. Ralph Bellamy turns in one of his finest performances as "The Healer," while Karen Morley, Judith Allen, J. Farrell MacDonald and Mickey Rooney are all excellent, with Mickey at his best. A forest fire provides a necessary thrill.



Found on Alice Faye's memo pad



# "Have Mabel Lux my Blue Organdie"

"DO I USE LUX?" says Alice Faye. "I insist on it! One of the first things I tell a new maid is that she must never, never use anything but Lux for my stockings or sweaters or any of my personal things."

"If a thing is washable at all, Mabel Luxes it. She says then there's no 'luck' about it. Things keep their 'brand-new' look so much longer."

Never are Alice Faye's lovely things rubbed with cake soap, or subjected to ordinary soaps with harmful alkali. These things might easily ruin delicate threads or fade colors. Lux has no harmful alkali!

There's no end to the applause *your* precious summer frocks will get if they're cared for this way. Just test a bit of the material in clear water first—if it's safe in water, a whisk through Lux completely recaptures its crisp perfection.

You'll be wise to follow this care for stockings, too. Lux is especially made to save elasticity. Then threads *give* instead of breaking into runs so easily. Stockings fit better—wear longer!

## Specified in all big Hollywood studios

"All the washable costumes in the Fox studio are Luxed because Lux is so safe," says wardrobe supervisor Royer. "It protects colors and materials, keeps costumes new longer! It works such magic that I'd have to have it if it cost five times as much!"

Hollywood says —

**DON'T TRUST TO LUCK—TRUST TO**

THE CUNEO PRESS, INC., CHICAGO



"Freshly Luxed feminine frills will melt any man's heart," says ALICE FAYE, petite Fox star, appearing in "Argentina."







Miss Elphinstone's Jay-Thorpe print, spattered with carnations, tucks more in the belt for gaiety

*Among the many  
distinguished women who prefer  
Camel's costlier tobaccos:*

MRS. NICHOLAS BIDDLE  
*Philadelphia*

MISS MARY BYRD  
*Richmond*

MRS. POWELL CABOT  
*Boston*

MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR.  
*New York*

MRS. J. GARDNER COOLIDGE, II  
*Boston*

MRS. BYRD WARWICK DAVENPORT  
*Richmond*

MRS. ERNEST DU PONT, JR.  
*Wilmington*

MRS. HENRY FIELD  
*Chicago*

MRS. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL  
*New York*

MRS. POTTER D'ORSAY PALMER  
*Chicago*

MRS. LANGDON POST  
*New York*

MRS. WILLIAM T. WETMORE  
*New York*



Copyright, 1935  
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company  
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

**"NATURALLY I LIKE CAMELS BEST...."**

**MISS BEATRICE BARCLAY ELPHINSTONE**

"They're so much milder and have so much more flavor to them," says this charming representative of New York's discriminating younger set. "They are tremendously popular with us all because they never make your nerves jumpy or upset. And smoking a Camel really does something for you if you're tired—you smoke a Camel and you

feel like new—it gives you just enough 'lift.'"

That is because smoking a Camel releases your own latent energy in a safe way—fatigue vanishes. And you can enjoy a Camel just as often as you wish, because Camels never upset the nerves. Smoke a mild, fragrant Camel the next time you are tired, and see what a difference it makes.

**CAMELS ARE Milder!** MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS...  
TURKISH AND DOMESTIC... THAN ANY OTHER POPULAR BRAND